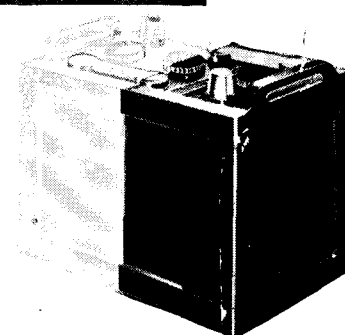
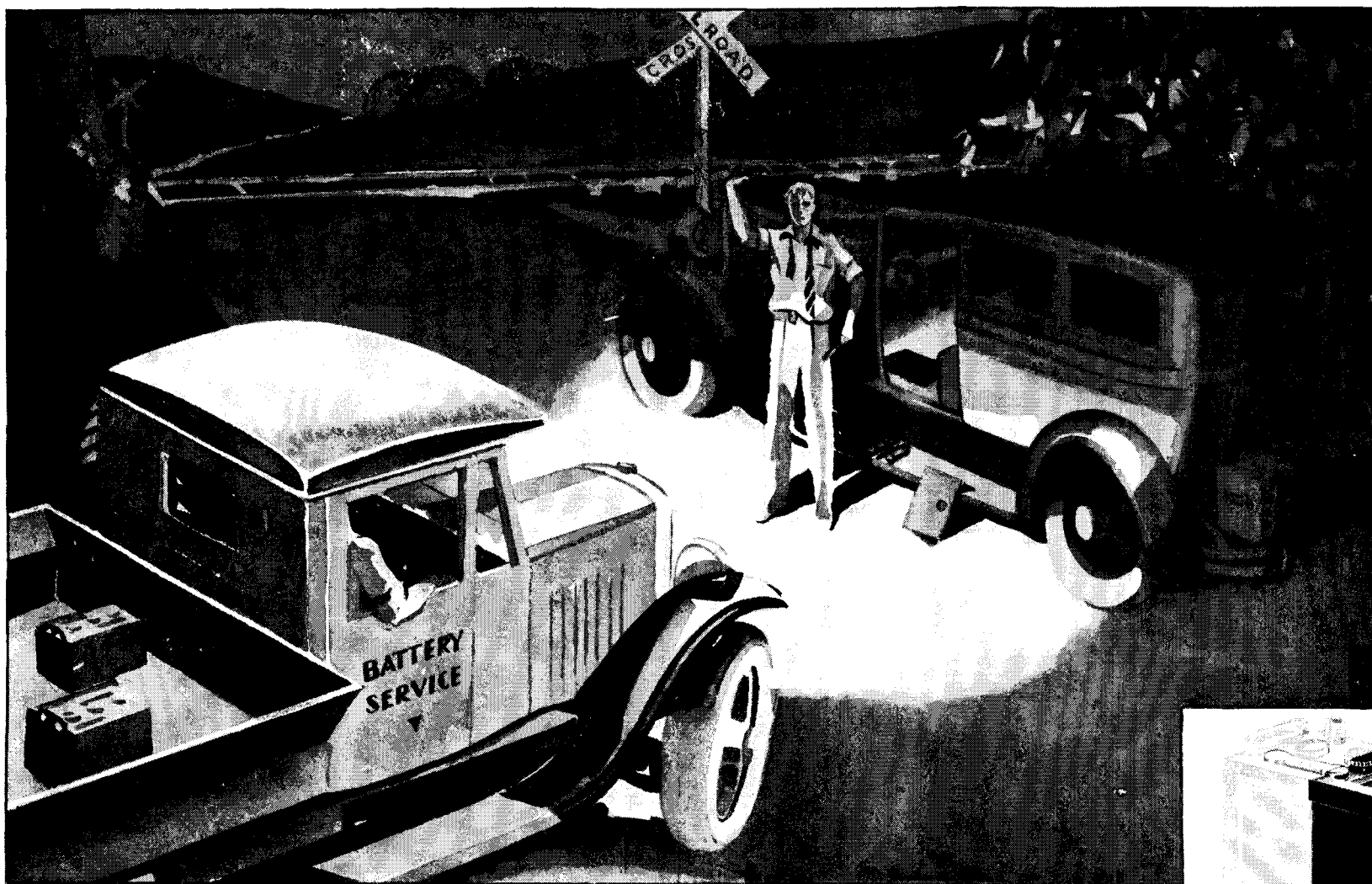




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USL BATTERIES

LONG LIFE—DEPENDABLE POWER

SEPT. 6, 1930

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

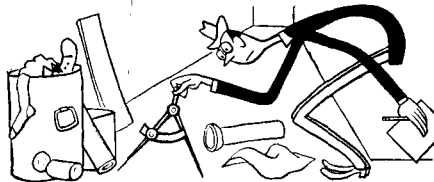
THIS WEEK

September 6, 1930



Next Week

CLERS for absolute accuracy though we were a little surprised when Runyon delayed the submission of his best short story for several days in order to examine in detail the scene of its action. He explored alleys (from which lions of the law are to appear) and roamed the street (where the shooting is planned to take place) and made a high job of it generally. We thanked him politely when he told us about it. And he received what is known as a shock. Not, he made clear, through fear of netrating editorial eye that he had these pains, but in order not to let his acquaintances. A newspaper man, Mr. Runyon knows a number of racketeers. He knows, too, should there be any errors in his these gentlemen will "put the blast in plenty." We should regret that as he would Mr. Runyon. The story in question is called "Butch and the Baby." Mr. Runyon is now content that not Harry the Horse, nor Little Isadore, nor Spanish John—"parties who are always doing something that is considered a knock to the community, such as robbing people, or maybe shooting or stabbing them, and throwing pineapples"—nor Big Butch himself, could find anything to criticize. The language, too, bears unmistakable evidence of authenticity.



WHEN Patricia Stafford left for Bermuda, her assets were one Persian cat and one intense dislike; her liabilities were the same, in the order named. On the island she found Derek Arden, the object of her dislike, and, bathed by the warm Bermudian sun, that feeling flourished and grew into fierce mutual hatred. Their encounters were singularly brilliant, for Patricia was possessed not only of beauty, daring and resourcefulness, but also of a genius for deviltry. Everything prospered until the catastrophe. That was caused partly by Plutarch, the cat, but chiefly by Aphrodite, who is, to quote Sappho, notoriously unreliable. Hagar Wilde tells you about it in her short story, "Sardines and Boned Chicken."

WHEN you call on your local postmaster to pass the time of day or to register a change of address, you may notice his certificate of appointment signed by the President, and possibly you will wonder how the President knew what man to pick. In other words, you may give some of your time to a consideration of the large subject of patronage. Mr. Frank Kent, one of America's most astute students of politics, has cleared the matter up for us in an article called "Men to Measure."

WE CAN no more than mention Davy Ware, hero of Hugh MacNair Kahler's latest short story, "Help Yourself," a near victim of his own hospitality. Guy Gilpatric writes the Short Short Story, "Colonel Something-or-Other." The Hoosier Hawk once more sweeps the skies. There are articles by George Creel, Hugh Leamy, Grantland Rice and Betty Thornley. We stop, but we're not through.



Any Week

JUST as we're all prepared to be genial, along comes a letter from Mr. George W. Jones of St. Paul.

"As an old-time journalist and dry," begins Mr. Jones, losing no time in astonishing us, "I think it would be well for all the metropolitan press, including the magazines, to investigate their staffs from top to bottom to see if they have any Lingles in their employ. Or, rather, how many."

So we inquired of the most likely-looking member of our staff whether he was, by any chance, a racketeer. Whereat he looked up indignantly from his typewriter and demanded:

"Well, what do you think *this* job is, a hobby?"

"POLITICALLY," writes Mr. A. Davis Bouterse from Bradentown, Florida, "I'm as dry as Sahara and wouldn't vote for Al Smith even though my vote made Tom Heflin Vice President. But your editorial—Prejudice Takes the Count—seems so sensible that I couldn't refrain from sending along my humble commendation. A little more sincere effort to gain genuine prohibition and a little less rant and ballyhoo and perhaps we will gain a workable end."

This pleases us, of course, but we think Mr. Bouterse would be doing humanity a disservice in neglecting any opportunity to make Tom Heflin Vice President. Particularly when we're so hard up for humor. Also it would make us all even with the Senate.

MR. M. C. LIFTER of Salt Lake City bids us consider that exalted town where, writes he, "over half the population prohibits not only booze but coffee and tea."

"Without any large increase in the population," he continues, "the number of saints and sinners pinched has increased over 300 per cent since prohibition was decreed by law. However, the bootleggers tell me they would be glad if the country would go wet because times are so hard that the customers can't dig up the price of a pint of moon—two dollars—and they, in turn, can't afford to reduce prices on account of the great overhead."

Whereupon Mr. Lifter offers his solution of our enforcement troubles. Merely increase the number of the unemployed to sixty per cent of the total population. And there you have it.

"No dough," says Mr. Lifter, "no booze."



SINCE Mr. William G. Shepherd told you about the horrors of Jamaica ginger addiction nearly twenty readers have sent us recipes warranted to cure the victims of the Jake Walk. We're a bit loath to publish these cures, fearful that we'd be arrested for practicing medicine without license. Or perhaps we'd find ourselves in jail for murder. We're pretty sure we'd die if we took some of these potions. But we see no harm in publishing the first line of Mrs. Rachel Cummins' formula. She begins:

"First quit drinking jake."

Cover—H. E. Hymer

Page 7—Don Marquis

THE CRACK OF DOOM: Why Mason Bridges does not play poker.

Page 10—Owen P. White

ANTI-SALOON DRINKERS: Progress of Prohibition in Arizona and New Mexico.

Page 12—Clinton W. Gilbert

WHO BUT HOOVER? Not a prophecy, mind you.

Page 13—John B. Kennedy

JUMPING JACK: A brief history of J. Donahue.

Page 14—Herbert Ravenel Sass

CAPTAIN AFRICA: Pirates, rich galleons, romance! A short story.

Page 16—Elmer Davis

DYING GLADIATOR: A story of courage and loyalty.

Page 18—Nina Wilcox Putnam

REPLY PAID: Advice to the lovelorn, and very good too.

Page 20—Grantland Rice

SPORTY DAYS HATH SEPTEMBER: You'll need another pair of eyes.

Page 22—Kathleen Norris

LOVERS' LANE, Part V: A new novel, praise of which mounts weekly.

Page 24—The Short Short Story

LONG ODDS: By Hugh MacNair Kahler.

Page 25—Carl Clausen

JAWS OF CIRCUMSTANCE, Part VII: A dramatic serial story.

Page 28—Ruth F. Wadsworth, M. D.

BEDSIDE MANNER: Have you a little illness in your home?

Page 30—The Gentleman at the Keyhole

CABINET PUDDING

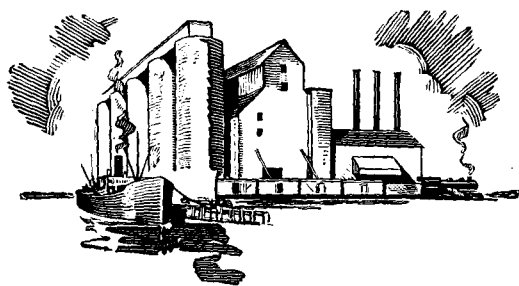
Page 32—Milton C. Work

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT?

Page 52—Word Hunt

Page 66—Editorial

SWEEP OUT THE RUBBISH

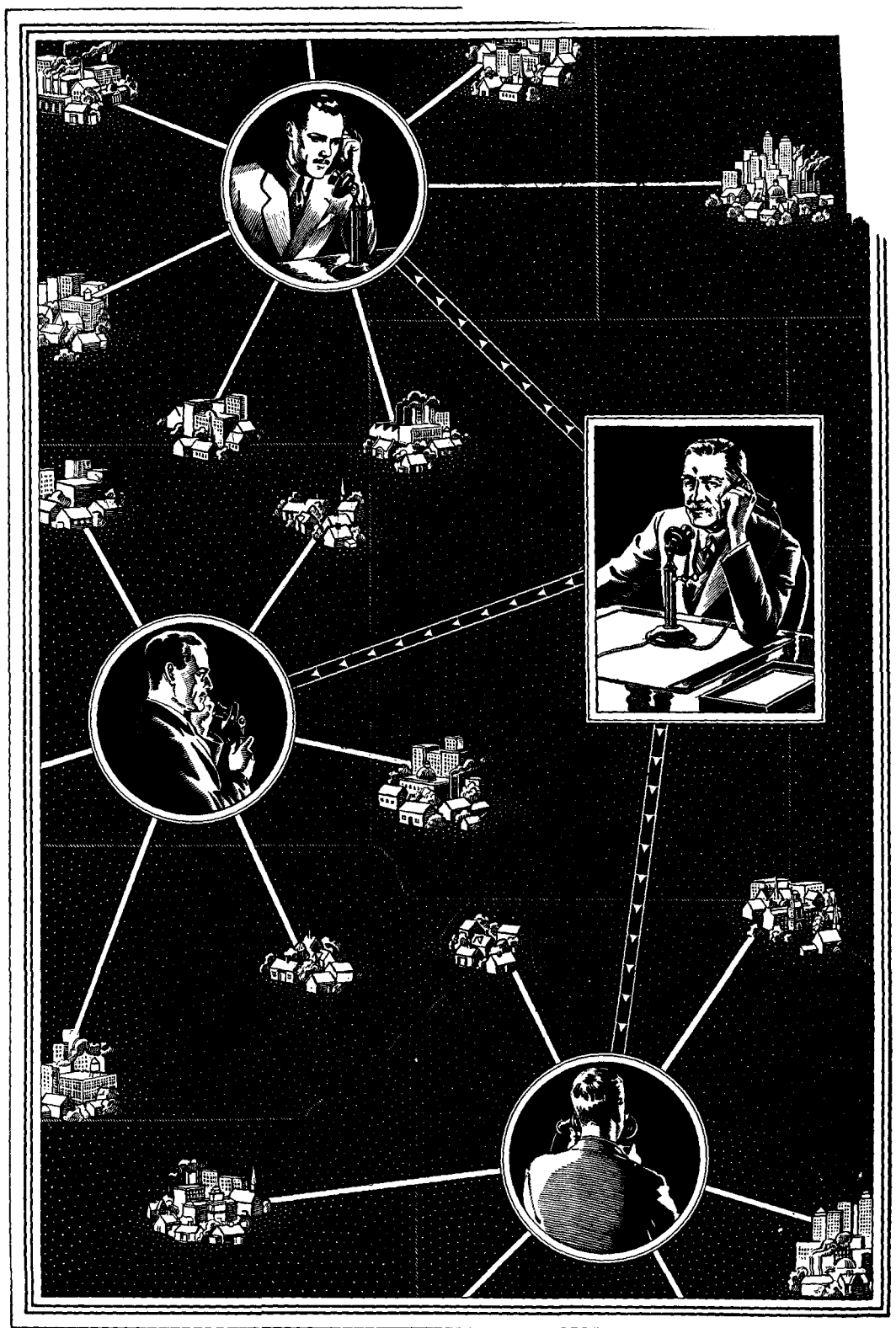


Developing Business by Telephoning customers from

THE Key Town Plan of telephoning is so flexible that it will fit practically any sales program. A building materials company needs to keep in close touch with customers over a wide area in four Western states. Its salesmen visit certain key cities in person and telephone those nearby. In this way, they can contact each customer more frequently and at less expense. Learn beforehand of new building projects. Handle orders more promptly. Communicate with the home office on new developments accurately and without delay.

A rubber footwear company co-ordinates its Key Town activities with the weather. Representatives maintain close contact with customers regularly in person. Then when stormy weather breaks, they immediately telephone, using Sequence Calling Lists to put the calls through in quick succession. The result is a rush of orders.

The Key Town Plan can be custom-fitted to your business. The local Bell Business Office will gladly have a representative show you how it will build business and cut selling costs. Telephoning is inexpensive. Typical station-to-station day rates: Philadelphia to New York, 50c. Chicago to Seattle, \$6.50. Atlanta to St. Louis, \$1.95. For all inter-city business, the telephone is *Quick . . . Effective . . . Convenient.*



Another Fine Home Poses for Its Picture

TO SHOW YOU ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM
FLOORS IN EVERY ROOM OF THE HOUSE

How will it look?"... "Are other people t?"... "If I could only see some nice homes that doors of Armstrong's Linoleum." right. Here's one from Nashville, Tenn., the of Mr. J. Lowenstein. Other pictures appear in lies' Home Journal, House Beautiful, Literary . In fact, this month, eleven different magazines e complete list is given below—are showing graphic xamples of the beauty, the decorative effectiveness of Armstrong's Linoleum Floors.

Now see them in color

But there's still more to help you decide—a whole bookful of model interiors, rooms of every type, different periods, different modes, all correctly floored with modern Armstrong's Linoleum.

"New Ideas in Home Decoration," it is called. You should have this book if only to keep in step with the latest decorative trends, to learn Hazel Dell Brown's simple method for planning correct color schemes. She offers you her services, too, will gladly send you color scheme set-ups worked out with actual samples of materials for walls, woodwork, draperies, and floors. The book tells you how to get this expert help absolutely free. With your request enclose 10¢ in stamps to cover mailing. Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 935 West End Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania—makers of cork products since 1860.

Armstrong's
Product

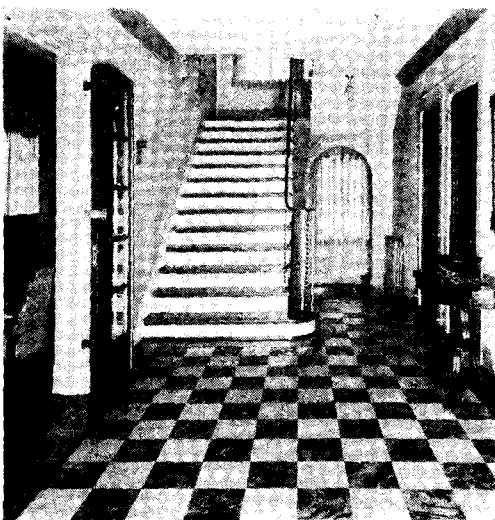
See ARMSTRONG FLOORS in these SEPTEMBER MAGAZINES

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL	COUNTRY GENTLEMAN
SATURDAY EVENING POST (Sept. 13)	
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION	MCCALL'S MAGAZINE
AMERICAN HOME	HOUSE BEAUTIFUL
COUNTRY LIFE	ARTS AND DECORATION
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING	LITERARY DIGEST (Sept. 20)

HOURS SPEED by much more pleasantly in a kitchen that has a bright, colorful surface underfoot. A flagstone effect of foot-cushioning, easy-to-clean Armstrong's Linoleum was selected for this workshop of Mr. Lowenstein's home, Embossed Inlaid No. 1122.



LOVERS OF AMERICANA will like this room and particularly its Early American plank floor, one of Armstrong's finest effects (design No. 1). It's a simple matter to have a floor installed today, for it can be cemented in place, quickly and without bother, over linoleum lining felt. That's the modern way all the Armstrong Floors in Mr. Lowenstein's home have been laid.



IT ALWAYS LOOKS ITS BEST—for this Armstrong Floor, a Handmade Marble Inlaid, No. 90, has the spot-proof, stain-proof Accolac-Processed surface. Light waxing and polishing keep it gleaming. It's quiet, warm, and springy to the step, a comfortable floor to live with.



JUST INSIDE THE DOOR your eye catches this welcoming picture... an effective introduction to the rest of this well-planned home. This Armstrong design is Handmade Marble Inlaid laid with a feature strip border.

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

for every room in the house

PLAIN . . INLAID . . EMBOSSED . . JASPÉ . . ARABESQ . . PRINTED . . and ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

The Crack of Doom

By Don Marquis

*If the author were not already famous,
this story would make him so*



"N O," said Mason Bridges, "I don't play poker." There was something about the manner in which he said it that made his friend Tom Ackley look sharply at him. They had been in college together, had been friends for more than fifteen years, and this was the first time Ackley had ever heard just that note in Bridges' voice. He had never thought of Bridges as fanatically puritanical—indeed, now that he remembered it, hadn't Bridges been one of the very eagerest of the devotees of chance, in their college days?

"Just a little fifty-cent-limit game, Mason," said Ackley. And the other men in the group regarded Bridges and his frowning face with curiosity. They were in the cardroom of the club, and everyone had, temporarily at least, grown tired of bridge. They needed Mason to make a good seven-handed game.

"I wouldn't play if it were a twenty-five-cent-limit game or a ten-cent-limit game," said Bridges. And after a moment's pause he added: "No; nor a one-cent-limit game." And with that he got up and left the room. His companions, all good friends of his, gazed after him wonderingly. One of them turned a face full of inquiry to Ackley, who was Bridges' oldest and best friend.

"Don't ask me," said Ackley, in answer to the unspoken question. "I've never seen Mason like that before." With a facetious remark or two they settled down to the cards.

It was a week later that Ackley asked him outright about his aversion to poker and Bridges, after some urging, told him the story.

You think of me [said Mason Bridges] as an honest man; and so does everybody else. And I am an honest man. I have always been an honest man except—

Except once. Once, for a few hours, I was a crook; and knew myself for a crook; felt myself a crook. And what I suffered in the way of strain and anguish during those two or three hours . . . well, Tom, I don't want to go through with it again. It is by the mercy of a printed symbol upon a piece of pasteboard that my life was not ruined permanently. No; that's not exactly right either,



Her face, ordinarily high in color, had gone gray. "What's the matter?" I asked, alarmed. "They're gone!" she gasped

for the printed symbol wasn't even—

But I'm getting ahead of my story. Ten years ago I was a partner in a promising little business in Clifford Hills, which is, as you know, one of the most exclusive suburbs within a thirty-five-minute ride of the central district of New York City. There were four of us, all active, hustling, ambitious young men, all felt to be assets to the community, if you know what I mean, and all with a taste for sports and social shindigs, when we had the time—which did not hurt us at all in our business. We dealt in real estate—sold and leased property and collected rents—and we dealt in insurance, both life and fire; we also placed a good many bonds with cautious local investors, and acted in an advisory character in a good many ways. One member of the firm was a lawyer, also.

There was but one bank in the village, and the people who ran it were asleep where their opportunities were concerned; and we gradually and unofficially took over some of its functions. That is to say, although we did not have much capital of our own, we made financial connections which enabled us to lend money on mortgages, and all that sort of thing. The bank closed at three o'clock in the afternoon; we discovered that there were a dozen of the local tradesmen who occasionally needed to have money changed after that hour, and just as an accommodation, and to increase our popularity in the community, we made a point of keeping currency on hand in our big safe. What with currency, bonds, securities of various sorts, there was always a rather considerable amount of money in our large steel-and-concrete structure, some of it the assets of the firm, and some of it entrusted to us.

I was the inside man, the office manager, with one very efficient woman assistant, and no other help. All of the partners had a loose and easy way of taking from the safe, upon occasion, anywhere from fifty to a couple of hundred dollars, and putting in its place a personal I O U, or a memorandum of some sort, which was always made good to the firm within a day or two. We all trusted each other—why not?

YOU know why not, without my telling you, Tom. Poker. I was a poker fiend in college. And in Clifford Hills there was a game; the same bunch met twice a week. When I started in with them it was a mild dollar-limit affair, which hurt nobody. Three years later it had grown to a most prodigious game, considering how gradual the growth was, and how mildly it had started. There were about ten of us implicated; but commonly not more than six or seven got together for any one session. Of that number, I suppose four or five could really afford to lose ten or twelve hundred dollars in one week without being greatly hurt by it—and the game had grown to those proportions. I couldn't afford it; but for a time I was lucky, and, like a fool, I stuck. None of my partners strung along with the poker-playing crowd.

One man particularly annoyed me in the game—Sam Clinker, his name was; and he was a politician with some vague connections with "the Street." From the moment he entered the game he began to "bull" it, brutally. The old pretense of neighborly friendliness went out of it. As you know, a man with a large bank roll has a terrific advantage over players who have to be careful. The very weight of his money wins for him. And the more money I lost to Sam Clinker, the more I resented his existence, his presence in Clifford Hills; I told myself he didn't "belong" with our crowd anyhow. Within six months after Clinker's advent it was a

no-limit game, usually stud poker; with sometimes as much as five or six hundred dollars bet on a single card; and an opportunity to drop several thousand in the course of an hour. I couldn't afford anything like it. The queer vanity of the poker player kept me telling myself I would "get" Clinker in spite of his bank roll; like a fool I stuck.

THERE came a night, one that I will never forget, when I realized that I was more than \$4,000 in debt to the firm. It was a very great deal more than any of us partners had ever permitted ourselves to leave paper and memoranda for, and it was all the result of my two last poker games. My position as office manager made it easy enough for me to carry even this comparatively large sum along unnoticed for four or five days; and I was not in the slightest worried about my ability to make it good. My wife and I had \$9,000 worth of negotiable securities in a safe deposit box in the bank across the street, from which I could make good what I had borrowed at a moment's notice. But that very evening there was to be a game in Sam Clinker's apartment at the inn and I wanted to get into it.

"If I win a couple of thousand back tonight," I told myself, "I'll quit this damned foolishness." Poker players, you know, Tom, tell themselves that again and again.

But I had no assets with which to enter the game that night. My account at the bank—such had been my losses recently—was down practically to nothing. We usually started nowadays, since Sam Clinker had "bulled the game," by purchasing a thousand dollars' worth of chips when we sat down. It was a cash game . . . we took checks, but they were supposed to be as good

as cash, and up to this time they always had been. I felt that premonition of winning which comes to every confirmed poker player . . . and which so often treacherously deserts him . . . but how was I to get into this game tonight?

"This last time will put me somewhere near even," I said to myself, "and then I am through."

I was sitting alone in the office, where I had come after dinner, to wait for the time when the clan would be quietly gathering at Clinker's rooms. Suddenly I remembered that Clinker had been in that afternoon, and had left with us \$10,000 in U. S. four per cent bonds, of an issue then listed at par. He was to have made the closing payment on a parcel of land and to have taken title, but the seller had failed to meet him, phoning that he had been unavoidably detained.

The appointment had been postponed until ten o'clock the next morning, at our office, and Clinker, the bank being closed, had asked us to keep the bonds in our safe overnight. They were unregistered—they were, in effect, ten one-thousand-dollar bills. Clinker hadn't even had their numbers, I remembered, for when my office assistant had asked him, and had started to copy the numbers down for him, he had said, indifferently: "Oh, what's the use? It's \$10,000 cash."

I put two of the bonds in my inside coat pocket, left a careful note of the transaction, and went over to Clinker's apartment, where I found the game beginning. I was idiot enough to feel amused at the idea of getting back some of my own from Clinker by using his own bonds. I didn't feel the slightest sense of dishonesty—for there was the \$9,000 worth of my own bonds in the safe deposit box across the street, to make everything good with, if the game

went wrong. But I felt an imbecile confidence that it wouldn't.

It did. I rose from the table at eleven o'clock trying to absorb as quietly as I could the first great jolt of that night—and there were other jolts to come. Clinker, who was banking the game, had his \$2,000 worth of bonds; he had in addition my check for \$2,500—and on top of that I already owed my firm \$4,000. The check wasn't worth the paper it was written on, and wouldn't be until I got my own \$9,000 worth of bonds from the safe deposit box as soon as the bank opened in the morning, cashed them, and made everything good. But I *would* be there when the bank was opened and make everything good.

THANK heaven for that \$9,000 worth of bonds in the safe deposit box!—I said that to myself a dozen times in the walk of a dozen blocks to my home. Thank heaven for those bonds. They were all that kept me from being a defaulter! There was the \$4,000 which I owed the firm; there was the \$2,500 check to make good, there was the \$2,000 worth of bonds which I had taken from Clinker's deposit, of the same series as my own bonds—but I wasn't dishonest. My own bonds kept me from being dishonest—I would make all good at one minute past nine o'clock in the morning!

I was a fool, an utter fool, a vain idiot; I had lost in less than two weeks between eight and nine thousand dollars, practically all my liquid assets. An idiot, but honest, I kept telling myself. And oh, what a lesson I had had! Off of it, off of it forever!

Thank heaven for those bonds in the safe deposit box! Still saying this, I went into my wife's room to wake her up. A pretty hard thing was before me—I had to tell her that I needed

Illustrated by
Marshall Frantz



One of the men turned all the cards over. "Cripes!" he said. "Mason stole that pot!" breathed another, with incredulous admiration in his voice

those bonds the first thing in the morning. The safe deposit box was a joint affair; each of us had a key to it—and I remembered with a pang that about \$2,200 of the money that had gone into the bonds had been her own. They were lying there, on agreement between us, waiting for an opportunity for some very attractive investment. And they were all we had in the way of capital, irrespective of my business; we had both been rather extravagant. But Jessie, I told myself, would be a sport about it—she was always that, a loyal little sport. Debating in my mind as to how much of my situation to tell her at once, I waked her.

She sat up in bed.

"Jessie," I said, "I'm going to need those government bonds of ours the first thing in the morning—as soon as the bank opens."

She murmured something inarticulate. I thought she had not understood. I repeated my statement.

She slowly turned in the bed, and put her feet out, and sat on the edge of it. Then she turned on the pink-shaded reading lamp at the head of it. One of her hands clutched at the jacket of her sleeping suit over her breast—but it was not really the jacket she was clutching at: it was the sudden fearful leap of her heart that she was trying to still with a shaking hand, as I realized a moment later.

She tried to speak, and could only gulp. I noticed then that her face, ordinarily high in color, had gone gray—it was gray even under the added color of the night lamp.

"What's the matter?" I said, alarmed at her appearance—alarmed for her as well as for myself.

"They're . . . they're . . . gone!" she gasped.

"Gone?" I felt as an ox must feel when he is struck on the head by a butcher's mallet.

SHE flung herself upon me in a passion of weeping. "Oh, Mason," she sobbed, "I don't . . . I don't know how to tell you. . . . Oh, don't be hard on me . . . don't . . . don't . . . I've been trying to tell you for two weeks. . . . Oh, what I've gone through . . . what I've gone through!"

I held her closely to me, while the story sobbed and shook itself out of her; held her in a growing, numb despair. I suffered with her and for her; and with an added suffering that she could not comprehend—for her story was, in its essence, my own. She had lost twelve or fourteen hundred dollars at bridge; she had been ashamed to tell me. She had tried to recoup by taking a flyer on the stock market—and had lost. And had tried to make back her losses, and had lost again. They were gone, all gone, the whole \$9,000 of them—and the poor girl had been feeling like a criminal for two weeks.

"Oh, Mason, don't be hard on me!" she kept saying. I thank heaven that I wasn't—and I wished that there was someone to whom I could make a similar plea. I tried to comfort her; but I couldn't say much. I couldn't find any comfort in my own situation. She felt my despair, for suddenly she writhed

free from me, and held me at arm's length, and studied my face for a moment in the dim light with a fresh access of alarm.

"Is it something . . . something terrible . . . something I don't know about yet?" she cried. "Is it some terrible emergency you need them for?"

Whatever might be going to happen to me the next day, I couldn't let her have the full force of it now, on top of what she had already gone through.

"It's pretty serious," I said woodenly.

"Oh, Mason, forgive me, forgive me!" she wailed.

If she only knew how much she had to forgive me! But I couldn't tell her, right then.

"Have I ruined us?" she asked.

"Listen, old dear," I said, "whatever happens, *you* haven't ruined us. If I'm ruined, it's my own doings, not yours. You took securities that you had as much right to as I did, and invested the money hoping for a profit for both of us—and whatever happens you're to blame for nothing. Now go to bed and get to sleep."

"But it *is* my fault," she said. "The gambling—the gambling that led up to it—that's the *wrong* part of it; the gambling, and not telling when I lost, is what led up to it!"

"Yes," I said—and as I spoke I felt a kind of wry grimace twist through my whole being—"yes, gambling isn't always so good!"

I couldn't say anything more, and I started out of the room. But she caught me, and clung to me, wanting to know

. . . everything. I couldn't tell her, then. She was thoroughly frightened by my manner, especially as I wouldn't tell her why I must have the money the first thing in the morning. She was afraid I was going to kill myself. I got away at last, with a promise to do nothing so idiotic—told her I *must* go.

I had to be alone to think. And almost the first thing I thought, when I sat down in my office—for my feet had taken me there almost without my volition—was that I might as well kill myself. That was nonsense, of course . . . but what way out was there?

I HAD gone into my wife's room knowing myself to be a fool, but feeling an honest fool. I had come out of it feeling a thief. Maybe you are enough of a moralist, Tom, to put your finger on the line of demarcation; I'm not. Was it dishonest to use money not mine when I knew I could return it at nine o'clock in the morning? Not strictly business-like, of course—but we all left memoranda for the small sums we took, and made good at our early convenience; and if the principle of the thing was not wrong, not dishonest, where a small sum was concerned, how was it wrong just because a larger sum was concerned? And the larger sum had been at my command.

"No," I said to myself, "I wasn't crooked when I had the \$9,000 in bonds to make good with; I wasn't crooked when I *thought* I had that \$9,000, even though I didn't have it. But now that I haven't got it, I am a crook!" That's the trouble with gambling, Tom—it lends itself to a kind of moral confusion; it creates a fog in which the nicer points of honor become imperceptible.

You may be astonished at the intensity of my despair over a matter of \$8,500. Well, we're both fairly well to do now, and \$8,500 wouldn't make us or break us. But in those days it was a considerable sum. I made a good income, for my age and the time and place, but I lived up to it. All of us in the firm were rather popular young fellows, hustlers, active; but careless spenders. And while it wouldn't ruin the firm, it would ruin me personally. Even if I didn't go to jail—as I well might—I was finished as far as that community was concerned. And these things follow a young man from place to place. I was an idiot—an idiot whom unforeseen circumstances had turned into a thief—and I was finished.

My partners might rally to my support, in spite of my—I hated to say it, but I had to—in spite of my stealing from them. But Sam Clinker and I detested each other, and if he could jail me, he would do it; and he would gloat over it as he did it. He had my bad check; but he had worse than that against me—he had the actual abstraction of two bonds which were his personal property, and their use. He had the political influence to have me railroaded. And if I estimated the man correctly, and his feelings toward me, he'd lose no time about it. We

(Continued on page 40)



Anti-Saloon



Illustrated by
Herb Roth

The horse-blanket gathered the vapors, the wringers removed the liquor and the school children drank it

Several years before the Volstead Act appeared on the horizon Arizona and New Mexico had solved their prohibition puzzles by killing off the saloons but not the liquor supply. National prohibition, however, has brought the usual substitutes for both. Dissatisfaction seems to be guaranteed

OUT in the vast, arid stretches of Arizona and New Mexico the problem of illegally, and yet comfortably to the conscience, allaying the thirst of a population which is approximately fifty per cent Mexican, and probably eighty per cent Roman Catholic, has not been particularly hard to solve.

Outside of the two already mentioned, there are several other good reasons for this. In neither state has there ever been any popular prejudice against liquor; in neither state, so far as I can find out, except in the towns of Phoenix and Tucson, have the militant prohibitionists ever become really militant, and in neither state have the local officers ever looked upon it as their sacred duty to snatch the whisky jug or the *tequila* bottle away from the lips of their salary-paying constituents, and thereafter slap the aforesaid constituents into their adobe hoosegows.

Why then did these states ever go

dry? The answer is that they did and they didn't.

Take them one at a time and this is what happened: On November 7, 1916, Arizona abolished strong drink. But not seriously. Two counties only, out of the fourteen in the great commonwealth, voted for state-wide prohibition, but as those two were the populous counties wherein Phoenix and Tucson are located that was enough. Made up largely of health-seekers from the East, as these two towns are, they erroneously decided that they could dry up the rest of Arizona.

'Twas All a Mistake

They couldn't do it, though. They couldn't even dry themselves up. They closed the saloons, but—just to illustrate—the very day after that happened two nice old ladies, who had militated for prohibition of course, but who had previously been in the habit of sending a

messenger around to The Acme, or The Gem, to purchase a weekly quart for them for personal use, stepped into a drug store, owned by a friend of mine, and confidentially asked for a bottle of whisky.

"But we don't sell it," said the druggist.

"You don't sell it!" exclaimed the old ladies in duet. "Then who does?"

"Nobody," was the reply. "It's against the law, and—"

"What will we do? What will we do?" wailed the poor ladies. "We never intended to go that far."

And neither did Arizona. It closed up its saloons but it never gave up its liquor habit. It couldn't: there are too many rattlesnakes and Gila monsters in the province, and therefore it was but a short time until those in authority handed down a celebrated decision to the effect that if an empty citizen chose to leave the state with an empty suitcase and return full with a full one it was just nobody's business.

The result, of course, of this wise decree was that interstate travel, and the size of suitcases, increased tremendously, while, at the same time, enterprising gentlemen of two nationalities who lived in remote sections, and who hated to see so much business going out of Arizona, began to besiege their congressmen with requests for

government bulletins on home brewing, home distilling and wine making. They got them, of course, and thus by the time the Eighteenth Amendment came around Arizona, whose southern border, by the way, is freely open to invasion by rum-runners from old Mexico, was in an almost perfect position to meet the emergency.

So was New Mexico, although, as we will now see, the influences which brought it to a state of preparedness were totally different from those which achieved a like happy result in Arizona. Briefly it was like this: At the time New Mexico went on the wagon—November 7, 1917—its population was about sixty or sixty-five per cent "Spanish-American." Through many long years of uninterrupted liberty these hyphenated citizens had managed to bring the wickedness of their state up to a point of perfection almost equal to that of which Oklahoma is boasting at the present moment, and in so doing had also been able to deliver the political control of things, especially in their cities, over to the vice-mongers who ran the gambling houses, brothels, dance halls and saloons.

A Purely Political Move

For this intolerable condition there was but one remedy. The most influential and honorable men in the state, who were also its most honored drinkers, saw what that was and acted accordingly. They notified the W.C.T.U., the Anti-Saloon Leaguers and all other professional prohibitionists to stay out of it: that the movement was purely political, and then they put on, and won, a "prohibition campaign" which had as its sole objective the abolition of the open saloon.

Thereafter the manner in which the citizens of New Mexico displayed their antipathy toward booze differed in no material detail from the manner in which the citizens of Arizona were doing the same thing. They either made theirs at home, or brought it in from abroad, and thus did both states, early in the game, make it clear to everybody, including the rabid dries, that what they were actually opposed to was not liquor but barrooms.

Two years ago they still felt that same way. Having got rid of its dens of debauchery and at the same time made adequate provision for the demands of its legitimate drinkers, New Mexico was one state which had been materially benefited by the operations of the Volstead Act. And the people of the Southwest were honest in that most of them freely admitted that the law against the saloon, along with plenty of liquor on the side, was exactly what they wanted. That, however, was two years ago. What of today?

Well, today it's different. Only a short time ago I went down there again, and on my first day in the state I told a young woman acquaintance that I was proud of New Mexico because I



Drinkers

By Owen P. White

thought it was honest in its attitude on the booze question.

"Pshaw," she answered, "you're all wet. Maybe New Mexico is a little more honest than most states but that's not its fault. It's just young, unsophisticated and thinly settled. That's what's the matter with it: it's honest because it's raw and it'll soon get over it. It's doing so right now."

It is, too. That same day I talked with numerous men in Albuquerque, men who in any community would belong to the intelligent minority, and from practically all of them I got the same answer. It was this:

In the Modern Manne

The actual, intelligent prohibition sentiment of New Mexico, as represented by its aversion to the saloon as a vicious institution, has not changed in the slightest, but the popular prohibition sentiment, as represented by the support which the state has presumably given to Messrs. Sheppard, Cannon and Volstead ever since they secured control of the government in Washington, is slipping badly.

This is easily explained. New Mexico is becoming dishonest. Two years ago I made two statements in a prohibition article on New Mexico. One was that, so far as I could find out, the state was entirely free from night clubs, roadhouses, speakeasies, saloons and all such unholy but usual accompaniments of national prohibition. The other was that the legislature was right then busily engaged in framing a new liquor law, with teeth in it a foot long, which was intended to keep the state just as pure as its leading and most conservative citizens wanted it to be.

And what has happened since then? Just this: That law was passed, but because New Mexico has become so sophisticated that it must be stylish and must do things after the manner of Atlantic City and Atlanta, Georgia, the good-natured officers are not enforcing it, with the result that the state shows signs of going back to a condition not exactly the same but fully as demoralizing as the old saloon age.

The town of Gallup, for instance, which two years ago was said to be "as clean as a hound's tooth" is now literally infested with booze parlors of the worst description. "There are no less than twenty of 'em," said a man who had just made the rounds, and as his count was corroborated by one of the most reliable men in the state I take it that figure is about correct.

Las Vegas also has its recently acquired quota, while Santa Fe, formerly proud to be without any, now brags under its breath that up some of its side streets are quiet little establishments wherein high-heeled young men and high-flying young flappers can foregather and get tight. And it is said that far down in the southeastern corner of the state, where the population

is nearly all white and of good Texas origin, the dry law is openly scoffed at and that more bootleg liquor is consumed per capita than in any other part of the commonwealth.

For the existence of this relatively new but very sad state of affairs New Mexico, however, is not to be severely criticized. It couldn't prevent its own downfall, or the collapse of its own self-engineered system of handling its own liquor problem. There was too much pressure from the outside.

In order to keep up with the other, and more "civilized," states in the Union, and especially to stay in step with the mighty nullification movement now under way in Oklahoma and Texas, it has simply been forced to shake off its honest rawness and turn deceitfully modern.

In Tune with the Times

Apparently it has done that. In a comparatively small way, as already indicated, it has yielded to the nationwide demand for unlicensed and untaxed filling stations, and now look at the result. It has been twofold. On the one hand the thirsty are being provided with assorted brands of liquor, fully as conducive to gun-play and general devilment as the old-fashioned "red eye" used to be, while on the

other food for thought, and plenty of it, is being dished out to the hard-boiled, hard-thinking molders of New Mexico's public opinion.

These latter are consuming it too. I talked the situation over with quite a number of them in various towns and, unquestionably, now that their state, formerly clean, is at last coming in for its share of the general lawlessness and official corruption engendered by national prohibition, these men are beginning to switch from the position they occupied, when in 1928, in a Catholic state, they turned down a Catholic candidate in favor of what they thought was going to be an adequate enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment.

So much then for New Mexico, but what of its neighbor? Well, since Arizona was pictured at the beginning of this article as being all set to meet a predicted dry spell, it seems to me only fair to say that that dry spell never materialized to any embarrassing extent. It was a false alarm, as any member of any country club in the state can easily testify, and yet, as false alarms have a way of doing, it did kick up a lot of disturbance.

Popular sentiment in New Mexico from the very first has been tolerant toward liquor and intolerant toward the saloon, but the attitude of the people toward the conditions that exist at

the present time is, I think, decidedly intolerant. In my opinion they are fed up on Federal enforcement; they are becoming vehemently vocal on the subject, and as I recall a conversation I had with a former United States district attorney in Arizona I don't blame him a bit for his use of high-power language. I'd do some good cussing myself if anything as choice as the following were pulled off right under my nose, as it was with this man:

Convertible Affidavits

Four or five prohibition agents were in on the racket. One of them induced a not very bright girl, who worked in a restaurant—probably by feeding her some confiscated booze—to sign up, in blank, a large number of affidavits of sale. These affidavits were then used by the agents, who filled them in to suit themselves, to secure search warrants against any person who could be shaken down for a chunk of blackmail, or against whom he had a personal spite.

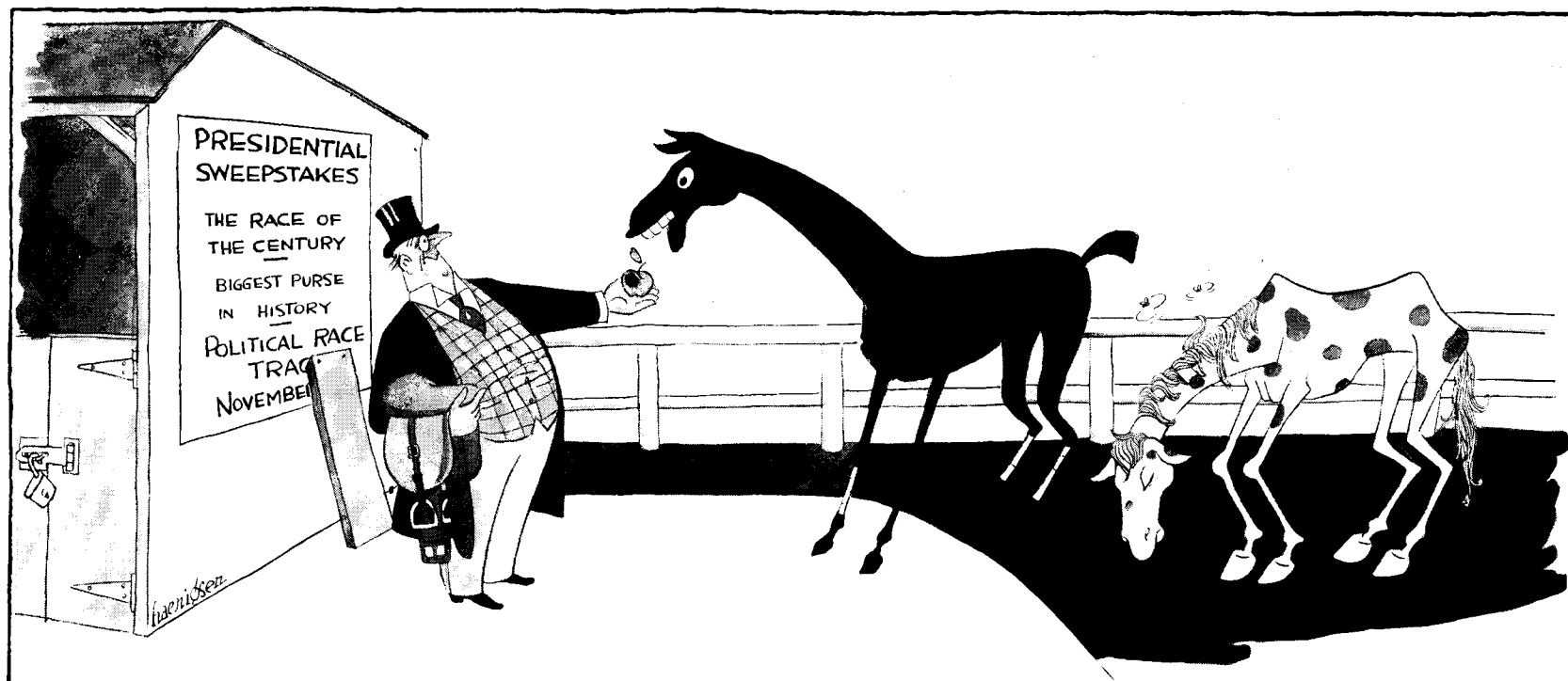
It was a great scheme. A good deal of easy money was cleaned up, a good many enemies were brought to terms, and then all was ruined when a mistake was made and one of the girl's affidavits was filled in with the name

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"You don't sell it?" wailed the poor ladies. "Oh, what will we do? We never intended to go that far"





With a candidate likely to win and an incumbent likely to be defeated a party will invariably prefer the former

Who but Hoover?

WILL President Hoover be renominated in 1932? Will there be, as in 1912, after an administration as weak politically as the present one appears to be, two Republican parties in the next national election, this time an Eastern wet Republican party and a Western dry Republican party?

Will the party hold together, find a candidate more hopeful than Mr. Hoover, say Ambassador Dwight W. Morrow, and, in spite of its present apparent weakness, go forward to victory in the next general election?

All of these questions are being asked and answered by politicians of both parties. The most acute, of course, is: Will Mr. Hoover again be put forward by his party as its candidate?

The Democrats like to answer it with "Yes." They seem to look forward cheerfully to the prospect of having Mr. Hoover as the candidate to beat in the 1932 election, with the wets in the East deserting him.

Most Republicans just now answer it with "No." Especially since the remarkable victory of Mr. Morrow in the New Jersey primary there has been a growing tendency among Republicans to say that their party will have a candidate for the Presidency in 1932 other than the present occupant of the White House.

What Nobody Knows

Actually, the idea that makes Mr. Morrow appeal to the Republicans is that he presents an easy way for the party out of the difficulties in which it finds itself as a result of the bad luck attending Mr. Hoover's administration.

But can Mr. Hoover be eliminated? Can he be eliminated without leaving such a bitterness as to make the nomination of another not worth having? Will Mr. Morrow consent to let his name be used as a candidate? Would his nomination heal all the divisions in the sadly torn Republican party?

Obviously not all of these questions can be answered now. Conditions may change before the time comes for selecting a candidate for President. Prosperity may return, and with its return there will be less talk of choosing another candidate than Mr. Hoover. Or if the wet Republicans will refuse to accept the dry Mr. Hoover, the dry Re-

Almost every President in the last seventy years has been renominated for a second term, but that doesn't mean that Mr. Hoover will be a candidate in 1932. The Republican party leaders are doing some heavy talking about it just now

By Clinton W. Gilbert

publicans may decline to accept the wet Mr. Morrow.

For the clearing up of uncertainties like these only time will serve. But we may lay down a few principles that may help to estimate the chances of Mr. Hoover's being renominated.

First, a party invariably desires to win.

Second, given two candidates, one of whom is pretty certain to win and the other pretty certain to be defeated, a party will invariably prefer the former.

Third, there is nothing in the common idea, baldly stated, that a President can always renominate himself. It depends on circumstances whether he can force his own renomination or not, on how much greater chance of victory his possible rival offers, on his own skill as a politician, on the side which the most powerful forces in the Republican party will take, on the consideration of how sore a spot will be left in the party by denying the President a renomination.

Fourth, a marked depression destroys the chances of the party in power when it occurs. History is full of examples of this principle. Escape from the po-

litical consequences of bad times by the easy method of nominating some other candidate is not without precedent.

Fifth, the division between East and West in the Republican party is more acute today than ever before in the party's history.

A Good Many "Ifs"

In other words, more briefly, the Republican party, doubtful of Mr. Hoover's availability in 1932, is today looking for another candidate for President in that year. There is nothing impossible about its denying him another nomination if it finds someone else it thinks may win. But there are difficulties in the present political situa-

tion that lie deeper than personalities.

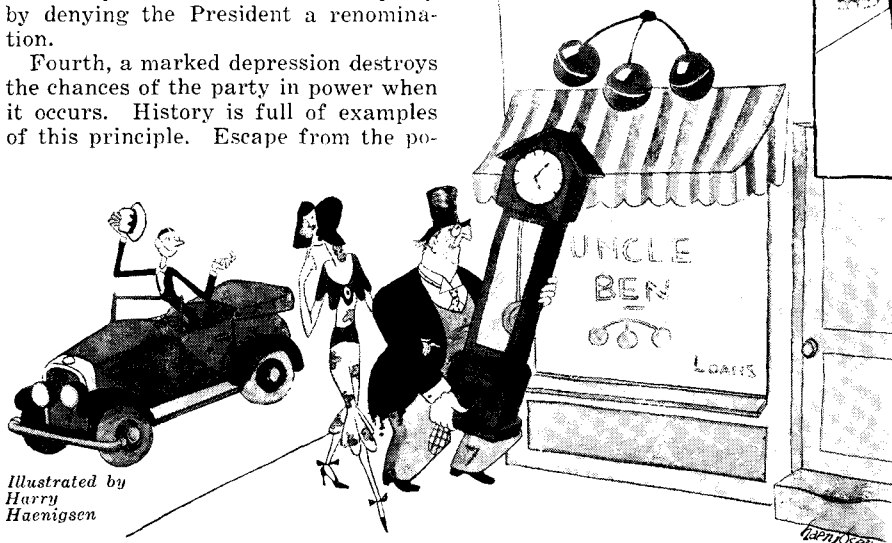
This article will not make any predictions. It would take the seventh son of a seventh son of a seventh son to say whether the present disfavor with which President Hoover is regarded will continue till the latter part of 1931. Only such a one, or a man born with a caul, can say whether if things go on as they are now the Republican party will be able merely by changing candidates to produce in 1932 another of its 7,000,000 majorities. And not even he could say whether a miracle man will be vouchsafed to the Republicans in 1932 who can unite in his support the industrial East and the agricultural West, the wet East and the dry West.

(Continued on page 50)



Will there be, as in 1912, after an administration as politically weak as this one, two Republican parties—a Western dry and an Eastern wet?

Voters become skittish during bad times. A marked depression sometimes proves disastrous for the party which happens to be in power



Illustrated by
Harry
Haeinisen



Jumping Jack

You probably never have heard of One-Round Kid Donahue because that was exactly the extent of his boxing career. After that brief battle in a Nova Scotia mining camp Jack Donahue went back to the stage to improve his footwork

By John B. Kennedy

FLORENZ ZIEGFELD, whose mission in life has been to make beauty a box-office magnet, is fond of telegraph companies. At every minor and major crisis of his managerial career, the wires hum with messages from Ziegfeld to the minor and major persons connected with his affairs—from stage stars to property men and janitors.

In a moment of forgetfulness he once left the office of Joe Weber for his own palatial business quarters ten blocks away. Telephones are in working order at both spots. Mr. Weber, therefore, was surprised to receive a wire: "Did I leave my hat in your place? F. Ziegfeld." In the spirit of the thing, Mr. Ziegfeld received a reply, "No. Joe Weber." And about thirty minutes later Mr. Weber opened another telegram, reading: "Thanks. Flo." Still another messenger with still another message to Mr. Ziegfeld, reading: "Don't mention it. Joe." This was collect. The bulletins ceased.

Mr. Ziegfeld visited his theater one night disguised in a soft collar. "Sonny" was playing, to capacity, as usual. The producer sat modestly in the rear. On the stage, talent that cost him about eight thousand dollars per week in the persons of Marilyn Miller and Jack Donahue was supposed to be in action. It wasn't.

Before we rack our brains too much to explain the mystery, let us cite direct evidence—Mr. Donahue's:

"Marilyn seemed a bit depressed going on that night," he says. "We all have those moods during a long run. After our routine dances, I spoke to her under my breath.

"'Buck up,' I said. 'We haven't got far to go. Repeat the dance.'

"She didn't. She stood quite still. To cover the spot I pulled something from my pocket to extemporize.

"'What's that?' she said, finally falling in with me to pick up the show.

"'Another wire from Ziegfeld,' I said.

"She laughed. In a minute the whole audience was laughing. The girl's merriment is as infectious as her beauty. The show went on and everything was jake. After the final curtain, a telegraph boy appeared. He bore a wire, a Ziegfeld wire:

"'Use this one tomorrow night,' the message read. 'The one you flashed tonight is at least a week old. Flo.'"

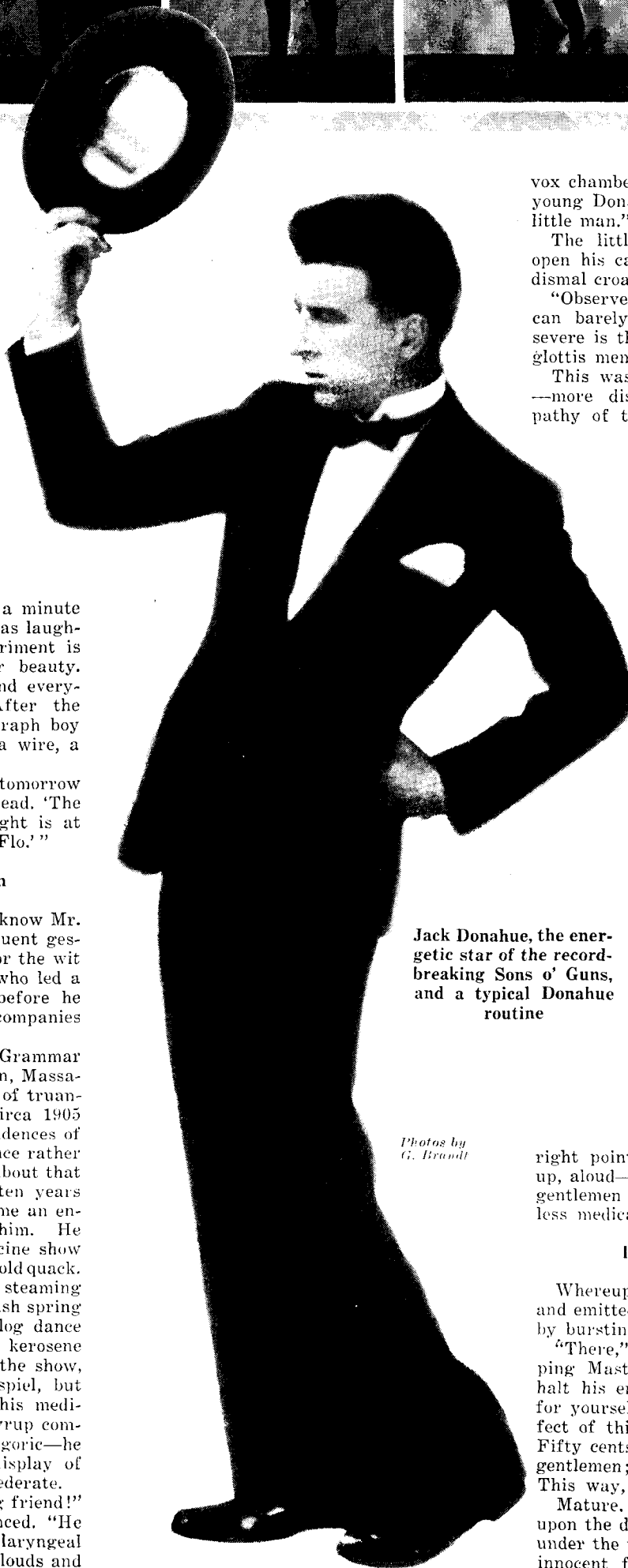
Talent at Ten

This, to those who know Mr. Ziegfeld, was an eloquent gesture of recognition for the wit of his leading man, who led a strange young life before he led extravaganza companies for Ziegfeld.

In the Harvard Grammar School at Charlestown, Massachusetts, the records of truancies for the years circa 1905 might show many evidences of Jack Donahue's absence rather than his presence. About that time, when he was ten years old, the urge to become an entertainer overcame him. He enlisted with a medicine show conducted by a genial old quack.

They ranged the steaming mill towns in a sluggish spring season. After the clog dance (no song) under kerosene torches that started the show, the doctor did his spiel, but before disposing of his medicine—a new cough syrup combining lard and paregoric—he evoked a touching display of talent from his confederate.

"Observe my young friend!" the old doctor announced. "He suffers from a severe laryngeal inflammation which clouds and obfuscates the vocal cords—



Jack Donahue, the energetic star of the record-breaking *Sons o' Guns*, and a typical Donahue routine

Photos by G. Brandt

vox chamberis. Observe." Turning to young Donahue, he called: "Speak up, little man."

The little man would stand erect, open his capacious mouth and utter a dismal croak.

"Observe that," sang the doc. "He can barely make himself audible, so severe is the congestion below the epiglottis membrani."

This was Jack's cue to croak again—more dismally than before. Sympathy of the audience thus captured, the doctor proceeded:

"Observe how I take this bottle of Excelsior Cough Syrup—compounded in my own laboratories from a secret formula which I obtained after years of hazardous search among the old Persian doctors of Bessarabia. I pour some of the rich, healing fluid on a spoon and instruct the young assistant to open his mouth."

This was Master Donahue's cue to croak and cough and open the mouth. Down went the medicine.

"Observe," spied the doctor, "how the young man gurgitates this healing balm." He was careful to hide Master Donahue's wry scowls from the spectators by stepping before him. "It is pleasant, candy-like to take. Let it work for a few seconds, for less than half a minute."

At this point the doc read his watch.

"Now," he cried, judging the suspense of the audience to be at the

right point, "my young friend, speak up, aloud—and convince the ladies and gentlemen of the virtues of this priceless medicament."

Pure, Innocent Fun

Whereupon Master Donahue gasped and emitted a lusty roar, following this by bursting into both song and dance.

"There," the doctor would bellow, tapping Master Donahue on the head to halt his enthusiasm. "You have seen for yourselves the instant, magical effect of this secret syrup of the East. Fifty cents the large bottle, ladies and gentlemen; twenty-five cents the small. This way, this way!"

Mature, Mr. Donahue looks back upon the days of his initiation into art under the palladium of science as pure, innocent fun.

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Captain Africa

A grand old pirate whose greatest exploit was hidden in the legend of a famous actress

By Herbert Ravenel Sass

THERE was in those days a theater in San Fernando, then the richest town in Portuguese Brazil, and for two years a beautiful woman acted there—a Spaniard of whom many legends have come down.

She was a great actress, and in the theater of San Fernando, thronged twice each week by the noblesse of the province, she won many triumphs. Then suddenly she disappeared. Of the greatest of her triumphs there is no record in the annals of the time. Only one man knew of it and he was Captain Africa.

This man was a man of some mystery and yet notorious, for his name was whispered in many corners of the globe. He had been born a gentleman in Carolina; but life, as he found it, displeased him. Something beckoned him beyond far horizons and he sailed on and on.

He was imperious and impatient; presently he declared war against the world. He lived in the last Golden Age of buccaneering and he was one of those who made it golden—a sea falcon not less daring than Bartho Roberts himself. Men feared him and most women loved him. His strong hawk-face was unscarred; he was six feet three in his boots and, in physique, between the massiveness of the lion and the liveness of the puma. He wore, as a rule, crimson damask, and his weapons were a straight sword, two ivory-hilted daggers and a brace of pistols. He called himself Captain Africa in honor of certain exploits of his on the Gold Coast of that continent and because he liked the spaciousness of the name.

Captain Africa was not interested in the theater of San Fernando nor in the famous prima donna who acted there. He had never heard of either the one or the other, and his business in those parts was of another kind. He tacked for nearly ninety hours south of the Brazilian capes waiting for a night that would suit his purpose. When at last the too-inquisitive moon was hidden by drifting clouds and a fresh breeze

blew from just the right quarter, he brought his ship, the Fancy, carefully, with no lights showing, into San Fernando roads.

He backed his topsails and hove to nearly five miles E. N. E. of the town. Farther in, the bottom was foul with many anchors lost there by the Portuguese merchantmen; nearer the harbor mouth, where the Lisbon gold fleet lay in the roads, he would have been too near those with whom he hoped to engage before long in bloody but profitable argument. Leaving Baldrack, his lieutenant, in charge of the Fancy, he swung out his longboat man-o'-war fashion, with six earringed, half-naked seamen—picked men, all of them—as crew.

He took the tiller himself, Job Kennerworth, his sailing master, handling the spritsail sheet.

IT WAS an important and somewhat delicate matter that engaged him. He planned to slip past the vigilant guard boat into the inner bay and learn, either by guile or force, news of the Lisbon fleet: when it would sail; what war vessels would accompany the richly-laden argosy which, once each year, carried the gold and other precious products of

the colony to Portugal, the mother country; which ship of the forty-two was the richest, and such other details as might be useful.

Halfway to the narrow harbor mouth Captain Africa suffered a change of mood. He showed none of his thoughts in his

face; under his red velvet hat with its green feather his swarthy, aquiline features were immobile, wholly inscrutable. Yet, from designs of violence his active brain had turned to softer matters. There had come upon him suddenly a desire to look into eyes more liquid and more languishing than those of his own ship's company—the only eyes that he had looked into for weeks.

It was, in part, the effect of the soft tropic night, the heavy-scented warmth, the long time that had elapsed since he had seen beauty. But a more potent influence was near at hand.

The longboat was passing, at a distance of not more than a quarter of a mile, the seaside mansion—the palace, it was called—of the governor of San Fernando. The palace, of white sandstone in a garden of orange trees, palms and smooth-stemmed bamboo, was bright with many-colored lanterns and gay with the music of guitars and cavaguinhos, the small four-stringed viols of the country. Plainly the governor was host tonight to the wealthy and pleasure-loving élite of the town. Captain Africa had no difficulty in picturing the scene. More and more vividly, as the boat sailed on, he saw in his mind the bright eyes and lovely shoulders of the olive-skinned beauties of San Fernando chatting with their gallants in the high-ceilinged rooms of the palace or listening to honeyed phrases whispered passionately under the garden palms.

He sat in the longboat's stern, his brown muscular hand resting upon the tiller, and weighed the hazards of the romantic adventure that beckoned him from the glowing palace windows.

He realized at once that the thing was impossible—that if he ventured into the palace he would be recognized, seized and, without undue

delay, hanged. Being a practical man, he put the idea from him, only to call it back again and play with it idly. Pondering thus, his eyes fixed on the glittering lights ashore, he did not see the danger until it was almost upon him.

It burst out of the obscurity of the night as suddenly as some ferocious monster leaping from ambush, and it came with a wild, inhuman shriek that froze Captain Africa's blood. Whirling, he saw a dim, grotesque shape rushing down upon the longboat on the port quarter, and for an instant, with that mad yell ringing in his ears, he was as bewildered as a man in a nightmare.

THEN suddenly he recognized it—a jingadah, one of those fantastic craft, made of four great timbers pinned together and pointed at the ends, in which the Brazilian natives traveled their sluggish rivers and even ventured far beyond sight of land. This one was typical: forward and aft were two rounded platforms raised on scaffoldings and between these, amidships, a large triangular sail. Only the raised platforms and the sail were visible, for the four big logs upon which they rested were awash in the waves.

Africa jerked the tiller to him and sprang to his feet. The jingadah, running before the breeze, would strike the longboat, he believed, in another half-minute, and the sharp-

Illustrated by
Charles B.
Falls



She had thrown back her cloak, and Africa saw that his prisoner was a beautiful woman, richly dressed, as for a fête or ball

ened points of its bow timbers just under the choppy water would crumple the longboat's side.

There was more margin than he realized. In a moment he saw that the peril had been averted. The longboat, answering his tug at the tiller, swung to starboard; the jingadah, coming from astern, ranged alongside, and the two boats hung together like wrestlers in a grapple.

Close to Captain Africa where he stood in the longboat's stern was the raised forward platform of the jingadah. The top of the platform was about on a level with his breast. He saw there, seated on a stool, a hatless human figure swathed in a cloak and holding tightly to a low railing. From the other platform of the craft, fifteen feet aft, where the native helmsman managed both rudder and sail, came guttural ejaculations.

"Lay hold here!" Africa's voice was like a pistol shot. Kennerworth and another man grasped the scaffolding of the jingadah, holding the two boats side by side. Africa's hands reached for the railing of the jingadah's platform; he balanced on his toes on the longboat's gunwale, then swung himself upward and over the platform railing, his black eyes glaring balefully at the cloaked figure that now had risen to its feet.

IT SHRANK back as he vaulted the railing, and Africa leaped upon it and in an instant had his hands about its throat. There was a short, ineffectual struggle. Kennerworth called to him to hurry: the two boats, their sails bellying in the fresh breeze, were pulling apart. Captain Africa lifted his captive in his arms and bestrode the railing, then jumped with his prisoner into the longboat's stern sheets. He spoke over his shoulder to Kennerworth.

"It is a woman," he said in tones which plainly revealed his disappointment. "But no matter. We'll keep her anyhow. She may know something."

He placed her, not too gently, on the stern thwart and grasped the tiller. The



longboat swung round, headed up into the wind, leaped, close-hauled, into the choppy waves. The triangular sail and turret-like platforms of the jingadah were lost in the gloom.

For some minutes after she had been dumped there unceremoniously out of Captain Africa's arms, the woman whom he had captured sat in silence on the stern thwart beside him, her form slumped forward, her dark cloak wrapped closely around her, muffling her to the eyes.

The clouds had thinned; now and again the moon shone through them. Its pale radiance lit the fierce faces of Kennerworth and the tattooed, hairy-chested seamen, their heads swathed in blue and yellow silk scarves. She stared at them for a little, her limbs quivering, her bosom rising and falling, then she moved her head slightly, her eyes searching Africa's face.

He sat beside her, unconscious of her scrutiny. In the moment when he had seized her on the jingadah's platform

he had not noticed the richness of her cloak. He thought her a native or possibly the stolid, ignorant wife of some poor Portuguese fisherman, and he had little hope of learning anything of value from her. When at last he turned and looked at her, an exclamation of amazement burst from him.

SHE had thrown back her cloak—the sea breeze only tempered the sultriness of the night—and Africa saw that his prisoner was a beautiful woman, richly dressed, as for a fête or ball. There was a red tropical orchid in her dark hair, wide gold bracelets encircled her arms, bare to the shoulders, a splendid emerald glittered on her finger. She was looking up at him out of large dark eyes whose magnificence, even in that pallid light, immediately compelled his admiration; and there was neither fear nor anger in her look but, rather, a challenging boldness which at once amazed and pleased him. Her first words amazed him even more.

"It is a whimsical world, Captain Africa," she said, not in Portuguese but in Spanish, her low voice a little husky yet melodious. "Not ten minutes ago I was wishing that I might see you, and now I am sitting at your side."

He drew back as though she had struck him in the face. That this woman, whom he had never seen before, should know him held him momentarily speechless. He was frowning blackly, but she smiled, revealing white, exquisite teeth.

"You quite fulfill my expectations, Captain Africa," she continued. "You are darkly handsome, sinister and strong. When your fingers clutched my neck I was terribly frightened for a moment. I had never before experienced such strength."

Captain Africa had recovered himself by now. "What is the meaning of this?" he asked sternly in Spanish. "Who are you, lady, and why do you think that I am Africa?"

"I think," she replied quickly, "that it is I who should demand the meaning of what is happening. I, the Doña Rosa de Barahona of Madrid, am intercepted on my way to the governor's ball and removed forcibly from my jingadah, held captive by Captain Africa, the pirate. Certainly it is I who should complain, Captain Africa. Yet I am not complaining."

It occurred to Africa that this Doña Rosa was a woman of strange contradictions. In a position where most of her sex would have been hysterical, she was not apparently frightened or even in the least perturbed.

"I OFFER my apologies," he said courteously, "for the necessity of inconveniencing you, Doña Rosa, but I cannot regret the happy accident that brought you across my path. What you have told me interests me greatly. Perhaps you will tell me more—in particular, your reasons for supposing that I am Africa, the pirate."

Doña Rosa de Barahona gazed across the water at the many-colored lights of the governor's palace.

"There is no reason," she said, "why I should not tell you. It is very simple. A month ago, off the Bay of Los Todos Santos, the ship Nostra Signiora was taken by Captain Africa. The commander of that ship was Dom João de Andrades of San Fernando. Dom João was for three days a prisoner on the pirate vessel. His description of you, Captain Africa, was so excellent that I knew you the moment you vaulted the rail of my jingadah."

Africa nodded. He remembered—and the recollection brought no pleasure with it—Dom João de Andrades well.

(Continued on page 62)



When he had climbed through the opening and found a perch for his feet he beckoned to her and she came to him



Dying Gladiator

Another of those good stories about two Irishmen. They were Patrick, the father—and Terence, the son. And they loved each other so much that they had to fight to cover their embarrassment

By Elmer Davis

OLD Pat Cregan was dying. Twenty years ago the news would have sent a shiver through Wall Street. Already stocks of the Cregan properties would be sagging under the pounding of the bears, and brokers and operators would be waiting nervously for the final bulletin that might set off a drumfire of selling orders all up and down the list. But in twenty years Wall Street had grown up and Cregan stocks had settled down. After the old man consolidated his control of his properties he ran them for dividends, not for the undoing of his enemies. And the day was past when the market depended on a few great men, and could be unsettled by an obituary.

Besides, Warren Cregan had been in virtual control of his father's interests since the old man had been crippled by inflammatory rheumatism a few years back. Old Pat had begun as a bouncer in a Brooklyn saloon, and had felt that he was rising in the world when he married a parlor maid; Warren had gone to Groton and Harvard, and married one of the Stuyvesant Square Vandermylens. His father, starting with nothing and fighting for everything he got, had been a constant threat to Wall Street; but Warren, starting in control of one of the great fortunes of America, was a hearty admirer of things as they are.

Twenty years ago thousands of people would have given three cheers when they read that Pat Cregan was dying—competitors he had driven to bankruptcy, imprudent investors ruined by his great market raids. In those days

newspaper editorial writers vainly demanded his indictment, and cartoonists pictured him with fingers like the tentacles of an octopus. But time had changed all that—time and an able press agent.

When the public thought of old Mr. Cregan now, it was with admiration and sympathy for a crippled giant who had wrought great things, and with gratitude for his benefactions to charity and the arts; with relief, too (the press agent saw to that), that his great properties were in the safe hands of his high-minded son. (Old Pat had five sons, but the press agent was not hired to mention the other four. Three of them were only Warren's yes-men, anyway.) So today the evening papers carried headlines, "Noted Philanthropist Near Death;" and editorial writers were preparing eulogies entitled, "A Great Citizen Passes."

A GIRL who sat on a bench in Central Park, near one of the western exits, saw those headlines in the evening paper that the man on the other end of the bench was reading. Unconsciously she craned forward to look over his shoulder, when she caught the name of Patrick Aloysius Cregan. A moment later she drew back, but it was too late; the man laid his paper aside and grinned at her.

"Lookin' at the weather report?" he asked. "It says continued fair. 'Bout time we got some good weather, this spring."

The girl said nothing, and looked the other way. Silly, she supposed; he seemed harmless enough. And she

couldn't help feeling, ridiculously, a little flattered whenever a halfway presentable man tried to pick her up; it was proof that she didn't look as desperately tired as she felt. But she came into the park every afternoon when it didn't rain, and she'd learned that it didn't pay to encourage sociability.

"Did I say continued fair?" the young man soliloquized. "Looks kinda stormy now. Listen, kid, I'm no curly wolf, but—"

"Pat!" the girl cried in sudden consternation. "Be careful!"

The young man's glance followed hers toward the grass plot across the walk, where a four-year-old boy was brandishing a stick he had picked up—brandishing it dangerously near a baby who sprawled and gurgled on a blanket set on the grass beside his carriage. The boy dropped the stick, with a resentful glance at her; the young man settled back on the bench with a grin.

"Thought you was talkin' to me at first," he observed. "That's my name—Pat. . . . When do you get off?"

"Off?" she asked blankly. His grin told her that he felt he had broken the enemy's lines.

"Sure. Through with the kids. . . . You don't sleep in, do you?"

She flushed. That was silly, too; this was probably the hundredth time she'd been taken for a nursemaid. But she was afraid she'd never get used to it.

"Yes," she said, "I sleep in. And I'm never off. I'm their mother."



"Do you think that your wife wants you to feel

Instantly she was ashamed, furiously ashamed, of her bitterness; as she was ashamed every time she let fatigue and this eternal shortage of money get on her nerves. But she was thankful she had given way before a stranger rather than her husband.

IT WAS as hard on him as it was on her; sometimes weariness and poverty got the better of his nerves too. He too was always ashamed; always, after one of those outbursts, they flung themselves into each other's arms in a torrent of contrition. And always each of them wondered, secretly, how long they could stand the strain.

"Gosh, that's tough," said the man on the bench. "A good-lookin' girl like you ought to get an evenin' out now and then."

She got up abruptly and went down to the two children.

"Time to go home," she announced. "Daddy will want to see us."

They'd miss an hour of sunlight; and Daddy would wonder—though he wouldn't say so—why the devil they hadn't stayed out long enough to give him a chance to get some work done. But she felt that she couldn't stand any more. Of anything.

"Come on, Pat." She picked up the



that you can't be decent because you've got a family to support?"

baby. "Here, old-timer! Into your carriage and off we go."

But the young man of the bench was standing beside her.

"Listen," he said. "No need to get sore. I was just wonderin'—"

"Will you let me alone?" she demanded. "Or do I have to—" She broke off. "Call a cop," she had been going to say, but there was none in sight. "Punch you in the eye?" she finished; and meant it.

"Oh, well, if you're gonna take it like that—" he muttered, and slowly walked away.

She stood still for a moment, gathering herself together before she went off into the side street of shabby old brownstones that opened beyond the park exit. No use letting her husband see that she was so upset. Silly of her, anyway; she ought to be used to being taken for a nursemaid by now, and to turning off men who tried to pick her up.

But once she had been a person—a smartly dressed, self-contained, self-sufficient person; under orders during office hours, but respected by the men who gave her orders. And after office hours she had had her own room, narrow but neat, in a women's hotel; and her own subscription seat (in the gallery) at the Guild plays and the Phil-

harmonic concerts. The memory made this sort of thing seem so shabby.

Of course Terry and the children were worth it. If only she could feel that they were getting somewhere; if overwork and this eternal lack of just a little money weren't slowly dragging them down—

Against her will she pushed the baby carriage back to the bench—the young man was out of sight by now—and looked at the paper he had left behind him. . . . Noted philanthropist near death. . . . Patrick Aloysius Cregan, capitalist and civic benefactor. . . . Four of his five sons at the bedside— Yes, there was what she was looking for.

MR. CREGAN'S youngest son, Terence, quarreled with his father five years ago, shortly after his return from studying art in Paris. The reason is understood to have been the younger Cregan's surprise marriage to Mollie Maynard, a secretary in the Cregan offices. So far as is publicly known, no reconciliation has ever taken place."

That's once the papers got it right, thought Mollie Cregan as she took little Pat's hand and started pushing the baby carriage toward the shabby street of brownstone houses.

Believe it or not, the papers generally try to get it right.

Observe, for example, the office of the New York Morning Record, where the managing editor was stamping up and down. In one hand he held proofs of the obituary of Patrick Aloysius Cregan, capitalist and philanthropist, which the Record would publish tomorrow morning; also proofs of an editorial headed "A Great Citizen Passes." The other hand was waving a photograph—a large shiny photograph of a gray-mustached man with the jaw of a fighter and the dreaming eye of an artist.

"Boy!" the managing editor was roaring. "Get me Mr. Morner from the art department!" And when Mr. Morner, the art editor, presently came up in haste—"Is this the best picture we can get of old Pat Cregan?" the managing editor demanded.

"It's the only one—the official picture, given out by the family. It's a copy of the portrait by Sargent in the Metropolitan Museum."

"Yes, I know that. Sargent knew what people liked to think they looked like, and when he felt obliging he painted them that way. But if this looks like Pat Cregan I look like Washington crossing the Delaware. It's the face of an artist. And Pat Cregan was a damned old pirate, till rheumatism laid him on the shelf to meditate on his sins."

(The managing editor had lost all his money by guessing wrong when Cregan made his last great play in the market. In fact it had been his wife's money, but he always spoke of it as "my money.")

"Cregan never had a photograph taken intentionally," Mr. Morner observed. "He was ashamed of that ear that somebody had almost clawed off when he was a bouncer. He smashed

view. I did," the managing editor chuckled. "That was just after old Pat had been knocked out by his rheumatism, and had to turn things over to Warren. Sleshina had got him exactly—the Dying Gladiator, somebody called it. A tough old fighter down and out at last, knowing that he's licked—and sore about it. Mean and vicious and scowling, hating like poison whoever and whatever had got the better of him— Oh, it was a great piece of work. . . . But when Pat heard it had been labeled the Dying Gladiator he bought it at a fancy price before the public ever got a chance to look at it."

THEN he probably has it still," said Morner. "Old Cregan really was something of a connoisseur; he might hide a good piece of sculpture, but he'd have too much respect for it to destroy it. You think the family might let us reproduce it?"

"I do not! The family is Warren; the other boys are just a row of ciphers. . . . Know Warren Cregan? He's sleek and fat and smug and oily; reminds me of a Renaissance diplomat. He wouldn't give it up. No, unless we can find some friend of Sleshina's who might have a copy—"

"There's Terry Cregan," said Morner. The managing editor stared.

"Terry? The one the old man kicked out for marrying a girl in the office? Where does he come in on this? I haven't heard of him since."

"Oh, he's still around town. He's an art critic."

"Why haven't I heard of him?" the managing editor demanded.

"He's not very well known yet. He covers the galleries for the Weekly Liberal, and writes for magazines—when he can sell his stuff. We've printed one or two of his pieces in the Sunday art section. He's working out a new philosophy of art, or trying to. Fifty years from now he may be famous," said Morner. "Or maybe not; I can't understand half his ideas. I doubt if he's got them clear in his own mind, yet. Flashes of remarkable stuff, but—"

"Never mind that," said the managing editor. "Where does he come in on this Sleshina portrait?"

"He and Sleshina were friends in Paris; Terry helped pump up the publicity when Sleshina came over here. I imagine he introduced Sleshina to his father. That was just before they had the row over this girl."

"Hell, that's a story!" said the managing editor. "Terry introduces his sculptor friend to his rich father, who wants a portrait; then the old man kicks Terry out for marrying a stenographer; and the sculptor friend gets even with this vicious head of a Dying Gladiator. . . . But we couldn't print it," he sighed. "Old Pat's a saintly figure, now, in the

public eye, and newspapers have to take things at their face value nowadays. But if Terry happened to have a copy of that Sleshina head— Got any idea where he lives, this Terry?"

"Somewhere in town," said Morner. "I could find out."

"Well, you get him on the phone and find out if he's got a copy of the Sleshina portrait." Morner started out. "Wait!" said the managing editor. "Terry Cregan studied painting, didn't he? He must have done some pictures of the old

(Continued on page 46)



two or three cameras when news photographers tried to catch him off guard."

"Yes, I remember," said the managing editor. "But there's another portrait of Pat Cregan somewhere in this town. A bust or a head or something by Sleshina—that Slovak sculptor that came over here and had quite a vogue five or six years ago. Remember him?"

"Of course. He had an exhibition at the Heinele Galleries. But I don't remember any portrait of Pat Cregan."

"Then you didn't go to the private

Illustrated by
Carl Mueller

"I'm dated up with a new number tonight," said Lillie complacently, "and say, he's got a car"

Reply Paid

It never could have happened, and it never would have happened, if Miss Colfax had been even half the lady everybody thought she was

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

TWO hamburgers with and one without," sang Anna Johnson through the peekaboo door behind the lunch counter. Then she slammed the sliding panel which separated the steaming kitchenette from the artistic tiling of the Snack Bar, and found Lillie grinning at her over the wire-covered coconut cake.

"I'm dated up with a new number tonight," said Lillie complacently, "and say, his cousin is second cameraman at a movie studio, and he's got a car. Listen, dear, tonight I'm going to throw away my roller skates!"

"Do be careful!" said Anna, her eyes wide with concern. "I'm sure Miss Colfax wouldn't advise you to act that way. There's a piece in her column tonight about . . ."

"Oh, you and your Constance Colfax!" Lillie interrupted her, good-humoredly. "Advice to the lovesick! Don't you go believing everything you see in the papers, Anna. Say, honest, I can't understand how you can get a thrill out of reading that boloney!"

"Miss Colfax says there is nothing more precious than a good man's honest love!" Anna replied indignantly. "I don't call that boloney. The bunk is more likely to be in the line your new boy friend'll hand you!"

"Well, I admit I'd rather he'd drop me a line than hand me a line!" said Lillie. "Then at least I'd have something to take into court!" And with the leisured manner of one who owes

nothing to an admiring world, she strolled away.

Anna Johnson gazed after her friend in solemn speculation. Lillie was never lonely. Every night she went out somewhere and always with a man. With the city roaring around the silent little pool of loneliness that was a hall bedroom two flights up, it had at first seemed inevitable that a country girl and a stranger to Winsburg should nightly cry herself to sleep from the sheer frustration of her hopes. Yet apparently Lillie did not suffer from the same awful oppression.

"I guess she's right!" Anna thought to herself reluctantly. "She's happy and has a swell time on account of being, as she claims, the world's champion necker!"

THE electric signs down the avenue were flashing their summons to theatergoers, and Anna glanced anxiously at the clock. Ten past eight. The supper hour was almost over. One by one the tables were vacated, and Billy, the night-shift boy, stacked the chairs upon them. The rear lights were switched off, leaving only the Snack Bar's counter illuminated, and Lillie untied the strings of her apron and prepared to leave.

"Say," she blurted out, "I feel kind of mean! This is the third night this

week you've let me go off, when it's been my turn to stay."

"I don't mind one bit!" Anna replied. "But do

be careful! Miss Colfax always says a man must respect the woman he marries!"

"Who said anything about marrying?" retorted Lillie. "I don't want to get married; I want to get into the pictures!" And with that she was gone. Anna extricated a newspaper from beneath the counter and settled herself under the light.

"Dear Miss Colfax," she read, "I am a young woman of twenty-three and I am in love with a boy who returns my affections. He is very loving, but has said nothing about marriage. What had I better do?—ANXIOUS."

Anna sighed, and stared off into space. Then after several moments she refocused her attention upon the paper, seeking what grain of comfort Miss Colfax might be offering to her perplexed correspondent.

"If your conduct has been irreproachable," Miss Colfax declared, "I am sure that he will do the honorable thing by you. A man's attitude is always colored by the woman's behavior." And yet Lillie claimed you had to lead them on.

Ever since her arrival in Winsburg three months ago, Anna had been reading Miss Colfax's counsels in the Star

with a religious fervor. Anna visualized Miss Colfax as a plump, middle-aged woman with gray hair and an ample bosom, dressed perpetually in lavender taffeta and a cameo brooch. And sometimes Anna imagined herself beside an open fire, telling this good soul about Wesley Strong, whose smile said so many things, whose hands held so much magic that she shivered with delight at their inadvertent touch; about Wes, who held her spellbound when his lips uttered nothing more amorous than a request for a little more butter!

ANNA, in such daydreams, told Miss Colfax how he had appeared nearly every night now for two weeks past, always at the same hour, breezing in gayly like a boy just let out of school, to eat his Western sandwich while telling her between bites about how pretty she was!

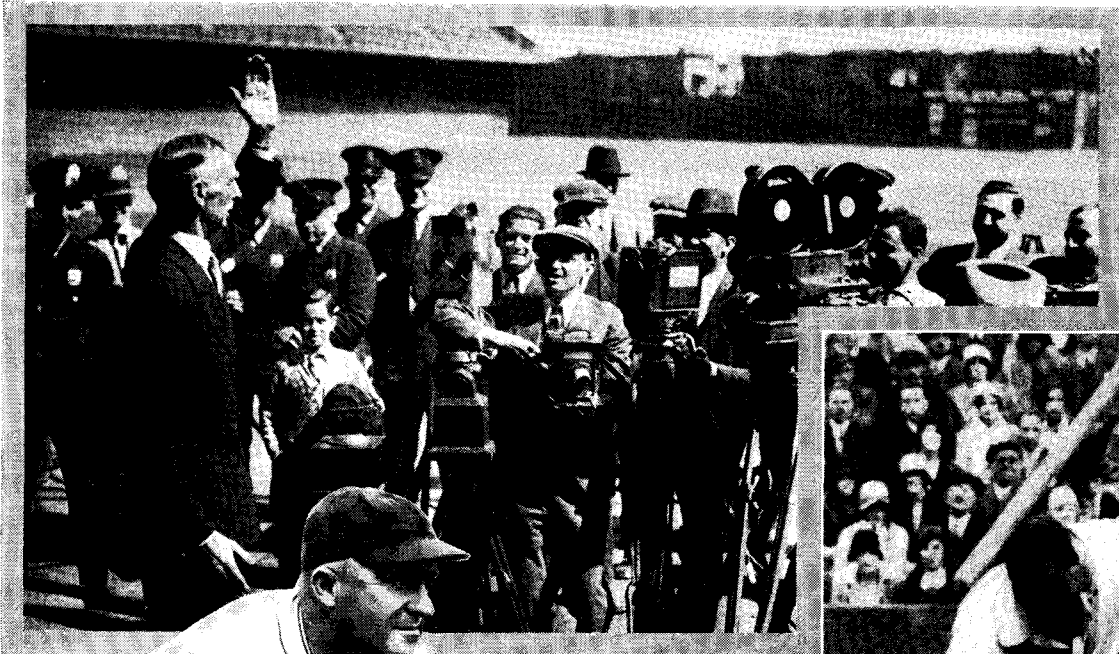
Occasionally Anna had gone out with Wes. He had to meet her late, at the corner. He always seemed to work rather late, Anna did not know at what, and she had been too timid to ask.

"But is he a married man, my dear?" She could imagine Miss Colfax asking. "You know I don't approve of a girl going out with married men."

"I've been afraid to ask him that, too!" thought Anna, continuing this imaginary conversation. "Because, just suppose it turned out that he was married, and I do love him so! Miss Colfax,

Sporty Days

By Grantland
Rice



Wide World

Connie Mack, manager of the champion Philadelphia Athletics, posing for newspaper photographers after his team had won the final game of the 1929 world series



Joe McCarthy, the fighting manager who guides the Chicago Cubs in the race for their second National League pennant

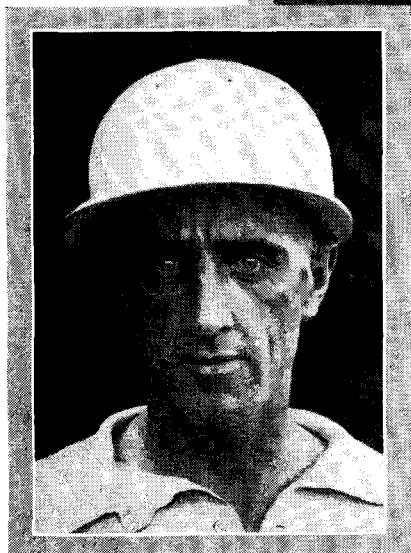
U. & U.

Tommy Hitchcock, Jr., captain of the U. S. international polo team, demonstrating a left-backstroke

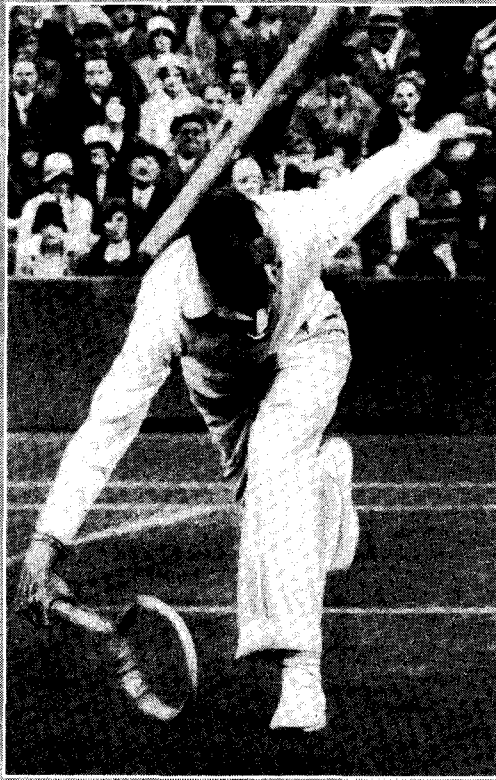


P. & A.

Lewis L. Lacey is an outstanding figure in the fight to wrest from America her polo laurels



P. & A.



P. & A. Photos

The veteran Tilden has smashed his way through to six consecutive national tennis championships, and will defend his seventh at Forest Hills soon



Wide World

Eric Pedley, one of the younger stars on whom the U. S. international polo team will depend in the forthcoming matches with the most formidable British team assembled in many years

ANYONE looking for a complete set of sporting thrills will get more than full measure before this September is checked off the calendar. For the September sporting docket crowds more national and international championships into thirty days than any month in the history of sport. The program is heavy enough to keep fifty million noncombatants dizzy attempting to keep check on each event. Here is a summary of what September has to offer in sport:

1. The United States tennis championship play at Forest Hills, Long Island, Tilden defending his title.
2. The United States professional golf championship play at Fresh Meadow, Long Island, September 8th to 13th, Diegel defending his title.
3. Yacht races for the America's cup off Newport, Shamrock V challenging, starting September 13th.
4. International polo matches, Great Britain challenging, Meadow Brook Club, Long Island, in mid-September.
5. National amateur golf championship play, Merion Cricket Club, Philadelphia, September 22d to 27th, Harrison Johnston defending, Bobby Jones after his fourth consecutive golf crown.
6. Home stretch sprint of the two big-league races, Athletics and Cubs defending champions.
7. Start of a new football season in late September.
8. Fall opening of another horse-racing season on Eastern and Western tracks.

This is only part of the month's schedule, listing only major events. And for

Hath September

the month at least it will make Long Island the sporting center of the world.

Any prophet who can foretell the winners in these various competitions will have no trouble getting a job as the Delphic oracle of his day and time. For in most cases it will be a nip-and-tuck scramble with few push-overs.

What, for example, about Tilden and the national tennis championship? Big Bill won the title for six consecutive years until French youth and skill finally broke up his run. He came back to win the title in 1929 and so far 1930 has been one of his greatest playing years.

A few days later the professional golf championship will get under way. Here you have the most intricate of all the guesses and prophecies, for in a field that includes such players as Horton Smith, Macdonald Smith, Hagen, Sarazen, Farrell, Macfarlane, Dudley, Golden, Armour and Mehlhorn the odds are at least eight to one against any single entrant. Golf is too uncertain and there are too many contenders of almost equal skill to warrant picking any outstanding star.

One competition where the preponderance of public support is likely to be with the challenger from overseas is the battle for the America's cup. Sir Thomas Lipton will make another supreme effort with Shamrock V, after thirty-one fruitless years. There is something noble about the indomitable patience and sportsmanship of a man who refuses to become discouraged at so many defeats and setbacks, and who still keeps trying even when he has reached his eightieth year.

When Captain William Paul and Captain Ned Heard brought the big sloop across the Atlantic several weeks ago there was a general feeling among the experts that Sir Thomas had the best chance of his racing career to beat America's defending yacht. The new

Shamrock is fast in light airs and by no means a laggard when the wind is at work. Interest in yachting is comparatively slight but there is a sentimental and a traditional touch to this coming battle with sea and wind that makes it one of the outstanding competitions of a big year in sport.

Most of the old guard of American polo, including Devereux Milburn, Watson Webb and Malcolm Stevenson, are now out of the picture. So Tommy Hitchcock had to build up a new and younger team to meet the latest and most formidable British challenge since the hard-riding pre-war days when Captain Cheape made his last stand.

It's Up to the Youngsters

In the last two international matches the Britishers were outclassed by American sides that carried a Milburn and Hitchcock. But this year the British brought into play a higher class of polo talent with such stars as the two Roarks, Lacey, Gerald Balding and Captain George. In order to meet this combination Tommy Hitchcock had to look largely to youth—to such younger stars as Winston Guest and Eric Pedley and several others working for their first starts toward polo fame.

The feature of the amateur golf championship at Merion will be Bobby Jones' attempt to win his fourth consecutive championship in 1930. He won the British amateur at St. Andrews in May, the British Open at Hoylake in June and the U. S. Open at Interlachen in July, a triple achievement that practically no one who understood the many uncertainties of competitive golf believed possible.

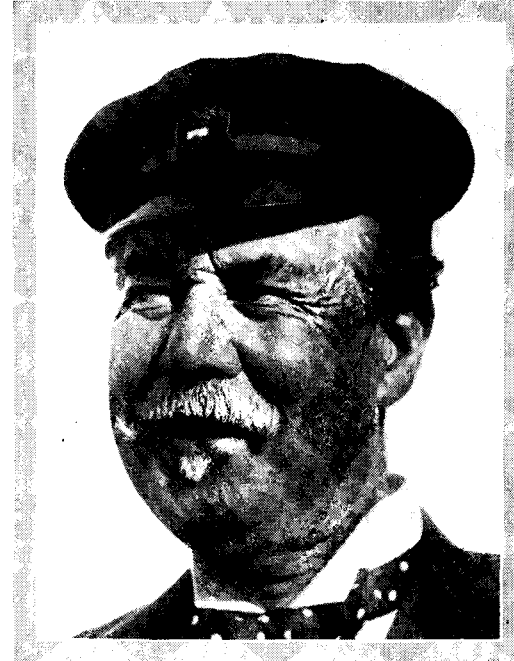
It was at Merion in 1916 that Bobby made his first appearance in the amateur championship. He was then a chubby, pink-faced, blue-eyed boy of fourteen.

Five national and international championships are to be decided within the next few weeks in addition to a baseball pennant race, the opening of the football season and other events. The fan will be as busy as a small boy watching a ten-ring circus

It was at Merion in 1924 that he won his first amateur title, after many heartbreaking years of defeat when he looked good enough to win. And again at Merion he will go after a record in golf no one before had thought possible.

What about that final dash for the pennants of the two major leagues? The Athletics and Cubs ruled the game a year ago. The Athletics again appear to be the best of their sector and the Cubs are holding up in spite of the death of Carlson and the injury to Hornsby. These are still the two teams to watch down the stretch, for they have the pitching and the punch, and each happens to have a guiding manager who can hold a ball club together and keep it hustling along the road that leads to world series games and cash.

All in all, you'll get your share of September thrills from sport in larger quantities than ever before.



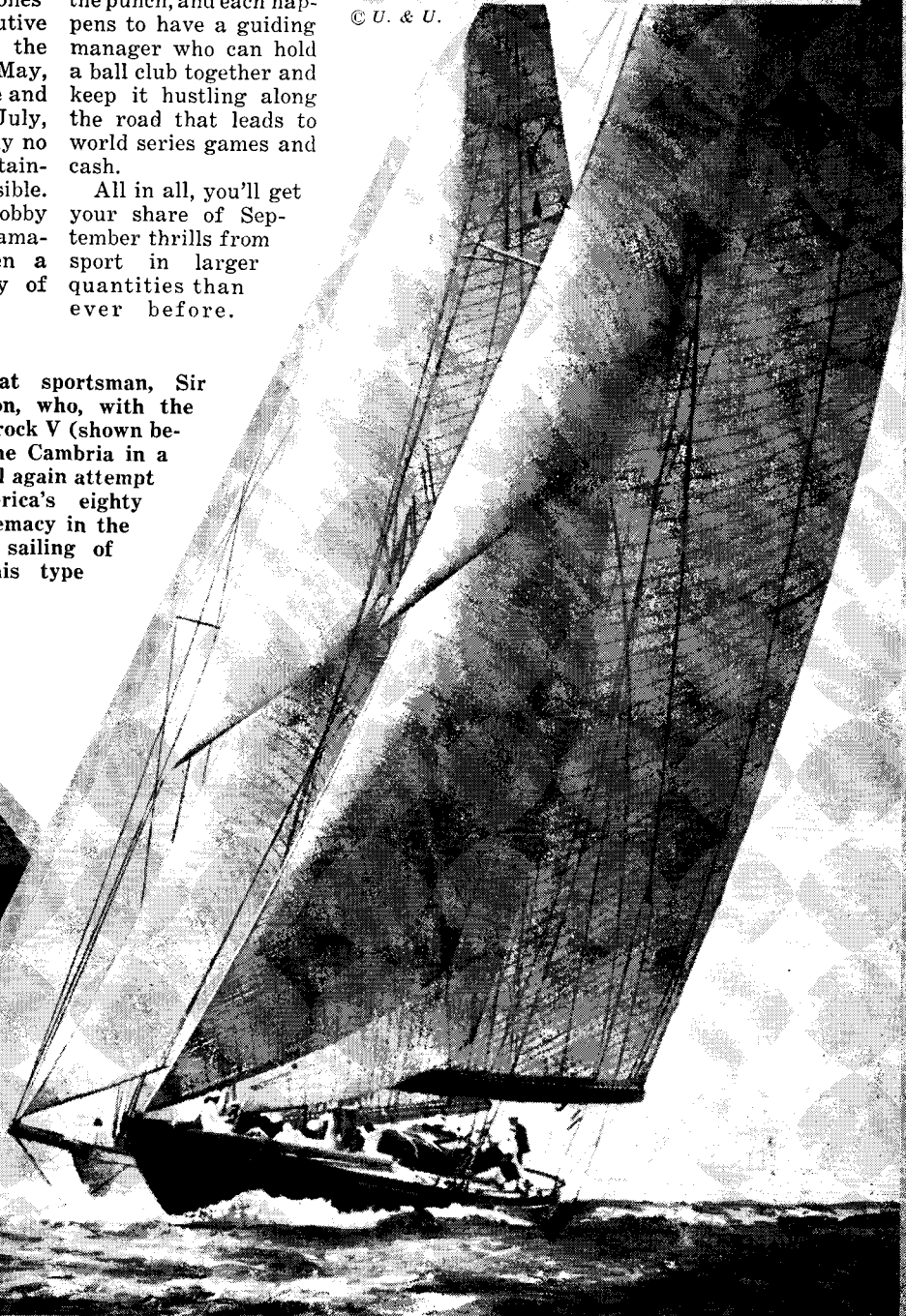
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Britain's great sportsman, Sir Thomas Lipton, who, with the \$125,000 Shamrock V (shown below leading the Cambria in a trial race), will again attempt to end America's eighty years of supremacy in the building and sailing of yachts of this type



Wide World

Leo Diegel, U. S. professional golf champion, will defend his title on the Fresh Meadow course this month



U. & U.

Lovers' Lane

By Kathleen Norris

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V
SONIA FRANCE was the center, the very hub, of all her group. There was no room for another woman in it. Mab and Cora and some of the newspaper women were her friends, and came a great deal to the big studio above the Bretts' little one, but they were welcome there only because they subscribed to the Sonia cult, because they admired her and spoiled her as the men did.

Perry Hickson, who was rich, paid for the food and the drinks and the lamp-light and the open fires, and old Chong kept the kitchen in order, and Sonia did the rest. She was not only startling in appearance, and popular as an actress, but she had a real social gift, a pleasant, lazy, friendly, flattering attitude toward shyness or awkwardness; she liked to have men about her, especially clever, ambitious, attractive men who wanted to talk, and she knew how to draw them.

She had been a famous *ingénue* in a San Francisco stock company; she had gone to Broadway to be featured as a leading lady; she had come back to stock, after this unsuccessful experience, more confirmed than ever in her enthusiasm for Western standards and Western ways. Eastern audiences know nothing of real acting and real art, Sonia said, with her lazy, reluctant smile. And at the height of her local success she had married Perry Hickson.

These happy studio days into which Dina and Mont had so unexpectedly tumbled had followed, these days when they all swarmed about on the Hill, into the Ballards' shack, over to Elliot Lampson's, down to Billy Calder's. Mont fell into the atmosphere as one born to it.

But Dina followed slowly, clumsily, conscious that somehow she did not belong. The rapid flash of their talk, the wild, and to her bewildering, bursts of laughter, the overeating, and especially the overdrinking, left her outside, and made her anxious, nervous about Mont. He drank, he was noisiest of them all, he borrowed money, and above all, with awe, and not quite consciously, he adored Sonia.

WHEN Sonia entered a room they all deferred to her. Men and women alike stopped whatever they were doing, interrupted whatever they were saying, to greet her. And she accepted it languidly; Dina used to writhe inwardly sometimes to see how casually, how indifferently, this more fortunate woman permitted the adulation for which she, Dina Brett, was starving.

In the beginning she had thought Sonia everything that was wonderful; now her jealous heart began to tell itself in satisfaction that Sonia was thirty-three, after all; that Sonia had not been a success in New York; that Cullen, her San Francisco manager, had begun to entreat her to try character parts.

But it was no use. Sonia's picture in an evening paper, Sonia's white hand endorsing a check, Sonia's shrug as she displayed an offer from a Hollywood manager, were so many deathblows to Dina's self-confidence. She could not rise superior to this overwhelming handicap.

Dina grew thinner, the fine lines in her face began to show themselves. Imitating Sonia, she kept her mahogany hair in order now, laundered the frills of the blue dress carefully, polished her own shoes, made the most of her new slenderness in the blue coat with the gray fur collar—Sonia's gift. A woman at the theater had asked Sonia if she

would find someone who wanted it, and Sonia found Dina, and Sonia's circle applauded.

"You'd give away your shirt if somebody wanted it, wouldn't you, Sonia?" Louis Whitlock had said at this, and Sonia had made them all laugh by answering idly, "But, Lou, you know how I hate shirts!"

"They wouldn't have thought it was so funny if I had said it!" Dina had thought fiercely in her soul, even while she took the blue coat and loved it.

Desperately, determinedly, she plodded on. She scoured the magazines for suggestions about home beautifying, for

The Story Thus Far:

HAVING run away with young Mont Brett, and married him in San Francisco, Dina Mallet finds herself in a strange predicament: her young husband—handsome, charming, giving promise of becoming a successful artist—for some reason, known only to himself, declines to give her other than a tepid friendship.

Dina is hurt, puzzled, perplexed. But she loves the boy she has married, and she resolves to stand by, hoping that, in time, he may learn to care for her, may alter his singular ways. In reviewing their recent history together she finds no clue to the mystery—their arrival, penniless, in the great city; her taking a job in a cheap restaurant, and Mont becoming a model for Perry Hickson, in whose studio he had insisted on sleeping while Dina occupied a large room on the floor below; Mont's sudden success and popularity with the Bohemian set; the sale of his first picture.

She resolves to seek farther for an explanation. . . . A brief moment of happiness—when the girl receives five hundred dollars in a legacy and Mont joins her and assures her that he adores her—is followed by even greater neglect.

Then, to her horror, Dina learns the truth: Sonia France, the beautiful wife of Perry Hickson, has caught the boy in her silken snares, and he is madly infatuated! She must act quickly. But—what to do?

With a trusted friend—the wealthy Elliot Lampson, a charming patron of art—she discusses the situation. "Watch me, from now on!" she says—and prepares for battle!



Illustrated by
F. Vaux Wilson

Every time Sonia spoke to Mont, every time she raised her eyes to his, there was a revelation in her voice, in her expression

beauty hints, for new economical budgets and menus. She cooked delicious little meals to which Mont did not come. She worked over improvements he was never to notice in her few frocks and hats.

Oh, if she could only do something—succeed at something, earn money, make them admire her! Oh, if only, while they were all praising Sonia, someone would turn to her sometime and say, "Congratulations, Dina! It was great."

Or if she had something to do, some business that took her away early in the morning, and kept her busy and tired her out! If she need only say sometimes, "I can't, Sonia. I've got to be—anywhere!"

Anywhere—in the office, downtown—even "at the restaurant!" Her only money-making had been at dishwashing in Solasso's Fashion Restaurant. And Sonia—Sonia had been costuming herself, powdering her white skin, softly molding her ashen hair, in dressing-rooms with a star on the door!

"WELL!" Dina would say aloud, when these thoughts caught her, at her sweeping or dishwashing, and when she had to fling her head up to breathe. "Well—there must be some way out—"

And she would fall on her knees sometimes, covering her wet face with her hands, while she found once again and clung to her creed.

"I believe. I'll have him back—and he'll succeed—and he'll love me—he'll be mine again—"

"I do believe."

"He doesn't even like me any more!"

Dina said to herself, as matters developed with that speed that only passion can cause. "Mont doesn't even like me any more!"

He did not dislike her; he was not consciously unkind. But there was the very essence of cruelty in his absent replies to her questions, his impatience with even her briefest claim on his time, his indifference to her opinions, or activities, or anxieties. He was away for long hours together; she did not feel that he was really there even when he was bodily at home. Dina could seem to find no moment in his crowded days in which to talk to him quietly, in which to try to rediscover their old relationship.

Mont was being devoured by a fever, a fever in which late hours, gambling, drinking, idling and his agony of love for the unattainable Sonia all had their part. He was hardly conscious of Dina's existence.

Rapidly, and to her infinite pain and puzzlement, the gulf widened between them. Dina, at eighteen, was not clever enough, was not sufficiently sure of herself, to attempt to handle the situation. Rather, she kept telling herself that all this must pass, that Mont belonged to her, and Sonia to Perry, that Sonia was nine years older than Mont, that wives were always apprehensive and jealous, and friends like Mab too much given to suspicions—

THEN, one November day, Sonia descended the stairs that lay between the two studios, to tell Dina what she and Mont felt about it.

Dina was housecleaning when Sonia came down. Not that the Bretts' one-room establishment especially needed cleaning, but this was a bad day for



"Oh, Mont," she whispered, trembling, "I'd love to feel that you needed me; that they weren't always trying to take you away from me"

Dina, a day of heartache, nervousness, apprehension of she knew not what, and she had felt the need of hard work, exercise, distraction of any sort.

THERE was no marketing to be done today; Mont was not coming home to dinner; they never had lunch, for breakfast was not over until nearly ten. More than that, money was running uncomfortably short. Crayons and oils and canvases were expensive. Mont was buoyantly sure that in a few weeks he would either be engaged by some newspaper as a staff artist, or would get some sort of commission or piecework; Dina meanwhile watched their dwindling bank balance carefully, avoiding unnecessary outlay, were it only of a few cents.

She had on the old pink apron this morning; it was faded to a warm cream color now. Her head bound up in a wisp of cheesecloth, her domain all soap-suds and brooms and fresh, rushing winter air, Dina stared dumbly at Sonia, as Sonia came forward, in a drift of azure silk and creamy laces.

"I've come at just the wrong minute, Dina?" Sonia said, dropping her head sidewise, looking apologetic.

"Oh, no—not at all," Dina protested, mechanically, as she drew down a win-

dow, drew forward a chair. She and Sonia sat down, looking at each other. And Dina knew that the hour had come.

She said nothing to encourage her caller, and as Sonia did not seem to know exactly how to begin there was an awkward pause. It spread—it deepened about them like quietly rising water.

"There was something I wanted to say to you, Dina," Sonia presently began.

There was a scarlet stain on her white skin; Dina's face was red, too.

"Various people—" Sonia recommenced, with some little difficulty, "various people have been saying—"

"I suppose you know that, Dina, you've heard it?" she broke off to ask, with an appealing look.

"I hate it," Sonia went on, shrugging as Dina did not speak but continued to regard her steadily. "I despise it! I wish people would mind their own business!"

And in the silence she asked, "You do believe that, don't you, Dina?"

"Believe what?" Dina asked, clearing her throat.

"That truly—" Sonia, not much encouraged, but still with an earnest air of clearing matters, went on, "that truly there is nothing in it."

"In what?" Dina asked again, stubbornly.

Sonia looked at her appealingly, suddenly softened into a smile.

"Ah, Dina dear, don't make this so hard for me! I mean—I mean that I have always liked Mont enormously, liked him better than anyone—oh, well, what's the use?" Sonia interrupted herself, smiling.

"But I mean, I mean that I'm not taking—not taking anything away from you, Dina," Sonia said. "If Mont gives me anything, and he *does* give me something, something I needed, something I was hungry for—"

SHE stopped. Dina glanced at her to see that Sonia was smiling appealingly.

"Now do you begin to understand?" Sonia asked. "I mean—" she went on, in a little determined rush, as Dina remained stonily silent, "I mean—do you see my side, just a teeny little bit?"

"I think," Sonia presently went on, "I think that he shows me a side, shows me a sort of little-boy sweetness that nobody else quite gets from Mont. Or I hope so, anyway!" she finished, her smiling eyes filled with genuine tears.

"I hate you," Dina said, in her soul. "I wish you would drop dead. Drop dead, why don't you?"

(Continued on page 52)



Pinner's hands, without waiting for orders, went up, shoulder-high. The policeman pounded up behind him

Illustrated by
Harry Davis

Long Odds

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Hugh
Mac Nair Kahler

FOLLOWING his invariable rule, Pinner compelled himself to be afraid of the fat-faced, flat-footed man in the doorway of the dining-room.

The odds against that house detective's chance of being really dangerous to Pinner were high up among the billions, but Pinner had a private theory about this. No odds were long enough, Pinner believed, to justify a man in feeling safe when the hot chair stood waiting at the loser's end of the bet.

Only two men had seen him pull that play in St. Louis last week. One of them was dead and the other in the hospital and the description he'd given the police didn't remotely suggest Pinner's present appearance. There wasn't a chance in a billion that the dick in the doorway would stop him, but if he did, if by any crazy freak of accident that eighteen grand was found in Pinner's inside pocket, the numbers on the bills might—Pinner found it a little easier, suddenly, to feel afraid.

He saw that he'd been a sucker, after all, kidding himself that he was safe. Safe, with that money on him! Why, any one of a thousand little breaks of luck might have let the bulls grab him and find those bills! Suppose that fat dick over there, for instance, should get the notion in his thick head that Pinner

was somebody else, somebody wanted for another job, and make a pinch on the chance? Suppose—

It was quite easy, now, to be afraid of him, to breathe deep when he turned, at last, and flat-footed back to the lobby. Pinner could even feel afraid of the little blond hat-check girl in the corridor. It had been a sucker play to let her have his hat. If he'd needed a quick get-away that little tow-headed jane might have spilled the beans.

He was afraid of her, even now, so afraid that he waited till she was busy with a party of five or six. While her back was turned he slipped past her, reached up quickly for his hat and walked as briskly as he dared toward the lobby.

"Wait a minute, mister!"

PINNER quickened his pace. He knew that she was only trying to get her tip out of him but her voice had scared him so that he suddenly hated her, so that he was sourly glad, as he hurried across the lobby, that he'd gypped her out of that dime.

He stopped being glad, though, when the man who lounged beside the outer door turned slowly and faced him. The fat house detective didn't look quite so stupid now. He was grinning, grinning, Pinner thought, with lazy malice. He looked straight at Pinner and lifted

a fat hand in a slow gesture that unmistakably ordered Pinner to halt.

Pinner decided quickly. He stopped short, as if he had left something behind him and suddenly remembered it. He turned sharply and hurried toward the corridor at the right.

"Hey—wait!"

Pinner pretended not to hear. As he darted into the corridor the tail of his eye caught a glimpse of the detective, not yet in pursuit but staring after him, his hand still in the air, his mouth open. A sense of triumph fled with Pinner down the hallway; he was going to get by, after all! He was chuckling as he came out to a narrow side street and ran swiftly toward the beckoning safety of the corner.

He recovered his wits in time to stop running before he reached that corner. He was only walking rather fast when he saw the uniformed policeman stroll deliberately around the angle and come toward him.

Again Pinner had no trouble in being sensibly afraid, although he knew that there was nothing to be afraid of. It took all his will power to drive him forward to the meeting, and when he told himself that the odds against the chance of having trouble with a beat-pounding harness-bull must be in the billions, he seemed to hear his own voice answering with his own wise-crack:

"No odds are long if the hot chair's on the loser's end!"

He could see that the broad red face was placidly unconcerned with him. He had almost stopped being afraid when he saw it suddenly lighten to interest and attention, saw the big arm go up to bar his way.

Pinner made his choice instantly. It was safer to risk a bullet in the back than to take the chance of a pinch, with that eighteen grand on him. He had turned before the thought came to him: he was running back, at the top of his speed, almost before the policeman's hand had finished its upward movement.

SHOUTS, the pound of heavy feet behind him gave him a thin hope. Maybe the bull wouldn't shoot; maybe he'd try to shoot and run at once; maybe Pinner could reach the corner and hop a taxi before—

Pinner stopped running. The fat house detective stood before him, blocking the sidewalk, his hands significantly deep in the loose, baggy pockets of his coat. Pinner's own hands, without waiting for spoken orders, went up, palms forward, shoulder-high.

No odds were long when—

The policeman pounded up behind him.

"You got a nice pose there, buddy. Hold it." He was out of breath. His hands expertly investigated Pinner's possible gun-pockets.

"What you got on him, Mike?" inquired the house detective. The policeman chuckled.

"Search me, but I guess it's plenty, the way he beat it when I went to stop him!" He chuckled again, his hand now exploring other pockets. "Don't it beat hell what'll trip a crook, Joe? This bird thinks I'm making a pinch, when all I'm trying to do is to tell him there's a green check sticking in his hat band!"

Jaws of Circumstance

By Carl Clausen

The Story Thus Far:

CONRAD MERRILL and his fiancée, Virginia Lansing, jointly accused of the murder of Jane Crandall, a wealthy spinster are being tried for their lives. That the body of the woman—who was strangled with her own scarf—had been found (with Merrill standing over it and Miss Lansing near by) near an old water wheel in Locust Grove, a picnic ground, on the evening of May 20th, is an established fact. And, in view of the evidence thus far presented, it seems almost certain that the young people are guilty, as charged.

Of that evidence, the following is of special importance: Although engaged to Miss Lansing, Merrill had been paying court to the middle-aged Miss Crandall; he had, in some mysterious manner, induced her to make him gifts totaling fifty thousand dollars; he had, also, induced her to make a will—a will which has not yet been discovered among her effects—under which he was, apparently, the principal beneficiary; his coat—worn on the evening of the tragedy—had been found to be blood-stained; so also had one of Miss Lansing's handkerchiefs, found near the body.

Merrill, on the stand, testifies that he had an appointment to meet Miss Crandall in the grove on the evening of May 20th, and that, going to the grove, he found the body—lying in some shallow water.

As court adjourns for the day a stranger makes his appearance. Broad-shouldered, deeply tanned—apparently a Westerner—he elbows his way through the crowd and strides down the aisle as though he has something of the utmost importance to confide to the judge. Then, seemingly changing his mind, he goes out. . . . Is he afraid to speak? Who is he? Does he know who killed Jane Crandall?

VII

CAXTON returned to the fray the following morning with a directness and precision that were almost beautiful.

"Mr. Merrill, when you had pulled Miss Crandall up on the bank of the spillway, did you notice the bruise upon her temple?" he asked.

"No, I didn't."

"Do you ascribe the blood upon the sleeve of your coat to your activities in—restoring Miss Crandall?"

"No. I—I saw no blood."

"It is just as well that you've decided not to claim this in the face of Doctor Ross' testimony about blood not flowing after the death of the victim. Then, too, the fact that Miss Crandall had been lying submerged for twenty minutes or so would have tended to dissolve it and wash it off, wouldn't it?"

"I—I suppose so. I don't know."

"Well, for your information I may state that it would have. To go back to the letter I read in court yesterday—the letter you wrote Miss Crandall from California. Its text would seem to indicate rather strongly that you *did* importune her most urgently to permit you to come east to see her. I refer particularly to the line: 'I would of course not come to the town where your home is, but we could meet in New York.' Also to your pathetic reference to being bound to the desert for life. How do you reconcile these statements with your claim that you came here to Marshall at Miss Crandall's *sole* request?"

"I shall not attempt to reconcile them," the witness replied. "All I wish to say in regard to that matter is that Miss Crandall chose to ignore the tenor of the letter."

"She did, eh? And then later supplemented it with an invitation for you to come?"

"Yes. We discussed the letter a good many times during the year that followed."

"Indeed? And she chose to regard

it, I assume, as the sentimental outpouring of calf love?"

The witness regarded his tormentor levelly.

"You're in error," he said quietly, "she did not doubt its *sincerity*."

"I see. And she didn't doubt the sincerity of a man who wrote his love letters on a typewriter, either? Is that your best answer?"

"Yes."

"Very well! Do you deny also being in love with Miss Virginia Lansing, your co-defendant?"

"Hardly."

"I suppose you love her most deeply and devotedly?"

"I do!" Conrad Merrill paused. The strained, desperate look in his brown eyes changed to something infinitely gentle and tender as they shifted from the menacing form of his interrogator to the face of the girl.

"And having gotten all that was possible out of Miss Crandall you decided that the time was ripe to marry Miss Lansing?"

"You're in error again. Time had nothing to do with my wish to marry Virginia."

"But money did, since you were both financially unable to contemplate marriage. Miss Crandall's coming to the rescue so generously with fifty thousand dollars solved the problem, didn't it?"

"There was no problem to solve," the witness replied.

"I wonder. Now, after Miss Crandall had given you this very substantial sum of money, did she feel that her obligations to you were discharged?"

Again that startled look in the witness' brown eyes.

"I beg your pardon. Will you repeat the question? I was thinking about something else," he said.

Caxton complied obligingly.

"I'm afraid," Merrill replied, "that I'm unable to tell you how she felt."

"I'll reframe the question. Was there not, in your mind, the—suspicion that Miss Crandall was trying to buy you back with fifty thousand dollars when she saw that she was losing you to Miss Lansing?"

"There was no such suspicion in my mind," the witness replied.

"And it never occurred to you that the easiest way to get rid of a jealous woman who stood between you and the object of your affections was to *kill* her?" Caxton flung out.

Conrad Merrill's white face turned to marble.

"I did not kill Miss Crandall!" he said quietly.

"But you left the scarf about her neck when its removal might have saved her life?"

The witness' hand moved to his throat with

"I'm afraid I can't describe the effect it had upon her. Words are inadequate—"

Illustrated by
Marshall Frantz





"No one there took occasion to criticize you for going into the mountains alone with her?"

a gesture of horror at that suggestion. "I've answered that question already," he said.

Caxton smiled grimly.

"Ah, to be sure. Well, will you be good enough to tell us why Miss Lansing sought you out at Locust Grove after dark on the evening of the murder?"

"There was something she wished to tell Miss Crandall."

"I see—something she wished to tell her? You don't deny, then, that she knew you were to meet Miss Crandall at the pond?"

"Certainly not."

"Do you know what it was she wished to tell your—benefactress?"

"No."

"You didn't ask Miss Lansing afterwards?"

"Yes, but she said that she'd rather not tell me, so I didn't press her."

"In the face of what had just happened, did you not think this strange?"

"No. Miss Lansing and I trust each other absolutely."

"Very pretty sentiment, I'm sure."

Now, Mr. Merrill, when Miss Crandall gave you the money, will you tell us why you did not deposit it in the bank at Marshall instead of taking it all the way to New York?"

"After the testimony of the witness Ashbury, I think the reason is rather obvious," the young man replied with the faintest of smiles.

"You mean that you feared to arouse the enmity of Mr. Ashbury?"

"I do not. His enmity or friendship is a matter of no concern to me. I was considering only Miss Crandall."

"Oh, you were? You and she had discussed Mr. Ashbury's feelings for her?"

"We had."

"With amusement, I assume?"

"You are right again."

"That's very interesting, I'm sure, in view of the

fact that you claim not to have been on very intimate terms with Miss Crandall."

"I never claimed any such thing," the witness replied calmly. "Again the inference is your own."

Mr. Caxton smiled wryly.

"An inference which I think I'm safe in saying is shared by the Court," he remarked with a happy glance at the jury. "Would you care to define just what place you held in Miss Crandall's estimation?"

"Since I'm no mind reader it would be rather difficult for me to do so," the witness suggested.

"True. I'll reframe the question. What place did Miss Crandall hold in your estimation?"

Conrad Merrill's dark eyes held the prosecutor's in a steady gaze for several moments.

"One of utmost respect," he replied finally.

"Not love—just respect?"

"I was not in love with Miss Crandall, nor she with me. I believe I stated so already."

"So you did," Caxton retorted. "Mr. Merrill, you've been most secretive about your past life. Will you tell us why that is?"

"If you'll tell me what my past life has to do with Miss Crandall's death, I will."

"I'd advise you not to argue with me, Mr. Merrill! Do you refuse to answer

the question on the grounds that it may incriminate you?"

"Hardly. I was born on a desert farm in Inyo County, California. There's nothing very incriminating about that, is there?"

"Suppose you leave the questioning to me? Are your parents still living?"

"MY FATHER is. My mother is dead."

"Does he know of your present predicament?"

"I don't think so. I hope not."

"You have not communicated with him?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"My father and mother had a disagreement when I was very little. They separated, and I was raised by some friends of my mother's."

"I see. Were your father and mother divorced?"

"Their marriage was annulled, I believe."

"So you haven't seen your father in many years?"

"Up until the time I came east I saw him quite regularly—every few months."

"He was fond of you?"

"He loved me very dearly—and I him."

"Yet when your mother died he did not take charge of you?"

"He did not at any time find it convenient or necessary. I was very happy and comfortable with my foster parents. They were more than kind to me. My father was a prospector, moving from place to place. He was quite content to let me stay where I was so well taken care of."

"And you have not communicated with your foster parents either?"

"They are here in the East at this moment—staying at a hotel in New York City."

Caxton fetched up with a start.

"Did they come in answer to your summons?" he asked, trying hard not to look blank.

"They have been here nearly five months."

"You mean they came east before Miss Crandall was murdered?"

"Yes."

"Will you be good enough to give us their names and address?"

"I will do no such thing. I'm not going to bring the onus of notoriety upon an old couple who have shown me nothing but kindness."

"Do you refuse to give us this information because it may incriminate you?"

"If it is necessary to resort to that to protect them, then that'll be my reason. I have told them that under no circumstance are they to communicate with me until Miss Lansing and I are acquitted."

"YOU'RE very sure that you and Miss Lansing will be acquitted, eh?"

"Very. We're innocent, you see."

"No, I'm afraid I don't see," Caxton replied with a saturnine smile. "It was at their house in California that you met Miss Crandall, I assume?"

"Yes."

"How did it come about?"

"She was staying with some friends in the neighborhood. We fished and hunted together. She was anxious to see the Sierra Nevada Mountains. I took her into them several times."

"I see. You acted as her guide?"

"You might call it that. I took no pay."

Caxton nodded sardonically.

"Playing for bigger game, eh?"

"No."

"And your father doesn't know that you're accused of murder?"

"I don't think so. I hope not. Desert

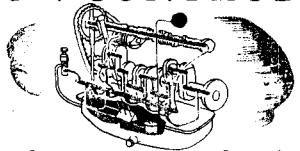
(Continued on page 30)

Your oil—was it made to fit your engine or to fit some crude oil?

Here are two men.  Each one is going to make an oil which he will offer for your engine. The first man starts with some particular crude oil. He must pick the process and use the equipment best designed to refine that *crude*. 

But, since the refining process often *changes* the properties present in the crude and also changes their proportion, this man may get a deficient oil even from a high grade crude . . . The other man begins with the needs of *your engine*,

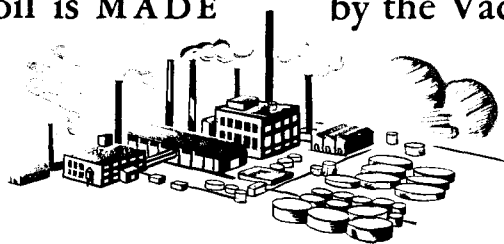
 not with a particular crude. He knows that your engine needs certain properties in an oil—and in certain definite proportions: 1. CARBON  CONTROL—to keep down hard carbon deposits. 2. HEAT RESISTANCE—to make your oil last longer. 3. OILY CHARACTER—to protect moving

parts from wear. 4. OXIDATION CONTROL—to prevent gumming and sticking of exhaust valves, and clogging of oiling system.  Too much of one property, not enough of another, would make a badly-proportioned oil instead of a full-duty oil. He chooses processes needed to develop these properties in exactly the right proportions. 

He chooses crudes which contain them. When the oil is finished it is MADE for your engine . . . Of the two resulting oils, you'd doubtless choose the one that was MADE *for your engine*. When you choose Mobiloil, you choose that kind of oil. The makers

of Mobiloil  know that engine study, not crude oil, is the soundest scientific basis for determining how a full-duty oil can be made. The most thorough lubrication study of gasoline engines ever made has been conducted by the Mobiloil technical staff. 

That is where the making of Mobiloil starts. Mobiloil processes, crudes and equipment are all dictated by the *needs of your engine*, not by the requirements of some particular crude. And that's why Mobiloil in your crankcase will keep your engine young for many thousands of miles. Mobiloil is MADE by the Vacuum Oil Company.





A sick child has no defense against the family who strive to amuse him

AS SOON as her mother left the room to answer the telephone my young patient turned to me eagerly. "Tell me," she said. "Don't you think I'm sick enough to go to a hospital?"

The question amazed me, as she had been getting along well, and the average child does not long to go to a hospital, however ill.

"Do you mean to say you *want* to go to a hospital?" I asked.

"I thought it would be nice," she said as if she were planning a trip to the circus. "Could you suggest it without worrying Mother or hurting her feelings?"

"I'm afraid not," I said solemnly. "And more than that, most hospitals wouldn't want to give up a room for a person who is so nearly well. Will you tell me why you'd like to go?"

The young person sighed and closed her eyes. "Oh, it must be so *peaceful*, and so *tidy*."

I felt rebuked at this. In the absence of a nurse I should have seen to it that she got a fair amount of peace, even if the management of tidiness would have required more than my allotment of tact. I glanced around the room. Tables and bureaus were covered with an assortment of flowers brought in by neighbors and the family, most of them a little the worse for wear. On a chair by the bed was a pile of mending and on the floor an overflowing workbasket. At the foot of the bed the unopened family mail was awaiting Mother's attention, accompanied by the household account book and a bulging

purse. On the bedside table the empty water glass was crowded by books and toys the patient had occupied herself with for the ten days of her illness.

I had planned my campaign by the time the mother came back from the telephone.

"Don't you think Molly ought to be up in a day or two?" she asked briskly. "She's not really sick any more—just sort of listless. I believe it would do her good to get up and see people."

"Yes," I agreed, "in a day or two. But in the meantime we are going to start a rest cure. She doesn't need medicine any more, nor treatments, so most of the time she needn't see anybody, and I want her to be left alone until she is really bored with being alone and resting. No visitors and no amusement and no interruptions. Can you manage it?"

Rest Does It

"She's not sick, now," I said. "She's convalescent. And I don't care whether she likes it or not. We're not going to ask you, Molly." Molly was looking like the cat who ate the canary, but her mother didn't notice it.

Before I left, the room was stripped of superfluities—flowers thrown out, bed cleared, bedside table equipped with a clean glass and a pitcher of cold water, and Mother was banished until mealtime. In two days Molly was rested and well. And I still feel a little ashamed that a fourteen-year-old girl had to teach me that the care of the sick at home without a nurse is an

Bedside Manner

It's important: Without it you can make even a minor illness dreadful. But the knack can be acquired. Here Dr. Wadsworth shows you how you can keep from driving your children to the hospital

By Ruth F. Wadsworth, M.D.

art which the doctor should teach if the mother hasn't an instinct for it.

A person sick in a hospital is more or less protected from overanxious friends and relatives. While there is a special nurse on the case very few visitors are allowed and their time is limited. A valuable part of the nurse's training is to keep the sickroom neat and cleared. It takes a good nurse about five minutes to strip a room of all the oddments which it tires a sick person to see.

When there is a nurse on a case taken care of at home, much the same thing happens. The nurse uses her judgment about visitors, which is one of the reasons why every doctor draws a sigh of relief when a good nurse comes on a case and takes charge in his absence. She protects his patient from the disturbing influence of well-meaning family and friends.

But a great many sick people must be cared for at home by whoever has the time and inclination to do the nursing, and in most cases both the equipment for sickness and the training of the amateur nurse are sadly lacking. The ailing adult is generally able to protect himself by the irritability he knows is permitted him. He will ask to be left alone and he will storm at a mess in his room until the decks are cleared for tidiness. But the sick child is in a predicament. If he is irritable he will be coddled the more. He really doesn't know that what he wants is to be left in peace—he only knows that everything is all wrong, and so his family try one thing after another in order to amuse him. As long as he is conscious somebody will be there to entertain him.

While none of us is looking for illness or expecting it, it does no harm to be prepared for it. In families where there are children it is nothing short

of a miracle if there are not a few times during the year when some child has to be in bed for a week or two, needing at least simple care and reasonably skillful treatment. A mother should be prepared to meet such an emergency and meet it effectively, just as she is prepared to cook a meal if the cook leaves in a hurry. With any normal child there is no danger of making the period in bed so attractive that he will want to stay there when he is really well. As it is, mothers strain every nerve to make illness bearable for their children, and a good many of their efforts are wasted.

Home Nursing Essentials

If handled properly minor illnesses are good training for the severer illnesses that may come at some time, even in the life of the healthiest child. Certain things can be done so casually and so easily that the child learns to accept them as a part of life when ill, thereby easing his own path in the

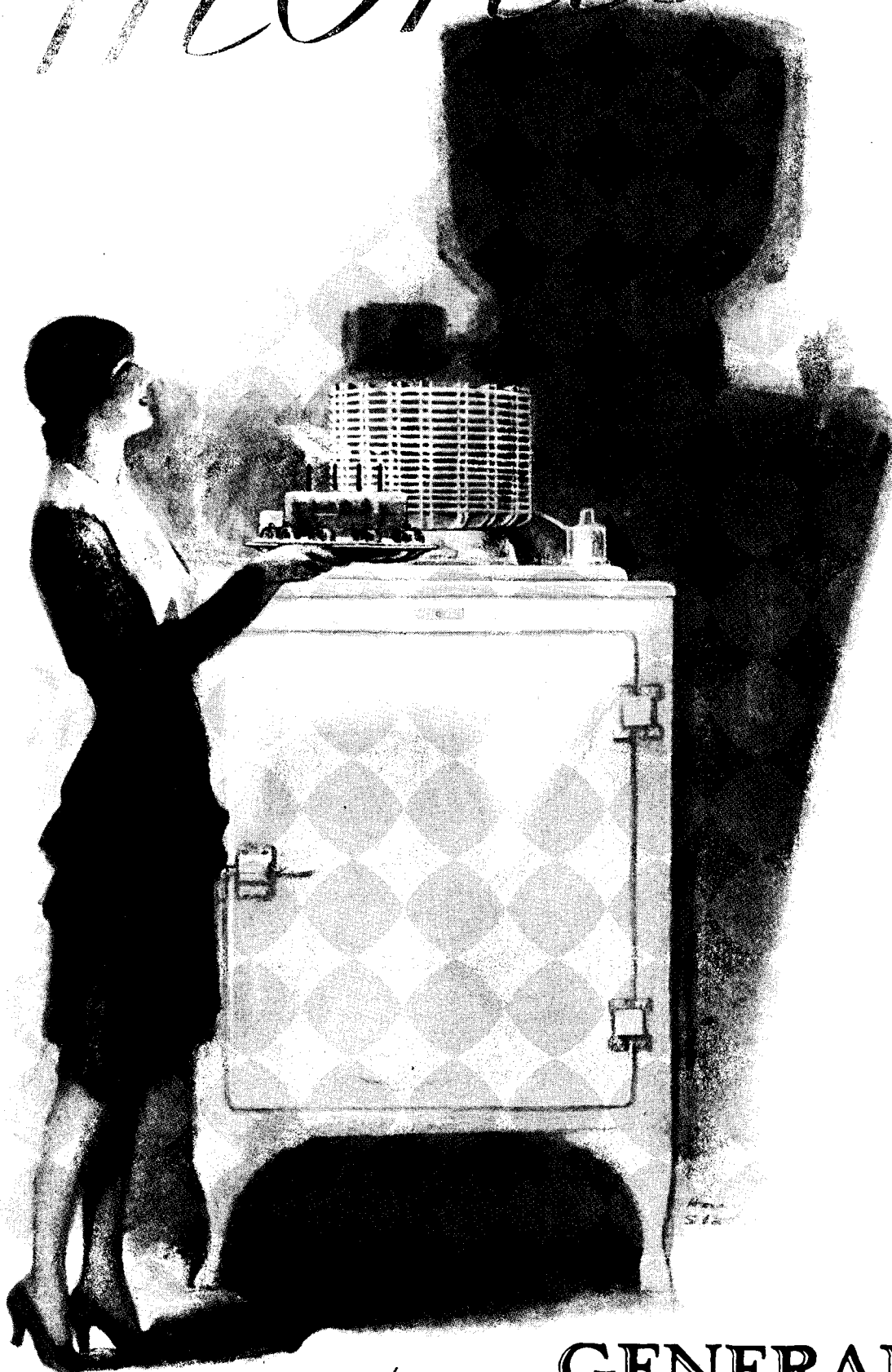
(Continued on page 65)



Illustrated by
James
Billmyer

Youthful visitors are a menace to the peace of the child who is ill

The refrigerator with the *monitor top*



The Monitor Top, which contains the hermetically *sealed-in-steel* mechanism, is the modern symbol of economical refrigeration. Its splendid performance record merits the name—MONITOR TOP.

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The dependable mechanism of the Monitor Top makes the General Electric Refrigerator a servant that lightens labor, saves money and above all guards the health of the family.

Prices now start at \$205.00 at the factory. You can have a gleaming white General Electric Refrigerator—striking in modern beauty—placed in your kitchen tomorrow by taking advantage of our time payment plan.

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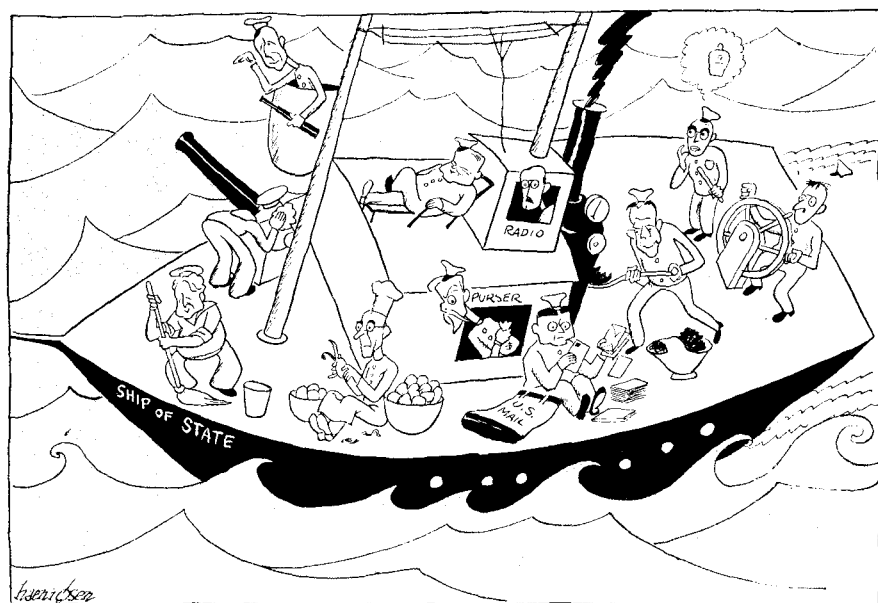
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—and this remarkable refrigerator adds still another year to its matchless record of dependable service.

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Cabinet Pudding

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

THE Hoover Cabinet has been in office long enough to be fairly judged. It is not exciting. It boasts no miracle men.

The Harding Cabinet, inherited by Mr. Coolidge, contained a subsequent President, a subsequent Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and "the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton." There is no such trio in the Hoover Cabinet as Hoover, Hughes and Mellon. At the other end of the scale of course there is no one comparable to Fall and Daugherty of the Harding Cabinet.

The Hoover Cabinet is respectable, but it isn't brilliant. When President after President spends months trying to pick the best Cabinet available and, five years after the various secretaries go out of office, you can't remember who they were you have a dismal realization of the poverty of American public life.

A prediction about the Hoover Cabinet that was not realized was that Mr. Hoover had such a passion for detail that he would run every department himself.

Exactly the reverse is true. Heads of departments enjoy just as much liberty of action as they did under the easy-going Harding. An illustrative point was Secretary Stimson's testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that the American delegation to the London Conference went abroad without instructions and received none from Washington during the negotiations.

The Subordinate Rules

Mr. Hoover does not keep tight rein over his subordinates in Washington. Here, for example, was Seymour Lowman, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, issuing a statement to the press indicating that he might bar all Russian imports as a means of combating what he regarded a Russian scheme to destroy capitalist society by underselling it in its own markets. Thus a man who isn't much more than a head clerk was taking it upon himself to reverse what had been for a decade the policy of the American government in building up Russian trade. The Secretary of State, Henry L. Stimson, tops the Cabinet. He has proved somewhat disappointing. A man who knew Mr. Stimson's capacity well said of him when he was appointed, "The trouble with Stimson is that it takes him a year to find out the facts and another year to make up his mind about them."

On the other hand, I think Stimson is very honest and well-intentioned. He

is certainly more liberal-minded than any recent Secretary of State we have had. Mr. Mellon remains, though somewhat diminished in importance, the chief ornament of the administration. The depression hurt Mr. Mellon's reputation. When you look back over his statements of the last few years they might have been by any one of the excited bulls in the stock market. Mr. Hoover finds him indispensable. Mellon is a symbol, an assurance to business.

Personality and Tradition

Mr. Hoover's original Secretary of War having died, that department is in the hands of a new man, Patrick J. Hurley of Oklahoma, a smooth Irishman. Young and handsome, dramatic in appearance, he carries a lot of personality on his exterior. Whether he is as good as he looks is hard to say, for the War Department does not attract much attention.

The head of the other branch of the military service, the Secretary of the Navy, Charles Francis Adams, is a name. He was appointed because he was an Adams; the Adams family is a tradition.

William D. Mitchell, the Attorney-General, is the first great lawyer to head the Department of Justice in many years, at least for long enough to have any effect upon it. He leaves the impression of being a rather shy and timid man, but it is enough to make one have a weak feeling at the pit of the stomach to have prohibition loaded on one.

By a process of elimination Walter F. Brown, Postmaster-General, has become the chief politician in the Hoover administration. Mr. Hoover's re-nomination seems to be in his hands. Mr. Brown says little, looks wise, and creates the impression of wisdom.

Arthur M. Hyde, the Secretary of Agriculture, the other politician of the Cabinet, is of another type, long, lean, rural, freer-jawed. His job is to keep the farmers happy while wheat sells for seventy cents a bushel.

Secretary Wilbur of the Interior is perhaps the ablest man in the Cabinet; at any rate he is the boldest man and has the freshest mind. He is not a politician and I suppose his only ambition is to return to the presidency of Stanford University.

Robert P. Lamont, Secretary of Commerce, is overshadowed by his famous predecessor.

James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor, will soon be promoted to the Senate. What more can one say than that his place will be hard to fill?

Jaws of Circumstance

Continued from page 26

prospectors do not have access to newspapers very often."

"Merrill is your right name, is it?"

"Yes."

"You're not here under an assumed name?"

"My reply to your preceding question answers that, I think."

Senator Enderley spoke up for the first time that morning:

"Does Your Honor think it necessary and proper to press the witness with all these elaborations?" he asked heavily. "I've been refraining from objections for the past half hour merely out of consideration for the Court's valuable time."

"The Court deems it neither necessary nor proper!" Judge Farnham replied. "It has repeatedly been on the point of voicing its disapproval. It does so now—most emphatically!"

Caxton's long arms dropped at his sides with a gesture of futility.

"I regret to have incurred the Court's displeasure—"

"Proceed!"

THE prosecutor stood looking at the witness with lowered head. Something seemed to occur to him suddenly.

"Mr. Merrill," he said, "were the people who called for Miss Crandall and took her for a ride on the nineteenth of May—the day before she was murdered—were these people your foster parents?"

"If they were I don't know it," the witness replied.

"Have they a car?"

"Yes. They motored here from California."

"What was the reason for their coming east at that time?"

"They had sold their desert farm and had decided to buy a home on the North Shore of Long Island. My foster father was born there—near Port Jefferson."

"I see. Did they know that Miss Crandall had given you the fifty thousand dollars?"

"Yes."

"And what was their attitude in the matter?"

"They thought it was very kind of Miss Crandall."

"Oh, they did! Thought it quite proper that their foster son should accept money from a woman?"

"I don't think that the propriety or the lack of it entered their minds."

"Rather singular if one is to believe what you so touchingly sketched them to be—a sterling, old-fashioned couple! You're quite sure that they sold their farm in the West and came here for no other reason than to spend their declining years near the place of your foster father's birth?"

"I am positive," the witness replied.

"You didn't by any chance pay their fare here, did you, Mr. Merrill?"

"I believe I stated that they motored here from California."

Caxton nodded.

"Odd that they should have decided to come here a week or so before Miss Crandall was murdered!"

"I'm afraid I don't see the connection," Conrad Merrill replied.

"Nor the connection that they're not present at this trial of their—foster child?"

"After the day of my arrest when you tried to third-degree a confession out of me in your office I got in touch with them through my attorney and insisted that they stay away from this trial."

"I want that reply stricken out. Your Honor," Caxton snapped. "On the

grounds that it's unresponsive!" he added.

The senator flung himself panting into the breach.

"It appears to me highly responsive and most elucidating, Your Honor," he averred.

"It may stand!" the Court ordered. "The State provoked it itself."

"I defer to Your Honor's opinion!" Caxton said with anything but deference.

"Mr. Merrill, what were you doing in New York on the day of Miss Crandall's death?"

"I was visiting with my foster parents."

Caxton's black eyes were slitted.

"Why did you terminate this visit so hurriedly? Was there something important for you to attend to here in Marshall?"

"I don't follow you!"

"I'll explain. You had given Miss Lansing to understand that you would return on the seven-twenty-five train, I believe, and you returned on the six-fifty-five. At least so it would appear. But perhaps you claim that you telephoned her from somewhere along the route?"

"I telephoned her from the booth in the drug store in the Greely Hotel building," the witness replied. "I did not terminate my visit with my foster parents hurriedly. I was with them all day. I simply happened to make the earlier train. The gates were still open. The waiting-room is hardly an inspiring place to spend twenty minutes unnecessarily."

"I see! Now, Mr. Merrill, when you encountered Miss Lansing waiting for you in the bushes near the spillway, you were surprised, I assume?"

"Yes."

"Did she know what had happened?"

"Hardly. She had been there only five minutes or so."

"You mean that is what you agreed to claim?"

"You're in error again. She told me that she had been there only five minutes."

"Did you inform her of what had taken place?"

"I did—naturally."

"Please refrain from characterizing your replies. Yes or no constitutes an answer. How did she take this—information?"

"I'm afraid I can't describe the effect it had upon her. Words are inadequate—"

"WELL, I shan't press the question."

She was dreadfully upset, of course! Did she tell you about having scratched her wrist in coming through the path on her way to the pond?"

"No, she didn't. So small a matter would hardly have been relevant in the face of what had happened, even if she had remembered it."

"She didn't evince any concern at having lost her handkerchief near the scene of the crime?"

"No. She didn't lose it, you see; she threw it away for fear that her white suit might be stained with it."

"That was very reckless of her, seeing that murder had been committed in the vicinity a short time before, don't you think?"

"Again I don't see the connection. She didn't know that a murder had been committed when she threw it away."

The senator got to his feet with bulging eyes.

"Your Honor! Is Mr. Caxton going to

(Continued on page 32)

Out of the House of Magic

By FLOYD GIBBONS

HELLO everybody. As I figure it, the other fellow's job is always more interesting than our own work and that is why I accepted the challenge, when I was asked if I would go as a detective to Schenectady and unravel the mystery of the radio.

My ignorance on the subject qualified me for the job. In fact it was an advantage, because I did not have to unlearn any mis-information. I started even with the board, without prejudice, fear or favor.

It took me some time to boil this mess of scientific porridge down to the consistency where I could digest it without getting any fourteen dollar scientific terms stuck in my throat, but I think I have it just right now.

It is the weirdest tale of hokus-pokus I ever heard. The trouble with these unsung wizards of the research laboratory, is that a cloak of modesty screens their great accomplishments from the public they serve.

Call me dumb, if you wish, but it wasn't until this last year that I ever heard of the names of Alexanderson, Langmuir and Coolidge and yet, if the contributions made by these same General Electric scientists and engineers were suddenly withdrawn from the world, then radio broadcasting, as we know it and enjoy it today, would be impossible and your humble yarn spinner would have to go back to work to earn an honest living.

This is not so much a scientific fact as it is a book-keeping item, but radio research alone in the General Electric "House of Magic" in Schenectady, since the year 1914, has cost in excess of twenty million dollars. Annual appropriations for this purely scientific work started out at one hundred thousand dollars and now approach three million dollars every year.

Naturally, I asked why in the face of this great expenditure there had never been a General Electric Radio receiver, and learned that the scientists in the research laboratory had not felt they were ready to produce what they could consider a set having such a high degree of excellence in every part that one could not conceive of it being made obsolete or outmoded by any further development in the near future. They told me that they will have such a set ready and on the market by the time this yarn of mine is published.

And the makers of this set have put into it and behind it the advantage of that twenty million dollars worth of scientific research covering a quarter of a century of untiring effort and continual experimentation which make this new set the last word in radio.

It's a mighty long road those wizards travelled. Think of it, they were the pioneers who first made it possible for the human voice to be sent through the air electrically. Before that—long before that—Hertz, a German had succeeded in sending a ray or a spark from one room to another. It was a spark jump—or an arc discharge.

By means of it, an electrical impulse or energy was transmitted through space; that is, from one point to another point comparatively close, without the use of a wire between the points. Today it seems as simple as the spark plug in the flivver, but it was a ten strike then.

Next came Marconi, and he might be called the Morse of the wireless because he developed the Hertz' arc discharge—strengthened it—lengthened it, and made it steady and continuous instead of the spas-

modic discharge or blast like the sudden shooting of a flash of lightning. By interrupting that discharge—just making or breaking the circuit—just turning it on or shutting it off, Marconi was able to flash dots or dashes, which according to prearranged code, became messages—and the life-saving marvel of wireless telegraphy had been accomplished.

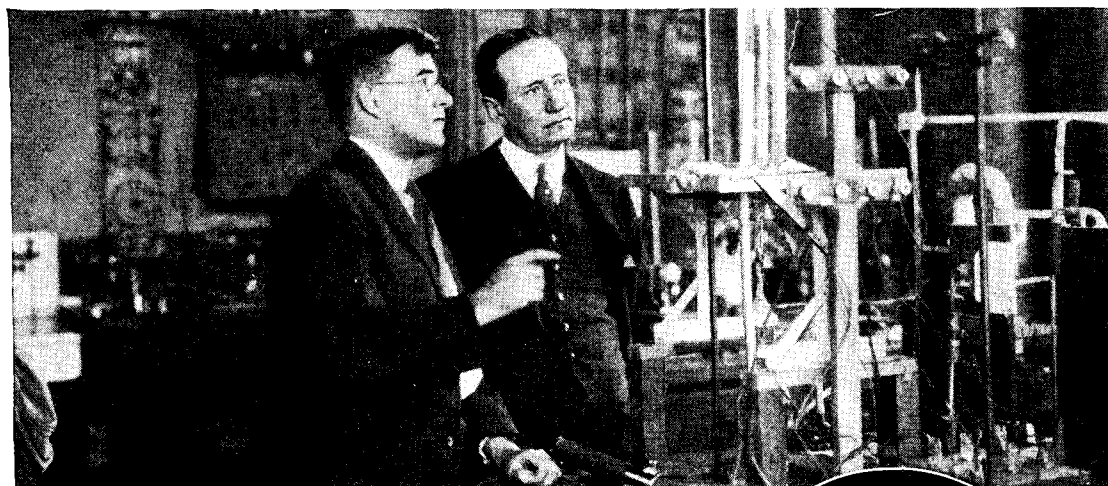
It represented a great advance in communications but it was still in the sign language class, something like an extension over distance of the finger formed letters and symbols used by deaf mutes in conversation, only the Marconi signals were picked up by the ear rather than the eye.

All this happened a quarter of a century ago back in the days of McKinley and Roosevelt—the good old days of Gibson girls and steel-ribbed corsets and long skirts and high button shoes—back in that "once upon a time" when Chauncey Depew's whiskers and John Drew's high stiff collars were the latest word on what the well dressed man should wear.

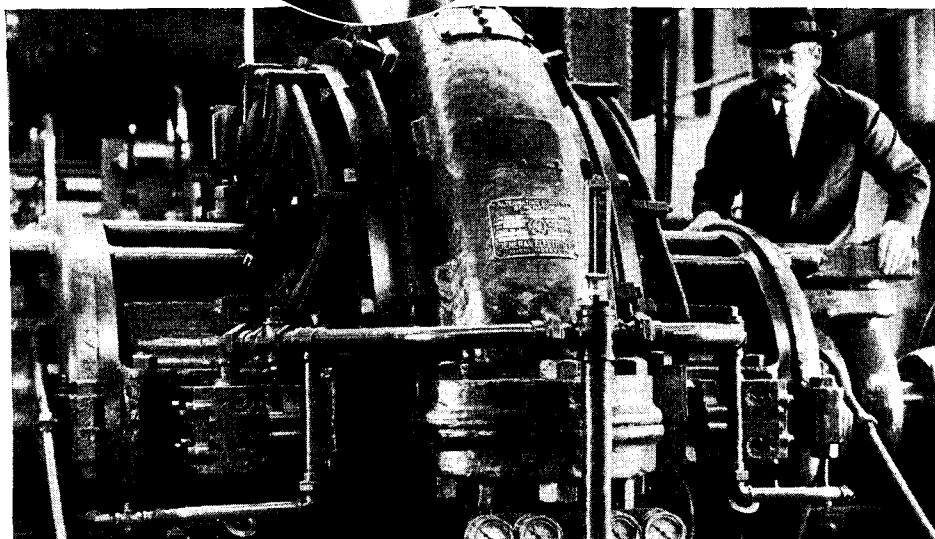
The wireless dots and dashes—its ear-splitting arcs and blinding blue sparks were a boon to mankind. Thousands of lives had been saved at sea by the use of this now archaic system of communication, when into the arena of scientific research stepped younger champions to dig deeper into the then unknown, and to break down further barriers standing between man and his insatiable thirst for knowledge and control of the elements.

of all radio broadcasting. We'll sail right into the almost unbelievable story of it in this space next week, and until then—Hold Everything.

If you are interested in the series of articles by Floyd Gibbons they may be obtained in booklet form by sending your name and address to Section R-288, Merchandise Department, General Electric Company, Bridgeport, Conn.



Dr. Langmuir and Senator Marconi in the Research Laboratory in Schenectady



Dr. E. F. W. Alexanderson, in 1922, watching one of the first examples of his inventions—The High Frequency Alternator—at work. (Above) Oval—Floyd Gibbons

In the first ranks of these was Dr. E. F. W. Alexanderson. The thing that Dr. Alexanderson was aiming at was to improve on Nature. Marconi's sparks set up waves in space—so does Mother Nature when she fires a bolt of lightning from clouds to earth. A good bit of careful study showed that such waves—both the small ones from the spark radio and the larger ones called lightning, were not the best and most efficient waves for radio use. The sparks send out "bunches" of waves like those you would see if stones were dropped—kersplash—in a still pool of water. What Dr. Alexanderson set out to do was to build a gadget that would send out waves continuously—not in bunches, but the way waves would go if you put an enormous tuning fork in the pool and kept the tines moving back and forth.

He produced the high frequency alternator. To me, those three words meant absolutely nothing until they were reduced into my picture language. To me it is a story more fanciful than anything out of Alice in Wonderland or any of the fairy tales of my childhood recollections and yet this stupendous revolutionary discovery is real and absolute and soundly based on facts which today are the A B C'S



There ought to be a rule about one insignificant man monopolizing a whole table all afternoon

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North		East	
S.	10-9-5	S.	K-2
H.	A-Q-7-5	H.	J-8-4-3
D.	K-10-6-2	D.	J-8-4-3
C.	8-3	C.	9-6-5
West		South	
S.	Q-J-7-6-3	S.	A-8-4
H.	9-6	H.	K-10-2
D.	9-7	D.	A-Q-5
C.	K-J-10-4	C.	A-Q-7-2

IF THE hand above, which appeared in last week's issue, had been played at Auction, South would have bid one No Trump and the other three players would have passed. West's five Spades headed by Queen and Jack is far from a sound bid over a No Trump on the right.

This hand was played, or misplayed, at Contract (both sides vulnerable). The incorrect play is described, as it furnishes a valuable lesson.

South with a count of 19 and all four suits stopped, bid two No Trumps. West passed. North's bid was the conservative three No Trumps although doubtless he was tempted to jump to four. His hand must furnish valuable assistance for a partner able to bid two No Trumps, but without reckoning his Tens he was only sure of a joint total count of 26—4 short of the requisite combined hand-count which justifies a slam-suggesting four No Trump bid. North's bid was followed by three passes.

The Play

West's blind lead was the Six of Spades. The Spade opening was notice to the Declarer, as soon as he saw his dummy, that a struggle was on, although he held more strength than usually is needed to take nine tricks at No Trump.

The Declarer could see that his sure Tricks were: one Spade, three Hearts, three Diamonds and one Club. He needed one more for game and had the chance of taking three more; one in each suit except Spades. If the six adverse Hearts or Diamonds were evenly divided, or if the Jack of either suit should fall on one of the first two rounds of suit, four tricks would be made in that suit; so a total of eight tricks in the red suits was possible, and there was an even chance that the Ace-Queen finesse in Clubs would produce a second trick in that suit.

As South had not bid for a slam and had no chance of taking more than eleven

tricks, he permitted East's King of Spades to win; but when East returned the Deuce of Spades, South won with the Ace because the Deuce clearly was East's last Spade. Correct play calls for the return of the higher of two remaining cards in partner's suit. The Rule of Eleven shows that West's lead of the Six of Spades left but five Spades higher than the Six outside the leader's hand. All five were accounted for when East played to the first trick—the 10-9 in dummy, the King played by East and the Ace-8 held by South; so it was certain that East's Deuce was his last Spade.

After taking the second Spade trick Declarer's obvious play was to attempt to make up a thirteenth card in either or both of the red suits; accomplishing it in either would cinch game, in both would insure ten tricks. The third round of Hearts ended his hopes of a 4-3-3-3 Heart split; the third round of Diamonds made an equally unwelcome disclosure respecting that suit.

South had now taken seven of his needed nine tricks and was in the lead in the dummy with two tricks required for his game and contract. One of these was assured by the Club Ace, and he had an even chance of working the Ace-Queen finesse in Clubs for the other. To trick 9 he led a Club from dummy and finessed South's Queen. West's King took the trick and he ran three Spades.

Declarer should have noticed that in attempting to set up Heart and Diamond thirteens he had inadvertently produced a cinch opportunity for elimination and lead-playing. West had shown himself to be out of both Hearts and Diamonds by discarding a Club on the third round of each of those suits; therefore, West must hold three winning Spades and two Clubs. The lead of a Spade would permit West to cash his three winners, but it also would force him to lead a Club at trick 12 up to South's Ace-Queen; this must produce nine tricks for Declarer.

Next week's hand is given below; decide how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North		East	
S.	J-7-6	S.	8-5-1-3-2
H.	A-10-2	H.	6
D.	K-Q-J-6-5	D.	10-9-7-3
C.	J-8	C.	6-4-2
West		South	
S.	10-9	S.	A-K-Q
H.	K-5-4	H.	Q-J-9-8-7-3
D.	A-8-2	D.	4
C.	A-K-Q-7-5	C.	10-9-3

Jaws of Circumstance

Continued from page 30

be permitted to cross-examine Miss Lansing through Mr. Merrill?" he asked. "May I ask the Court to instruct him to defer this until some later time when I have done with my direct examination of her?"

"The last question and reply may be stricken from the records," Judge Farnham said shortly. "Please confine yourself to questioning the witness on the stand, Mr. Caxton!"

"Yes, Your Honor. Mr. Merrill, why did you take a flashlight with you—a heavy, weighted flashlight—when you went to meet Miss Crandall at the mill pond?"

"Because if I had removed the battery which caused the weight you refer to, it would have been useless; consequently I would not have taken it."

"You evidently misunderstood me! I'd like your reply to the question of why you brought the flashlight," Caxton said in a low, ominous voice.

"I BEG your pardon. I was under the impression that you referred specifically to a heavy, weighted one. I brought the flashlight along to light Miss Crandall and myself through the woods."

"It never occurred to you that it might be used for—other purposes?"

"Yes, I have used it for other—a great many other purposes. Dynamo trouble seems to be Marshall's special complaint."

"I see! Now, Mr. Merrill, after having been a constant visitor at Miss Crandall's house for months, why did you stop calling there so suddenly?"

"Because people were beginning to talk. We decided it was best for both of us."

"Ah, you felt that you were doing something—mildly improper?"

"No. We were merely living in a community where so little of interest has occurred for something like a hundred and fifty years that any conduct would be the subject of back-fence speculation."

"And in the Far and Free West you were used to disregarding the proprieties?"

"I did not say so."

"But no one there took occasion to criticize you for going into the mountains alone with Miss Crandall?"

"You are right. There was no occasion for criticism."

"Were you aware that Miss Crandall had made a will shortly before her death?"

"No."

"She never mentioned the subject of a will to you?"

"Yes."

"In what connection?"

"She said that she intended to make one."

"Did she indicate to you whom she intended making the beneficiary?"

"Yes."

Caxton paused a minute, warily.

"And who was that, may I ask?" he demanded finally.

"You may, but I shall refuse to answer it."

The prosecutor drew a deep breath. "Indeed! Because it will incriminate you?"

"Not at all. Because it might throw suspicion on an innocent person."

Caxton smiled happily at the jury.

"Now, that's extremely interesting! You wish your refusal to answer to go into the records?"

"I do."

"Very well, Mr. Merrill! Was it before or after she had given you the

fifty thousand dollars that you and she discussed the matter of the will?"

"Before."

"That's what I thought! But you had no scruples about taking the cash in hand, did you?"

"I had a great many scruples. Miss Crandall forced me to accept the money."

"Yes—exactly! On the whole it is rather fortunate for you that the will did not turn up, isn't it?"

Conrad Merrill remained silent for some moments.

"You mean that I destroyed the will at the imminence of arrest, don't you?" he asked presently.

"Well, now, I wouldn't put it that bluntly, Mr. Merrill. But in case you are acquitted and the will turns up afterwards, it would be mighty nice, wouldn't it—that is, of course, if it had been drawn up in favor of yourself?"

"I never knew that she had actually made a will until Mr. Sanger testified to that effect," Conrad Merrill replied.

"But you knew that a person could not be put in jeopardy for his life twice for the same crime, didn't you?"

"Yes, I know that."

"I wonder if you also know if your foster parents witnessed such an instrument?"

"If they did they never told me about it."

"You mean that if they had done so they would have told you?"

"I have no notion what my foster parents' course would have been if they had been called upon to witness the will," the witness replied.

"I see! I shall ask you once more—if the foregoing is true—how do you reconcile all you've testified with the letter from California, the love letter written by you to Miss Crandall on a typewriter?"

Conrad Merrill ran his hand over his eyes as if to brush the existence of that missive from his mind.

"My answer is the same as before. I shan't attempt to reconcile it. I didn't think Miss Crandall had kept it. I—I was surprised and—humiliated to have this letter, written in an ill-advised moment, become public property."

"Is that your best and final explanation?" Caxton asked softly.

"Yes."

"There's nothing you wish to add to or delete from that statement?"

"Nothing."

CAXTON picked up the gray coat from the table behind him and held it up before the witness.

"Is this your property, Mr. Merrill?" he asked softly.

"Yes."

"You were wearing it on the evening of May 20th when you went to the picnic grove to meet Miss Crandall?"

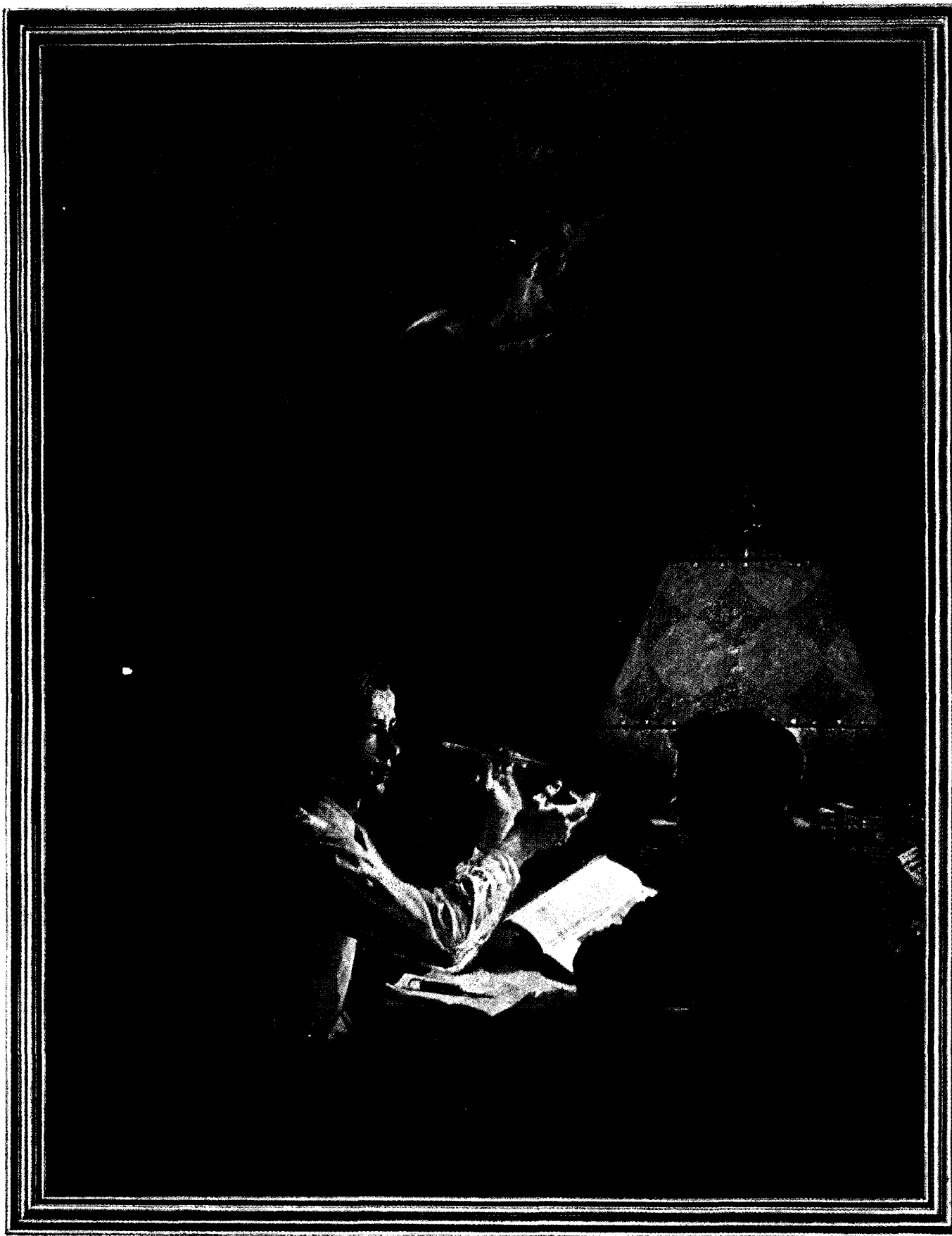
"I was."

"That's all, Mr. Merrill, thank you!" Caxton replied as he dropped the coat on the table and walked back to his seat.

As the young man descended and passed down the low railing which separated the jurymen from the arena of the court his head was erect. There was in his brown eyes a faint gleam of mockery, as if he dared them to their noncommittal and impassive faces to doubt the truth of his conflicting and contradictory testimony, and challenged them to make capital of it.

As he approached his vacant chair between his counsel and his codefendant the girl greeted him with a trou-

(Continued on page 37)



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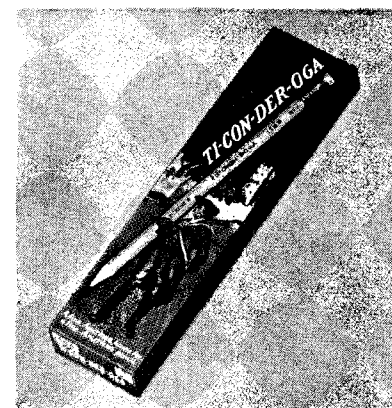
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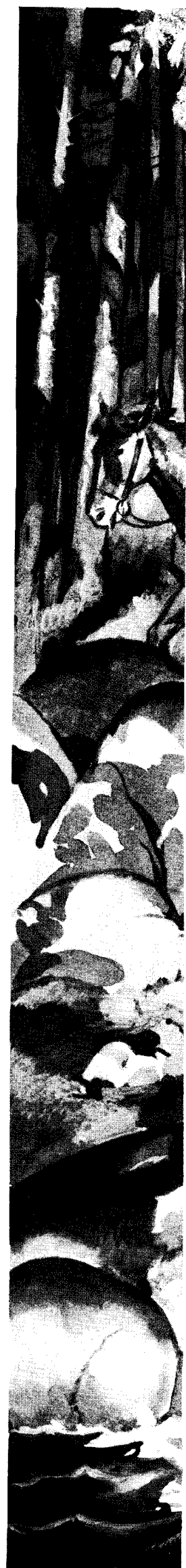
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LASTS LONGER**

Dill's Best SINCE 1848
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AMERICA'S OLDEST BRAND · · ESTABLISHED 1848

Jaws of Circumstance

Continued from page 32

bled glance tempered with admiration. The senator's face showed none of this latter emotion. His massive jowls were pursed querulously and his eyes were regarding Merrill with the expressionless stare of a fish.

"Miss Lansing," he said hollowly, "will you please take the stand?"

ALMOST at the same moment that Virginia Lansing arose and walked swiftly to the desk of the clerk to have the oath administered one of the spectators, a frail-looking woman in the third row from the front, slumped forward in her seat with a faint moan of distress. The girl turned her head at the commotion as willing hands moved forward to support the woman and the constable came to her aid and assisted her to the door for air. Her seat was immediately taken by the sun-tanned stranger of the day before, who had been seated somewhere at the extreme rear.

Virginia Lansing bestowed on the new arrival a quick, startled look, then glanced swiftly and interrogatively over her shoulder at Conrad Merrill in his seat beside her own vacant chair. Her fiancé seemed to draw back in his chair at the sight of the stranger as if recoiling from a blow. His right hand rose with a gesture of fear and astonishment, then descended slowly to the arm of his chair again. The stranger's broad chest rose under a deep intake of breath. His dark, inscrutable eyes remained fastened on the face of Conrad Merrill as the girl went swiftly to the dock and sat down.

"Miss Lansing," the senator said, "when you left your house at seven o'clock on the evening of May 20th had you any knowledge that Mr. Merrill was to meet Miss Crandall at Corbin's Pond that evening?"

"No." Her eyes strayed again to the face of the stranger in the third row, then dropped.

"This knowledge came to you when Mr. Merrill left word for you that he had an appointment at 'the usual place'?"

"Yes."

"Was he in the habit of calling you every evening?"

"Yes. He had told me that in case he did not return on the seven-twenty-five I'd know that he was staying overnight with his foster parents."

"What decided you to go to the pond and look for Mr. Merrill when Mrs. Reade had given you his message?"

"There was something important I wished to tell him, or rather both of them."

"Does this important something have anything to do with the death of Miss Crandall?"

"Nothing whatever."

"Miss Lansing, you knew of the friendship that existed between Mr. Merrill and Miss Crandall, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"What did you think of it?"

"I thought that it was—very lovely," the witness replied.

"It made no difference in your feelings for him?"

"None."

"I'm not going to press the question further. The matter of Miss Crandall's friendship for Mr. Merrill has been gone into thoroughly already. Would you have married him if you knew that he planned to continue this friendship afterwards?"

"Indeed I would."

"That's all, Miss Lansing. Cross-examine!"

MR. CAXTON came out of his chair, blinking at the brevity and sudden termination of his opponent's examination. He started to formulate a question when Judge Farnham announced recess. The prosecutor darted a baffled look at the witness. A jungle beast driven from its kill by another and more powerful could have looked no more chagrined. He returned to his table and began pawing through his notes to cover up his disappointment.

"Miss Lansing," Caxton began after the noon recess, "what was the reason for Miss Crandall calling upon you on the afternoon of her death?"

"It was to discuss her will," the witness replied unhesitatingly.

"You mean that you also knew that she was about to make one?" Caxton asked softly.

"Yes."

"You had discussed it with her before?"

"Once before. When she called on me two weeks earlier."

"I see. You heard the testimony of Mrs. Breckenridge to the effect that she overheard you say to Miss Crandall: 'I won't let you do it, Miss Crandall? Will you be so good as to explain what you were referring to?'"

"I was referring to her intention of making me her heir," Virginia Lansing said calmly.

Caxton stared at her in silence. The reply evidently annoyed him considerably.

"What possible reason could she have had for wanting to leave you, a person whom she saw only three or four times a year and who could therefore not be considered as a very close friend, her entire fortune?" he wanted to know.

"The reasons she gave me were that my grandfather had made it possible for Mr. Crandall, her father, to make a great deal of money. She said that as she had no near relatives she wanted to leave her estate to one whose family had been responsible for it."

"Indeed! There seems to have been some question in her mind as to the propriety of such a course. Why else should she wish to keep the name of the principal legatee from her trusted and personal attorney, Mr. John Scott Sanger?"

"I have no idea."

"I see. Now as to Miss Crandall's remark to you to the effect that unless you complied with a certain request she would publish the shame of the man you loved; namely, Mr. Merrill. What did she refer to?"

"If she made such a remark, I don't remember it," the witness replied.

"But you do remember your own remark overheard by Mrs. Breckenridge?"

"Yes. I made it myself, you see."

"Too bad that you should so conveniently have forgotten Miss Crandall's," Caxton remarked.

When the witness made no reply to this he went on:

"And of course you managed to dissuade her in the matter of making you her heir?"

"UNFORTUNATELY, I didn't," the witness replied with lowered eyes.

"You mean that she *did* insert your name in the blank spaces of the will?" Caxton demanded.

"Yes."

"You saw the will?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"She brought it with her when she called on me on the afternoon of—her death."

Caxton drew a deep breath.

"Do you happen to know what she did with it?" he asked.

"I do. She gave it to me, and told me to put it in my safety deposit box at the bank. She said that she did not wish it to be found among her effects until she was dead."

"And did you do so?" Caxton asked incredulously.

"No. I hadn't time. I was arrested the day after her—death."

"And where is it now, may I ask?"

"Here in court. In the possession of Senator Enderley, my attorney," Miss Virginia Lansing replied.

(To be continued next week)



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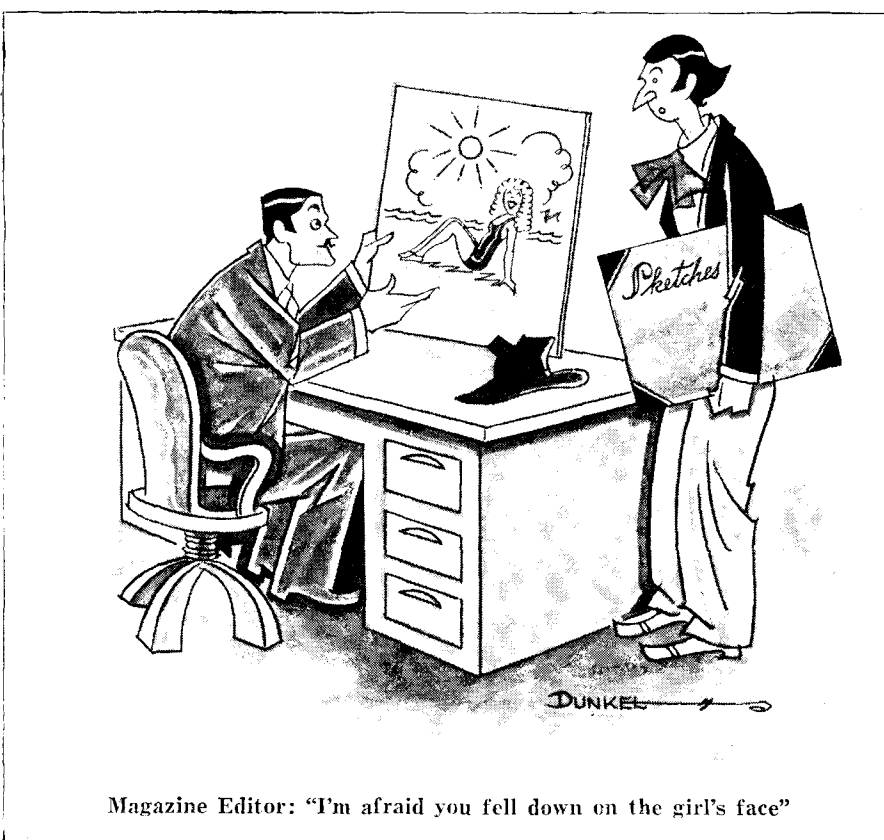
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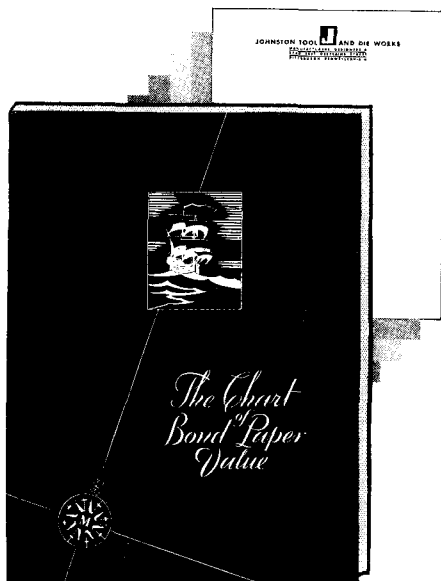


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loathed each other with one of those intense personal animosities that grow out of poker games. I had finished myself.

An unbusinesslike habit, pardonable so long as its consequences could be easily met, had been turned into a felony the instant its consequences could no longer be met! And that's the fruit of gambling, Tom. Forgive me if I seem to labor the point—but as I tell you of it there comes back to me something of what I suffered that night.

NONE of us four young fellows in the firm was a heavy drinker; but there was generally a quart or two around the office at that. This was shortly after prohibition went (in a manner of speaking) into effect. It wasn't a bad thing, now and then, in a business way, to be able to give the right customer or prospect a nip of good stuff. I suddenly wanted a drink—I told myself, desperately, that it would help me think. What I really wanted it for, I guess, was to help me *not* to think for a few minutes. I opened the safe, and took out a bottle of Scotch. I sat there in the gloom for some time thinking about what Sam Clinker was going to do to me next day, and every few minutes I took a nip from the bottle.

I suppose a man who is born a crook, or who has been at it a long time, doesn't mind being one. But I did. It was new to me. It had come on me suddenly. A few hours ago I wasn't one. Now, those bonds were gone, and I was one! I sat there and stared into the open door of the safe, and thought of Jessie at home, and thought of jail, and what my life might have been, and what it would probably be now, and took a drink, and another drink, and another one. The drink didn't appear to me to intoxicate me; it seemed to contribute to the coldness of my despair. The longer I sat there, the more I hated Sam Clinker—not only for what he had done, but for what he would surely do to me tomorrow. I hated him almost as much as I hated myself, and that was as much as anyone can be hated and live.

Suddenly, either out of my despair, or out of the Scotch, or both together, an idea came to me. I put it from me at first. But it came again and again. And finally I extended it a welcome, which had in it a kind of grim humor.

I took from the safe \$5,000 more of Sam Clinker's bonds, locked the safe, and went back to the poker game. It was between one and two o'clock in the morning, but they were still going strong, and Clinker was, as usual, the big winner.

"Give me nine of the yellows, and ten of the reds," I said to Sam Clinker, who was banking, and tossed \$5,000 worth of his own bonds at him. Clinker had succeeded in getting the game up to the place where the yellow chips were worth \$500 each, the blues \$100 each, the reds \$50 and the whites \$10—and this, Tom, is in itself a great commentary on poker! This was the game that had started three years before as a friendly game at a dollar limit!

Clinker glanced at the bonds, and handed over the chips.

"Those bonds were listed at exactly par in the afternoon paper quotations," I said to him.

He stared at me, as if he found the phrase reminiscent. Indeed, he might well have. He had used almost exactly the same words when he had handed those same bonds over to one of my partners to put in the safe nine or ten hours previously. But he had

no way of knowing—or, at least, of proving—that they were the same bonds.

On the inside, I was all fever and chills and wild, illogical hope, and wilder despair. And mixed with this, and perhaps due to the Scotch I had drunk, a kind of queer, jeering humor—a humor that jeered at myself, sneering at me: "Well, fool, if you're going to jail for using \$2,000 worth of Sam Clinker's bonds, you might as well take a chance on \$5,000 more of them; if you lose, it won't get you any longer prison sentence, probably."

I had only been a crook an hour or two; but you see, Tom, I was already thinking like a crook! Gambling! I don't want to talk to you like a tract, Tom—but there it is: the confirmed gambler does not gamble merely with money; he eventually gambles with the very essence of honor and life.

On the inside of me was this queer jumble and turmoil of emotion; but the outside must have been cool and quiet enough. Nevertheless, the other men in the game seemed to catch something of the inner feeling, for they looked at me strangely and with a certain gravity. It was only now and then that a few of the yellow chips got into the game, in spite of Sam Clinker's forcing methods—and I had come in and bought \$4,500 worth of them. They all knew that I couldn't afford it, or anything like it. It was an announcement, in itself, that I intended to "bull" the game. And I had sense enough left to realize that if I were to be ruined I was already alienating the sympathy of several very influential citizens by my present attitude.

I could see in the faces of three or four of them—there were eight of us all told at the table, and the game was now exclusively stud—that they didn't want to win my money, but I was the big loser, and they were more prosperous men than myself, and they felt in honor bound to stick on and play to give me the chance to get something back. That wasn't Sam Clinker's idea. There was a deep and deadly animosity between him and myself; he would delight in my utter ruin. I had never told him what I thought of him; but he knew it; he knew it as deep as the marrow in his bones, and returned the sentiment with interest.

I WON. I lost. I won. I lost. I bulled the game. I drank Sam Clinker's Scotch. I got as low as \$200 worth of chips. I got as high as \$4,000 again. I bulled the game. I drank more highballs. I was not myself. Outwardly I must still have been deadly quiet. Inwardly I was burning flame. My vision was blurred. I played rotten poker. Then I would make myself settle down and play good poker and hold myself to it.

The disconcerting thing was that when I took the wildest and most idiotic chances with the cards I was as apt to have good luck as when I played sensibly. I can't tell you the details of the last hour of that game, because I don't remember them; they were a whirl, a blur, to me, a shifting madness, an unreality, an insanity, a whirl and blur of colored cards and chips.

But I can tell you the details of the very last hand—the last hand of poker I ever played, or ever will play.

Clinker and I faced each other across a board piled high with stacks of blue and red chips—with a few of the yellow ones worth \$500 each mixed in with them—and he had three tens and a king showing.

And I had three queens and a king showing.

He had got his third ten to show, and I my third queen, on the last card.

Three other men, who had had possibly winning hands, had gone along with us until the last cards to fall had destroyed their chances, and then had dropped out. But there was at least \$5,000 in the pot in front of us.

He looked steadily at me, and all the partially hidden animosity he had long been feeling flared into his eyes. And this permanent animosity was intensified by the fact that twice before I had bluffed him out of pots with \$2,000 bets, and then had let him know it afterwards.

"Five hundred dollars," he said; and tossed a yellow chip upon the table.

I read him for four tens, the three showing and one in the hole—and oh, how I hoped that I read him correctly! For I was betting on four queens. That is the essential brutality of stud poker; you know, at times, when you have an antagonist at your mercy.

"I'll raise you five hundred," I replied, and tossed in two yellow chips.

He did not hesitate an instant—and I realized with an accession of fever that must have shown in my bloodshot eyes, although my face was quiet, that he thought I was trying to repeat my former bluffs and get away with another pot without the goods.

"Five hundred more," he said, without hesitation; and then I was certain that I had read him correctly—read not only his hidden card, but his thoughts about myself.

INWARDLY I gloated. I had him! I would play him for all it was worth. I raised him \$2,000 in one bet, and it took the last chip in front of me.

According to the way in which we had been playing, all he could do was to call—a man who had put in his last chip was entitled to a "sight" for what he had bet, and no one could buy more chips from the bank during the actual playing of a hand. But he was as sure that he had me out on a limb with a foolish attempt to steal the pot—to repeat my previous successful raids—as I was that I had him where I wanted him. My whole maneuver arose, to his thinking, from the desperation which he could not have helped but notice in me. And Sam Clinker was the man to take advantage of it. I saw in his face the fierce desire to ruin me.

"Don't you," he said provocatively, as I announced my \$2,000 bet, "want to buy some more chips?"

Without waiting for me to answer, he raised my bet to the tune of \$1,000. This, as I have said, was irregular, by the rules of the game we had been playing. But he was so sure he had me hooked! There was no reason why I should not take advantage of the irregularity which he had started, as we were the only two players in the pot. I was so sure I had him hooked!

"Yes," I said. I hastily scribbled a check—with not a penny in the bank to meet it! I tossed it to him. "Five thousand dollars' worth of yellows," I said.

My voice broke with sheer inward hysteria. There was a cackle of laughter in it that must have sounded like utter imbecility. It confirmed Sam Clinker in his estimate that he had to do with a sucker gone mad. He took my check and passed me over the \$5,000 worth of chips.

I shoved the entire pile into the pot. "I raise you \$4,000," I said.

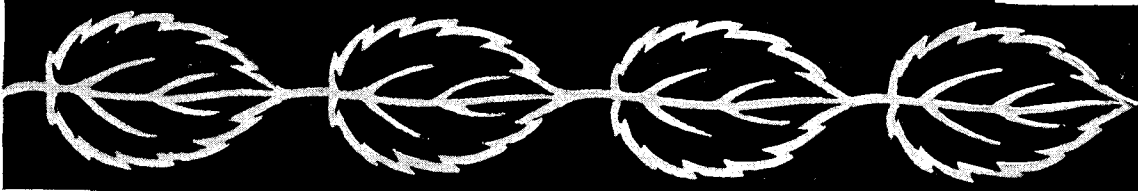
(Continued on page 43)

THE CHAP THEY NEVER ASKED AGAIN



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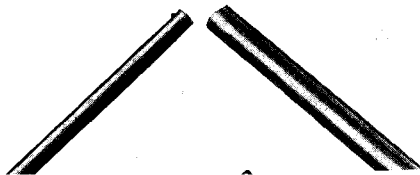


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The Crack of Doom

Continued from page 40

There was a murmur from the other men around the table; they shifted uneasily in their chairs; they were not enjoying this, nor my manner, nor Sam Clinker's. I felt their unspoken sentiment that this ought to be stopped. I felt their unspoken conviction that I had departed utterly from my senses; they were estimating my desperation, my hysteria, my vain idiocy, just as Sam Clinker was.

Clinker looked at me frowningly. He was sure I had gone temporarily mad. I saw it in him. And he was the man to take advantage of it.

He shoved into the pot the \$7,000 worth of bonds which he had brought to our office in the afternoon, and on top of them he laid the check for \$2,500 which I had given him earlier in the evening, and on top of that he laid the check for \$5,000 which I had just given him—\$14,500 in all.

"I RAISE," he breathed. And the whisper was as malignant as the hiss of a snake. He thought he had me!

It amounted to a raise of \$10,500. I began to wonder if he really had his four tens, or was trying to steal the pot from me by this prodigious bet—or if he rated me at four queens, and was still trying to beat me down. Never mind which! I had him! I wrote a worthless check for \$20,000 and tossed it on the heap that lay between us.

"I raise," I said—and how I hoped he would call me! For I had him; with my four queens I had him.

There was a period of intense silence in the room, except for the hard breathing of the others who were now but astonished onlookers.

Clinker bent up the corner of his hole card and looked at it. He looked at me. He looked at my three queens showing. I had him stopped—and I was sorry for it; I wanted him to go on.

"Of course you know, Bridges," he murmured, "that I've got four tens."

"I don't know anything of the kind," I said provocatively. "I think you're trying to steal this pot with three tens and a big bank roll—the way you've been stealing good pots for six months!" I was trying to goad him into another bet; at least into calling me. I was as sure that he had four tens as that I had four queens.

"It begins to look to me," said Clinker, "as if you really have four queens."

"It will cost you another ninety-five hundred dollars to find out for sure," I taunted him.

And still gloating mentally I turned up the corner of my hole card.

It was not a queen. It was a jack—the jack of spades. The queen of hearts, the queen of diamonds, the queen of clubs, lay exposed before me, and I—

My bloodshot eyes, and my eager and fevered brain, had misread the hole card on my first blurred and hasty glance. I had been playing it for a queen—and it was a jack!

The man had me. My enemy had me. My life was over. It was ruin. Disgrace. Prison. For me. What for my wife? God knows! I did not dare to think of Jessie. I turned cold, in an immobile, dumb agony. I stared at the J on the corner of that jack that should have been a queen. My folly. My idiocy. My—yes, my crookedness! They had brought me to this.

I think my breath stopped. I lost all count of time. How I sat upright I do not know. My mind was in a black whirl. No thought, but only jumbled fragments of thoughts, swung round and round in the dark eddy . . . a

thankfulness that my father and mother were dead, and I had no child nor relative . . . a flash of Jessie bringing me a book and handing it to me through iron bars . . . a flash of myself standing before a judge. I was through.

I lifted my face, and it must have been blank with my utter suspension of life to the cruel eyes of Sam Clinker, as if he were the judge I stood before . . . as indeed he was! I held up the dead head on my dead spine and waited sentence. Was it seconds? Or minutes? Or hours? I don't know. Time was gone. It meant nothing. Do you wonder that since that night I have never touched a card, Tom? I wouldn't bet a soiled lump of sugar against a burnt match. I know what agony is.

Time, I say, was through. I lay on one of the grids which eternity has waiting for idiots and crooks. I waited for the shattering blast of the last trump—for Sam Clinker's voice. Finally it came.

"I guess you got 'em, kid," he said. He flung his hand into the discard, and pushed the pile of chips, checks, and bonds toward me.

I did not move. I could not. I had stood upon the trap of the gallows. And a reprieve had come. Heart, lungs, brain, nerves, were not functioning yet. Slowly I came back to life; I drew a breath. I felt the blood begin to move in me. Then I let out one wild yelp of insane laughter—the utter irony of it! I would not have had the nerve to try to bluff Sam Clinker again, to make such a large bet, unless I had known that I had four queens—and I had won the pot, and I didn't have them! My own mistake had saved me from a disgrace that I deserved. My career, my fortunes, my future, my good name, the stuff of my honor itself, the sweetness of my life, had come back to me because my blurred eyes had misread one face-card for another.

The hideous unreality of gambling came home to me in that instant more poignantly because I had won, through that idiotic mistake, than if I had lost and paid the penalty for my folly. Never again would I put myself at the mercy of a symbol on a slip of paper.

I rose, and tore up the checks I had made out. I stuffed the \$7,000 worth of bonds into the inside pocket of my coat. I shoved the pile of yellow and red and blue chips to Sam Clinker.

"Cash these; I'm through," I said.

HE COUNTED them and wrote me a check, silently. I put it into my vest pocket. Then I tossed my hand into the discard. The jack of spades turned over. One of the men made a sudden snatch for the hand, and turned all the cards over.

"Cripes!" he said.

"Mason stole that pot!" breathed another, with incredulous admiration in his voice.

It is impossible to describe the look on Sam Clinker's face. It was mottled. His jaw dropped. And then, with a sudden flash of complete comprehension, he glanced at the pocket into which I had placed the bonds and said, with conviction in his voice:

"Yes; and I'll bet you it's not the first thing Bridges has stolen tonight."

"You'll never know, Clinker," I said, and left the room and went home to tell Jessie not to worry about bridge losses or stock markets. And that, Tom, is why I'm such a stickler for complete business regularity today—and why I would not even join you in a game of penny ante.

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Only faithful care can give you the kind of hair you long for

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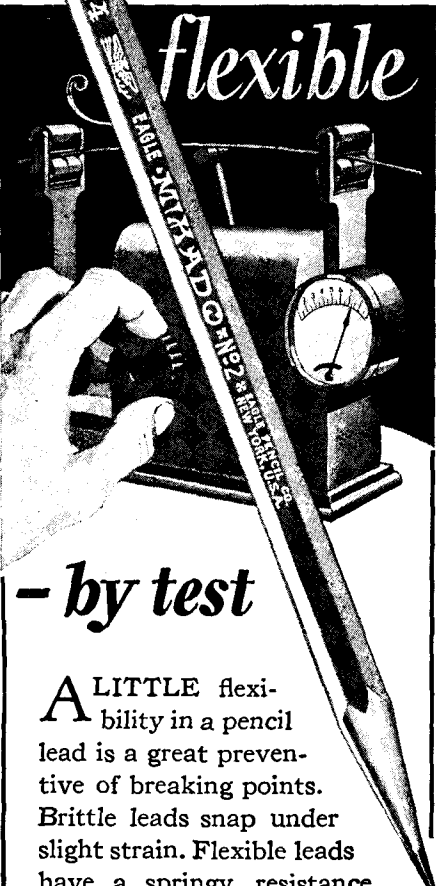
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Anti-Saloon Drinkers

Continued from page 11

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NEW YORK—LONDON

of a leading prohibitionist. This man's home was forcibly entered and searched; nothing was found, but the next day, after the school children had followed the prohibitionist's little daughter through the streets calling after her that her daddy was a bootlegger, the good man rushed to the office of the district attorney and raised hell.

Nobody could blame him for that. The district attorney certainly didn't. He ran the thing down, made out a perfect case against the prohibition officials, had them indicted by the Federal grand jury, and then was immediately called on by a committee of ladies from the camp of the militant dries. The demand of these good women, who were not interested in the guilt of the men, was that the attorney at once drop the cases against the prohibition officers, who, they said, were doing a noble work, or take the consequences.

"What'll they be?" asked the lawyer. "We'll get you fired," answered the amiable girls.

"Hop to it, then," said the attorney. The girls hopped, but they couldn't quite make it. They couldn't get the district attorney fired, but they were able, through the influence of their organization in Washington, to induce the then Attorney-General to wire to the district attorney peremptorily ordering him to dismiss the cases. In substance the Arizona attorney wired back that the order would be obeyed, but that if those prohibition agents remained in the service in Arizona his resignation would be immediately forthcoming. This wire had only a temporary effect. The agents were transferred, but no sooner was the attorney, who resigned in disgust shortly afterward anyhow, out of office than they came back to Arizona, where they were again operating at the time I heard the story.

When I was in Phoenix, after having made a few casual inquiries to determine the real liquor status of the town, I called on the United States commissioner to get his views on the subject. He had a head full of them. He told me Phoenix was the driest spot in America—there was just no liquor in it; its inhabitants had given up the habit; figuratively speaking, they had long ago even forgotten what the stuff smells like.

"All right, Mr. Commissioner," I said, "I'll admit all that, but please tell me, then, what was it the general public got publicly tight on just a few weeks ago when that big new hotel down the street had its grand opening?"

That was cruel. The commissioner owned up that the elite of the driest town in America had done quite a bit of drinking on that occasion, but nevertheless he still wanted to assure me that it would be just impossible for me to go out and buy booze anywhere in his town. He even wanted to bet on it.

Not Hard to Find

"Don't make me laugh," I called back at him as I left his office, "and don't be startled if I turn up here inside of an hour with a bottle of evidence." If I had wished to I could have done so. As I passed out the entrance of the Federal Building a young man who had followed me from the commissioner's office stepped up and said:

"Do you really want to buy some booze?"

"Can you show me any?" I asked. "Call a taxi," replied the young man, "and in twenty minutes I'll take you to half a dozen places where you can get all you want."

The above tale speaks for itself. The commissioner may have been honest in his belief in the perfect aridity of his town, but how could he be when bootleggers were constantly brought before him for examination, and when, as he told me with his own lips, these bootleggers and the arresting officers were always on the most friendly terms: slapping one another on the back, calling each other by their first names, and acting generally as if they were playmates in a great game of tag, or partners in a great game of graft?

For that is exactly what some of the most intelligent and best informed men in Arizona think that prohibition enforcement in that state amounts to. The Rt. Rev. Daniel J. Gercke, Catholic Bishop of Arizona, seems to be of that opinion.

The bishop came to Arizona seven years ago from Pennsylvania and in that period has been able to note quite a change in sentiment of the people toward the dry laws. They are getting wetter, he says, or rather they are becoming more vocal, and regardless of politics are beginning to express themselves freely as opposed to the present demoralized conditions. In the bishop's opinion, probably the worst effect prohibition has had in Arizona is its tendency to corrupt public officials. Formerly, so he told me, he had paid no attention to the argument that the country lost vast sums through its loss of the liquor revenue.

Bad Laws Make Bad Liquor

Seven years of observation of the system in Arizona, however, has caused him to change his mind. He now says that this is a very important item because the huge income which the government should be deriving from an industry over which it voluntarily abandoned control is now being split between corrupt officials and criminals. He told me of several bootleggers' establishments which were operating right in Tucson of which the officers certainly could not fail to have full knowledge. Why are no arrests made? GRAFT, he said, is the answer.

Nor is graft in the administration of the dry laws the only thing that is causing a good many former prohibitionists to change their allegiance. For instance, the old-timers in the state have from the very beginning been in favor of prohibition and liquor both.

But both had to be good. Today both are bad.

Prohibition, one of these men said to me, is rotten; the booze we get under the direction of the state administrator is even worse, and he went on to say: "It seems to me that if we have to buy our liquor through government officials anyhow we ought to be able to get good stuff."

"But we can't; they not only hand us out the vilest truck on earth, but even allow it to be peddled to our children. Here's an example."

He then told me the following story:

Into the Mouths of Babes

A Pima County officer stopped a pair of state university students, a boy and a girl, intending to give the young man a summons for reckless driving. When he got a whiff of their combined breaths, however, and found a partially consumed quart on the seat between them, he changed the charge to "driving while intoxicated," and then he said to the boy: "Where do you get this stuff?"

But the noble young man wouldn't tell. Instead he rose on his dignity, defied the law and said: "I'll never be a squealer."

"Fine!" said the officer. "Go ahead and defend the bootlegger, and sacrifice this girl, because if I go through with this you'll both be expelled from the university and sent home."

The boy finally yielded, and led an expedition to the residence of his benefactor, the bootlegger. That gentleman was found to be very much at home. In fact he was out in the back yard cooking up a new batch of educational inspiration for his student customers, and this is how he was doing it:

He had a tin washtub, filled with mash, set up on some bricks with a fire under it and a piece of horse-blanket over it. That was the complete distillery and the process of extracting the poison was as simple as the paraphernalia for doing it. As soon as the horse blanket became saturated with condensed vapor from the mash the man would put it through a clothes-wringer, gather the precious drops, already colored as they were from the previous accumulations in the horse-blanket, and bottle 'em up. This was the stuff that for a long time this man had been selling to school children, and it was not a prohibition officer who caught him!





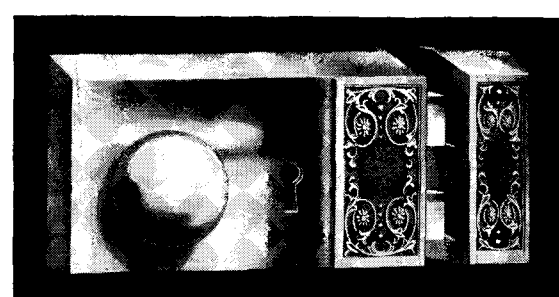
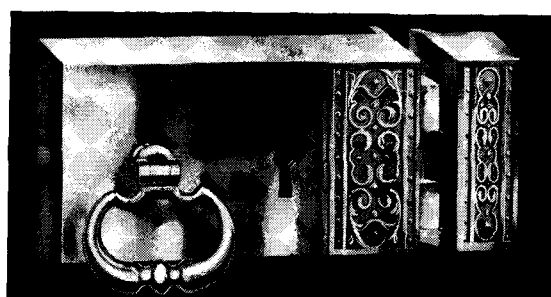
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in Hardware*
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Massive in appearance with a rugged durability further enhanced by delicate arabesque traceries, RUSSWIN Rim-locks—like all RUSSWIN Hardware—are made of the finest metals, brass and bronze . . . every one of their component parts are hand-fitted by craftsmen, that their rare beauty and charm shall have a like perfection of workmanship.

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If resilient youth dare not lay itself open to wrenched cords and crippling strains by neglecting this familiar means of safety, how much greater your need of guarding and reinforcing the less-used muscles and delicate cords of back, abdomen and groin when you engage in any active outdoor or indoor sport!

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man himself. Only sketches, maybe; but—

"He gave up painting," said Morner, "giving the curious reason that he'd discovered he didn't have any talent. But he must have some old stuff lying around."

"Well, if he's done a picture of his father, and it looks like anything at all, you tell him we'll give him a hundred dollars for it. That's a ridiculous sum to offer a son of old Pat Cregan," said the managing editor, "but if he's a freelance art critic maybe he could use it."

"Use it?" Morner laughed. "I should say he could use it. I met him the other day, and— Say, you ought to have seen his shoes!"

But ten minutes later Morner came back, shaking his head.

"I got Terry on the phone," he reported. "Nothing doing. The Sleshina head was in the old man's country house at Glen Cove that burned two or three years ago—everything in it destroyed. Terry says that only one cast of it had been made; that's in the town house."

"They'll never let us have that," said the managing editor. "And Terry hasn't any portrait he made of his father?"

"No, he says he burned all his stuff when he decided he wasn't good enough to get over."

"There must be something in that boy," the managing editor mused. "Plenty of people aren't good enough to get over; but a man who sees it in time, and tries something else— Well, we'll have to use the Sargent portrait. But I wish we had a real picture of that pirate Cregan."

MOLLIE CREGAN parked the baby carriage under the stairs, took the baby on her arm, and with little Pat holding to her other hand climbed the five flights to her apartment.

Terry's typewriter stood open, but he wasn't working; he was striding up and down, looking more strained and worried than ever. But he grinned at sight of his family; he picked up little Pat and hugged him, gave a finger to the baby's clutch, bent down to Mollie's lifted lips. She took the children into the nursery, saw that they had toys to keep them busy, and came back to her husband.

"Terry!" she said. "I don't suppose you've seen the evening papers. Your father's dying. I thought you'd want to call at the house and try to see him. . . I know how much you cared for him—and how much he cared for you. I know that made you both all the more bitter over the break. But he's dying now, Terry. I think you ought to try to see him."

"I did try. Called up and asked if they'd let me come over. Warren talked to me. He said Father was in a coma. He hadn't spoken of me for months, Warren said; and under the circumstances Warren didn't feel that he could give me permission to come to the house. After all, Father told me five years ago never to come near him again, dead or alive." Terry's chin thrust forward—the fighting chin of old Pat Cregan. "If that's the way he still feels about it—"

"The way he feels!" said Mollie. "The way Warren feels, you mean!"

"Now, my dear, we don't know that Warren has kept Father set against us."

"We know Warren! At least I do; you get to know a man pretty well when you take his dictation for two years. What could a broken old man in a wheel chair do against Warren?"

Dying Gladiator

Continued from page 17

"Warren's always been decent enough to us," said her husband. "And we've got to grant him this much—he introduced me to you; and he never tried to keep us apart, even when he knew how Father felt about it."

"Of course! Warren knew you were your father's favorite; he wanted to leave the control of the properties to you. When you went off to Paris to study art Warren got his chance; but when you came back and said you'd given up painting, you blocked his way again. . . And then you came into his office that day, and saw me. I guess Warren saw the way we looked at each other—and there was his chance again. He knew your father had a Social Register complex, and wouldn't forgive you for marrying a secretary."

She was near tears, now. He slipped an arm about her.

"And what if he did?" he demanded cheerfully. "Warren did me the best turn of my life, whether he meant to or not. . . It's been hard on you, sweetheart—damned hard. But this grind won't last forever. When that book of mine comes out I'll begin to make some money—"

"Yes, I know." She couldn't help it if she sounded skeptical and bitter; he'd been working on that book two years, and it didn't suit him yet. "How did you find out about your father?" she asked hastily.

"One of the papers called me up." He looked at her uneasily. "Mollie, I threw away a chance to make a hundred dollars. They'd have paid that for a copy of that head of Father by Sleshina. You know—the Dying Gladiator."

"You sketched that head at the time," she recalled. "The last thing you ever did. Isn't your copy around somewhere?"

"It was," he said grimly. "I tore it up, for fear somebody might tempt me again with a hundred dollars."

"Well—" She tried to laugh. "I ought to be used to your queer scruples by this time. But when we need money so badly—and I've heard you say yourself that the Dying Gladiator was a great piece of work—"

"It was; but it was a damned libel as a portrait of Father. . . Sleshina modeled what he saw, of course; but he saw Father at his worst—just after he'd been crippled, just as he was having that row with me. And Sleshina has a hellish eye for a man's secret weakness; you see that in all his portraits. Father may have had that vicious meanness that Sleshina saw in him—but he kept it covered up. He was pretty rough on you and me; but he was never cowardly and cruel like that. And a man ought to get some credit for covering up his weak spots. I'd be damned if I'd let some paper print that and say, Pat Cregan looked like this."

"OF COURSE," said Mollie, "it's fine for you to protect your father. But how about your children? They could use a hundred dollars."

"Oh, my God, I know it. But I couldn't get it that way. . . There's a special reason why I'd like to have that Sleshina head forgotten. The last time I saw Father he'd just brought it home; it was on the table beside his wheel chair. He said if I married you he was through with me; and I said all right, he was through with me; and picked up my hat. Then he said, 'Wait! I've spent a lot of money educating you in art. Give me your expert opinion on this piece of sculpture. Do I look like that?' And I—well, I was sore, of course. So I said,

'Yes, damn you! Sleshina's the first man that ever dared to tell you the truth!' That's the last thing I ever said to him; and it was a lie."

There was a silence; then Mollie laughed.

"Sometimes, my dear, your scruples come pretty high. But you wouldn't be you if you weren't like that, and I wouldn't want you to be anybody else. . . I guess I'd better get supper."

PATRICK ALOYSIUS CREGAN died that night; and the next day the newspaper obituaries estimated his estate at anywhere from seventy-five million to two hundred million dollars.

Life wasn't easy for the next few days on the fifth floor of the shabby brownstone; Terry was silent, moody, remote. Mollie couldn't blame him; she knew how he had loved his father, how bitterly he had been hurt by the break. But she couldn't pretend any grief; to her Pat Cregan was only the man who wouldn't spare from his overflowing millions the few thousands that would give her children, his grandchildren, an even chance. . . Who said he wasn't cruel and mean?

But perhaps, at last, he had relented. He had sworn he wouldn't leave Terry a cent; but perhaps, even if he had been too stubborn to be reconciled, he might have changed his will. She couldn't help a rebounding hope when a polite note from Warren, a few days after the funeral, invited her and Terry to a lawyer's office to hear the will read to the assembled heirs. Any man—even Pat Cregan—was likely to soften when he knew he was near death. And what they needed was so little—

But she wouldn't go with Terry to hear the will read.

"I'd embarrass your brothers' wives," she observed dryly. "They've never admitted that I exist—I or my children. Besides, if—if he did leave us anything, I'm afraid I'd break down and cry. And I won't let them see me doing that."

"Oh, I'm afraid there's no chance that he left us anything," said Terry nervously. But she understood him; he was afraid to say or even to think that there was any hope. But down underneath, he was hoping too.

Afterward, he was profoundly thankful that she had stayed away. The will was interminable; as the lawyer droned through long lists of bequests to servants, to hospitals, to universities, to museums, all the brothers and their wives grew nervous—all but Warren, secure in the knowledge that he was named as sole executor, and heir to the residuary estate. . . There was a stir and flutter, at last, as the lawyer came to the bequests to grandchildren. Pat Cregan had fourteen grandchildren; to twelve of them he gave and bequeathed a million dollars apiece.

Only Terry's children were left out.

Even then, Terry didn't give up hoping. A few thousand would mean so much to him and Mollie; his father wasn't mean and cruel— The lawyer droned monotonously on:

"To my son Thomas I give and bequeath five million dollars."

"To my son Frederick I give and bequeath five million dollars."

"To my son Louis I give and bequeath five million dollars."

"To my son Terence, the only art expert in the family, I give and bequeath the cast of my head by Sleshina."

And that was all.

The hardest thing Terry Cregan had

(Continued on page 48)

NEW

Super-Heterodyne

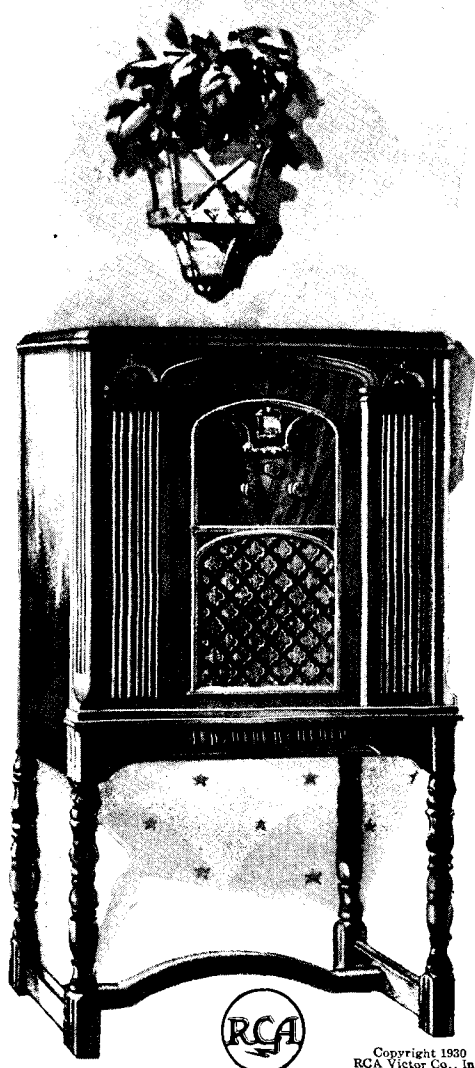
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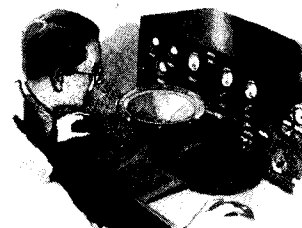
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Who's Your Tailor?
REGISTERED IN U. S. PAT. OFF. 1928
BY ED. V. PRICE & CO.

Dying Gladiator

Continued from page 46

ever had to do was to take that news home to his wife. She turned white when he told her; then, after a silence—

"Well," she said, "it's probably good for us. I know that for five years you've always hoped, down underneath, that some day your father would give in. I know that because I've always hoped so too. That buoyed us up through our worst troubles. And now that's gone. . . . From now on, Terry, we've got to stand on our own feet; we know we can never hope for anything from anybody else. . . . And what of it? We'll come through anyway!"

"I'd rather have you," he told her shakily, "than a hundred million dollars. . . . But all the same—Of course, I might try to break the will. It was made five years ago—just after we were married. Not much use trying to pretend he was of unsound mind then, or that anybody exerted undue influence on him. But a smart lawyer might—"

"No!" said Mollie firmly. "It was his money and he had a right to do what he wanted with it. . . . You want to do this for me, don't you? For me and the children. For yourself, you'd be ashamed to try to break your father's will. Well, I've never asked you to do anything for me that you'd be ashamed of, and I'm not going to start now. . . . Only I do think," she couldn't help finishing with a burst of bitterness, "that Sleshina knew your father better than you did. A—feeble slap in the face like that is what you might expect from a dying gladiator."

A WEEK or two later Warren Cregan sent for Terry. . . . It was queer to be back in the Cregan offices again, after five years—the offices where he might have been master now; queer to see a stranger at that desk where Mollie had been sitting the first time he saw her. . . .

Warren, however, was exquisitely polite—a little too exquisitely. Dark and smooth and smug, his fat oily neck drooping over his collar, he regarded Terry with a sympathy that was almost condescension.

"About the will," he said. "I'm sorry Father was so vindictive. I—I tried to soften him, when opportunity offered, but you know how inflexible he was when he'd made up his mind."

"Very good of you," said Terry curtly. "But it was his money."

"Yes, it was," Warren sighed. There was a faint emphasis on the "was"; Warren looked like a man oppressed by the responsibilities of a great fortune. "It seemed a little cruel," he said, "his leaving you that Sleshina head. Worse than if he hadn't mentioned you."

"It's a horrible portrait," said Terry. "Magnificent, but a damned libel. . . . And after all, I introduced Sleshina to him. He probably held that against me." Warren seemed surprised.

"Why, Terry, he seemed rather attached to that head. Especially this last year. The original was destroyed, of course; but he had the cast brought into his bedroom and kept it on the mantel. He cemented it on a base himself, to keep himself occupied. And every now and then he used to say to a doctor or a nurse, or even to me: 'Want to know what I really look like? Take a look at that.'"

Terry flushed, and looked out of the window. He knew that his father, like a good many new-rich collectors, had an abject reverence for expert opinion. So he'd taken seriously that last taunt Terry had flung at him, in a frenzy of rage.

"I've felt," Warren was going on, "that the rest of us rather owe you something, Terry."

"You don't owe me a cent," said Terry hotly, "and you know it!"

"No use losing your temper; I wasn't proposing to offer you charity. I had thought of offering you a place in the office—a place such as Tom and Fred and Louis are filling, well paid and not particularly onerous. But in view of Father's attitude I don't know that that would be quite fair."

"You know I wouldn't take it!" Terry sputtered. Tom and Fred and Louis could be content to be Warren's yes-men; that was all they were good for. But he and Warren would be quarreling within a week. "I've got my work," he finished. "I'm an art critic, not a financier."

"Yes," said Warren thoughtfully. "But I've thought of something that might be advantageous for both of us. How'd you like to sell that Sleshina head?"

"Sell it?" Terry stared at him. "What do you want with it?"

"Well, it's evidently a pretty fine piece of work. Sleshina's stuff is worth money, the experts tell me. Of course this is only a copy; but the only copy, and the original has been destroyed. . . . Would you say five thousand dollars is a fair price?"

"Too fair," said Terry grimly. "More than it's worth, now. Though in a few years—But what do you want to do with it?"

"Well—" Warren's eyes wandered to the mantel over the office fireplace. "I thought I'd put it up there."

"Where every man who comes in to see you for the next thirty years can see it," Terry demanded, "and think, 'That was what Pat Cregan looked like?'"

That was like Warren, he reflected—Warren, who was smooth and oily and diplomatic. Men who came in here and saw that Dying Gladiator would thank God they didn't have old Pat Cregan to deal with; and thinking that, they might be put off their guard. . . .

"Pat Cregan didn't look like that!" said Terry fiercely. "And I'm damned if I'll let you hold him up to shame. . . . No, you can't have it."

"I see," said Warren suavely. "Well, no doubt if you hold it a few years it will be worth more than I offered you. I merely thought that five thousand in the hand might be worth more to you than ten thousand in the rather remote bush. But as you please. It's yours, of course, under the terms of the will. As executor, I'll have it sent round to you tomorrow." He rose, serene and dominant. "I'll have to ask you to excuse me, Terry; I'm rather busy this afternoon. Remember me to your wife, and tell her I've never had a secretary as competent as she."

And thus, thought Terry as he went out, the Terence Cregans are neatly put in their place. . . . But he didn't tell his wife about that interview when he went home. Some day he'd tell her; they always told each other everything. But it would be sheer cruelty to tell her now, considering how badly they needed five thousand dollars.

THE Sleshina head came the next evening, just after the children had been put to bed—a huge package that Terry unwrapped on the living-room table. It confronted them at last—a life-sized head in hollow plaster, lightly cemented on a plaster base; the face of a beaten fighter—hopeless, helpless, agonized; a

face distorted with a vindictive hatred that was infinitely cruel and shamelessly mean. . . . Mean. . . .

Terry stared at it a while, then took the excelsior and wrapping paper out to the kitchen. When he came back his wife was still regarding the head with fascinated horror.

"I'd forgotten how terrible it was," she told him.

"Terrible," he agreed, "and magnificent. One of Sleshina's masterpieces. But Pat Cregan didn't look like that—not even when he was kicking us out. . . . Not like that," said Terry softly. He went out again to the kitchen, and when he came back he had a hammer.

"Terry!" she cried. "What are you going to do?"

"An act of justice to Patrick Aloysius Cregan. I'm going to smash this thing to pieces, and send the pieces down the dumb-waiter. There isn't another copy in the world—"

"Smash it?" she cried. "Terry, I—I'm ashamed to say this, ashamed to think of it. But that may be worth money. And the children—"

"I know," he said wearily. "I—I feel as if I were going to use this hammer on you. . . . It is worth money. Warren offered me five thousand for it yesterday. He wanted to put it up where people would see it. But I—I—He stopped, choking; he had regained his voice.

"IT'S my fault," he said, "that this thing was ever made. I introduced Sleshina to Father, just at the time when things he'd been fighting to keep down all his life came near enough the surface for Sleshina to see them. If it hadn't been for me, nobody'd ever have seen what he was trying to hide. And I want my father to be remembered as what he made of himself—not what he might have been if he'd let go. . . . But it isn't just for his memory," he said. "I'm doing this for myself too. I won't feel clean, I won't feel decent, till this thing is smashed to pieces. . . . Maybe a man with a wife and children has no right to such scruples—"

"Do you think," she broke in, "that your wife and children want you to feel that you can't be clean and decent because you've got a family to support? Don't talk nonsense, Terry. Go ahead and smash it. If you don't, I will."

He lifted the hammer, hit the plaster forehead a shattering blow. Fragments rattled on the table, on the floor; a cloud of dust rose, blew away—and left them staring at a thick bundle of crisp green papers that had been stuffed in the hollow cast. Terry picked up the bundle, shivering, incredulous.

"Thousand-dollar bills," he said. "Father must have stuffed them in there before he cemented this thing on the base. Warren told me he did that job himself, and now I know why. . . . Mollie, there must be—"

He counted the bills—two hundred altogether. . . . And tucked inside the bundle was a sheet of white paper, scribbled over in old Pat Cregan's crabbed hand:

Once upon a time I asked for your expert opinion of this thing, and got it. But I've been an art collector long enough to distrust expert opinion. So I thought it would be worth money to find out if you think I really looked like this.

"Well—" There were tears in Terry's eyes. "He had a curious way of doing things; but I always said there was no meanness in Pat Cregan."

BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, the physician, and the maker of medicines, are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.



King James I was a brave and brilliant horseman until his knees became stiffened by "rheumatism"—the result of infected teeth.

"Rheumatic diseases do abound"

—Midsummer Night's Dream, Act II, Sc. 1

Medical science knew little about "rheumatism" when William Shakespeare wrote this line more than 300 years ago. Since then great strides have been made.

Today the symptoms that people refer to as "rheumatism" are recognized by the doctor as signifying any one of over twenty separate rheumatic diseases. And most of these diseases differ widely in the kind of treatment they require.

Rheumatic diseases range all the way from a child's "growing pains," which parents are so apt to pass over lightly, to chronic arthritis, which remorselessly turns its victim's joints into chalky, rigid masses.

The cause of "rheumatism" in most of its many forms is infection—which means that disease-producing bacteria have gained a foothold somewhere in the human body.

Frequently these bacteria grow on an infected tonsil or in the root of a tooth or in a chronically inflamed appendix. From the primary site of infection they may travel in the blood stream to other parts of the body, usually the joints, where they cause inflammation

and pain. "Rheumatism" may also be a sequel to some of the contagious diseases, such as scarlet fever.

A menace to the heart

The most serious menace of the roving bacteria is the likelihood that they will attack the lining of the heart. So, whenever anyone, child or adult, complains of indefinite wandering pains, or suffers from swelling of the joints, a physician should be consulted without delay.

It is reassuring to know that, as a result of systematic research conducted by scientific workers in many lands, the physician of today is effectively equipped, with knowledge and medicines, to treat "rheumatism" in its many and various forms.

Recognizing the tremendous importance of the problem, Parke-Davis scientists have long been engaged in bacteriological studies of rheumatic infections. This work is being actively pursued by our Research Laboratories in the hope of making still further contributions to the control of these diseases.

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TRIED THEM ALL

SETTLE DOWN TO

DURHAM -DUPLEX



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THE BLADES MEN
SWEAR BY-NOT AT

TRIED them all? Now get yourself a fresh package of Durham-Duplex blades and try something really new. Not in shape—not in name—not in finish—but new in the one thing that really counts—*shaving efficiency*. The hollow-ground edges on the latest output of blades are a pleasant surprise even to those who thought Durham-Duplex blades had already reached the peak!

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This article will go no farther than say that the situation in the Republican party is such that if economic conditions do not greatly improve in the next few months and if some other candidate holds out a greater hope of victory than Mr. Hoover does it will be possible to refuse Mr. Hoover a renomination.

Let us consider for a moment just why the custom of renominating Presidents has grown up. In the first place, Presidents receive a second nomination because they are ordinarily better candidates than anyone else their party can nominate. The public is averse to change. This was shown in the widespread demand in 1928 for another nomination of Calvin Coolidge, even though to elect him again would have violated the ancient custom of limiting Presidents to eight years in office.

Incumbents are Best

Besides, there is always a paucity of really strong candidates for the Presidency. Parties are usually hard put to it to find promising candidates, as the Republicans were in 1920 and the Democrats were in 1920 and in 1924. In the President who is in office the party has a candidate ready-made.

Moreover, there is a strong interest active in promoting a President's renomination. The President's appointees are naturally desirous of continuing in office four years more. And most of them exercise a certain political influence in their own states.

Business, which provides the wherewithal to conduct campaigns and so exercises great influence, prefers a man whose ways are familiar to a man who is untried, provided always that its relations with a President have been happy.

On the whole Presidents receive a second nomination because, for a variety of reasons and to a variety of interests, they seem to be the best candidates. They illustrate the old maxim that possession is nine points of the law. But possession, even by a President, is not the whole ten points of the law.

The idea that a President can renominate himself, no matter how weak a candidate he is, is almost an article of faith with the American people. It is based on the fact that every President in the last seventy years who survived his first four years in office, except Hayes, who declined to run again, and Arthur, who was merely a promoted Vice President, has been renominated. But the factors which I have listed above contributed largely to these renominations, except that of President Taft.

Taft differed, as I shall explain, from all the others. Here was a weak candidate, sure to be defeated, yet his renomination was accomplished against a very popular hero, Colonel Roosevelt. His renomination is pointed to by those who fail to analyze it as proof positive that a President can always renominate himself.

But that story does not deceive the Republican politicians. They still believe they can prevent the renomination of Mr. Hoover if, in the summer of 1932, they think he will prove a weak nominee and if they are so fortunate at that time as to have another candidate who, in their opinion, can be elected.

Actually, Mr. Taft did not renominate himself. He was renominated by the big business interests of the country and by the majority of the Republican organization, even though they knew he would be defeated. They preferred de-

... possible, wing to would be so. They the presidency was prei. of the party as a conser. instrument in government.

It was by the seating of the Taft Southern delegates that Mr. Taft's nomination was accomplished. Now let us examine the situation that will exist with regard to the Southern delegates in the 1932 convention. That situation is not favorable to President Hoover. It is being overlooked by persons who think the Taft parallel will govern again. It is not being overlooked by Republican politicians who are today predicting that Mr. Hoover will not be renominated.

President Hoover set out on a worthy attempt to clean up the Republican party in the South. So, rather generally, he refused to recognize the old patronage-broking leaders there and displaced them with new leaders. But the old leaders had been elected to the Republican National Committee before Mr. Hoover was nominated and they will still be in the National Committee when the next national convention meets, bitterly hating the man who tried to strip them of their power. They will vote to seat each other's delegations, keeping out the Hoover delegates. If the big business interests and the Republican politicians wish to eliminate Mr. Hoover, here are their allies.

Joe Tolbert of South Carolina, unrecognized by Mr. Hoover, still represents his state in the National Committee. Georgia is unrepresented in the National Committee but Ben Davis, opposed by Mr. Hoover, is still the real Republican power there. Oliver Street, similarly on Mr. Hoover's blacklist, is still national committeeman from Alabama. There is no national committeeman from Florida, but George Bean, scorned by Mr. Hoover, is the real power there. Perry Howard is still national committeeman from Mississippi. J. Will Taylor, anti-Hoover, is in the National Committee from Tennessee.

Bascom Slemp is national committeeman from Virginia, and R. B. Creager is in the committee from Texas. Slemp has grown cold toward Hoover. And Creager of Texas is at least as likely to be anti-Hoover as pro-Hoover. All of these men are used to dealing with Charles D. Hilles of New York, who led the opposition to Hoover in 1928 and will again in 1932, if a fight is to be made on him.

This Year's Elections

The only Southern national committeeman on whom Hoover can count with certainty is Assistant Secretary of the Navy Jahnce, of Louisiana. The North Carolina national committeeman may also be pro-Hoover. But if the opposition to Mr. Hoover has a promising candidate it will in all probability be able to seat the anti-Hoover contesting delegates from most of the Southern states. So the Taft parallel breaks down at every point.

Another question which cannot now be answered is whether Mr. Hoover fifteen months from now, when the 1932 situation will begin to take shape, will seem a more available or a less available candidate than he now appears.

One event that will have an important bearing on this question is the coming congressional election. There is every indication of a great Democratic victory in the November elections. There

is reason to believe that a business recovery will not save the Republican party from being visited next fall with the wrath of those who are or have been out of jobs or who have lost money.

Every test of strength between the Republicans and Democrats in recent months has ended in favor of the Democrats. These tests have been as widely scattered as Massachusetts, Illinois, Missouri and Kansas. The Republicans are likely to lose control of the House of Representatives. They now have a majority, won in the great sweep of 1928, of about one hundred, but a normal measure of the relative strength of the two parties in the House was the mid-term election of 1926. In the midst of President Coolidge's popularity the Republicans carried the House by a little more than a majority of fifty. If the Republicans are not thirty seats weaker than they were in the boom times of Coolidge, then there is no such thing as forecasting election results.

If the whole ninety-six members of the Senate were to be elected this fall the Democrats would also probably carry the Senate. But only thirty-five seats are to be filled in November. To control the Senate the Democrats will have to win twenty-three while the Republicans take only twelve of the thirty-five seats. This seems impossible.

The November elections are almost certain to be disastrous to Mr. Hoover. It is a common saying that a President who loses the House in the middle of his term is never reelected. Like most political truisms it will some time turn out to be untrue. But a disaster in November will increase the present unmistakable eagerness of the Republican party to find another candidate than Mr. Hoover in 1932.

More than Mere Politics

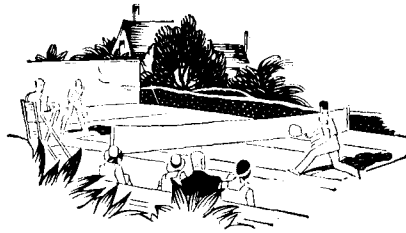
If business recovers fully, not merely improves, by the time delegates to the Republican National Convention are being selected, Mr. Hoover's chances of succeeding himself will improve with it. If it does not, his chances will be worse than they look today.

Then too the future of the Republican party will affect the 1932 probabilities. The party has gone from good to bad in the short space of little more than a year. It may go from bad to worse in the year and more that remains between now and the time when the issue of the next convention is before the Republicans.

The bitterness between the East and the West was intensified in the session of Congress recently closed. And it has not been lessened by the passage of the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill. Mr. Hoover's farm relief measure has yet to be tested. Wheat prices at this writing are falling rapidly. That is a grave thing for a party that depends upon the wheat-growing states for its continuance in power. The issue between the East and West proved insoluble in Congress and it may prove insoluble in the next Republican National Convention.

The country is turning wet. And that is an awkward thing for a party with the dry traditions of the Republican party.

If certain defeat faces the party in 1932 it will be bad politics to subject a new and promising candidate to an evil fate. Sometimes a party renominates a President and makes him take the consequences of the bad state to which it has been reduced in his administration.



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little girl with the curl as chocolate. When it is good (and fresh) it is so very, very good, and when it is bad (or stale) it is horrid."

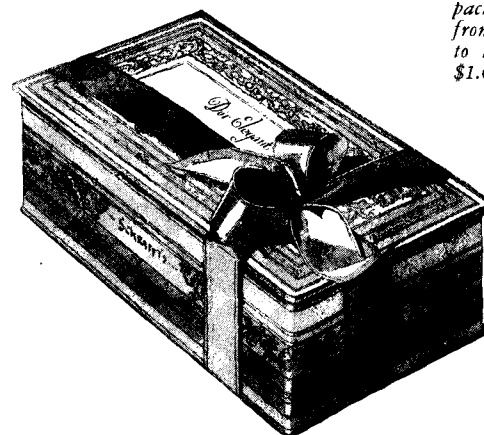
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"I like him, oh, so much!" Sonia said in a whisper, leaning her head back, shutting her eyes. "I like him—oh, so much!"

And opening her misted violet eyes very wide she said with a little beseeching gesture of her hands:

"Mayn't I like him, Dina?"

Dina, feeling herself clumsy, ugly, resentful, feeling her throat dry, could say nothing.

"I'm not taking anything away from you," Sonia pleaded. "Just—let me feel that I can help him, and that he can give me the sweetest—" She hesitated. They were both on their feet now, and Sonia had followed Dina to the window and was at her shoulder as Dina looked out blindly at the city. "The sweetest friendship I ever had," Sonia finished.

IT WAS all another play, Dina thought harshly. Sonia had the lead, of course, and Mont had a good part too. But what was Dina's part? What was she to say? A confused, angry sense of being trapped by all the falseness and superficiality of this new, bewildering life kept Dina silent.

"Dina, I'm not happy about it, you know—" Sonia said, timidly.

And suddenly she began to tell Dina of her lonely, love-hungry childhood, of her theatrical parents; they were Norway-born, and Sonia's real name was Helgersen. She spoke of her first stage successes, of New York and its coldness and bigness, and of her taking refuge with Perry Hickson, who wanted to take care of her, wanted to shield her. He had been forty-three then, eight years ago, and had had two unhappy marriages before.

"It wasn't real love, Dina, dearly, dearly as I care for him. It was what a girl feels for a devoted father; he knows it. He knows that it wasn't the real thing—"

"Dina, the instant Mont Brett stepped into the studio three months ago—such a tall, shabby, eager boy! That moment I knew—"

"That's all, Dina. I can't help caring; I think he can't. He's told me how you two started out into the world to seek your fortunes, impulsively, hardly knowing each other, and I've told him why and how I married Perry. Nothing's going to happen, Dina. We wanted you to know—"

Dina stood staring out into a hazy winter morning. She cleared her throat before she spoke.

"What about it?"

Sonia caught her up eagerly.

"Nothing, of course, my dear! Only—only I wanted you to know."

"I knew," she said briefly.

"You did know? You see it?" the other woman asked, quickly.

"Oh, I suppose so," Dina said, wearily.

SONIA hesitated a minute, looking with a sort of gracious tenderness at Dina. Then she said timidly:

"Dina, will you kiss me?"

Something she could not define had possession of Dina. She admired Sonia deeply, painfully; she had for weeks longed for Sonia's friendship. Sonia was an important person in her eyes. So that it was with real surprise that she heard herself saying gruffly, rudely: "I'd rather not—please—"

A moment later she heard the stairway door close behind Sonia, and knew she was alone.

For a while she stood at the window, looking out without seeing anything, her mouth bitten, her nostrils dilating as she breathed. Then Dina jerked her

Lovers' Lane

Continued from page 23

mahogany head, swallowed, looked about her dazedly with bewildered eyes.

She saw her abandoned broom, leaning against the wall, and seized it blindly. A moment later she was working again, working furiously, giving herself no time to think.

When Mont came downstairs at six o'clock everything was in perfect order. Dina was dressed in the blue gown with a new collar and cuffs; she was sitting

idle, no dinner preparations were afoot.

She had been waiting for him; she had been thinking exactly what she must say to him for so long a time that the light had all gone and the room was dark, only Dina's face a white glimmer over by the window.

Bitter thoughts putting themselves into bitter words as the hours went by, Dina had trembled as she had gathered

(Continued on page 55)



In the English language there are just fourteen words (each having just six letters) that begin with the letters W-A-L. One of them is WALING. You supply the others.

1	W	A	L	I	N	G	Marking with wales, or stripes. (And other meanings.)
2	W	A	L				Moved along on foot; advanced by steps. Perambulated.
3	W	A	L				One who walks: a pedestrian.
4	W	A	L				Furnished or inclosed with a wall or walls; fortified.
5	W	A	L				One who builds walls.
6	W	A	L				A pocketbook, for papers, etc. A bag or sack for carrying about the person. Also, a purse.
7	W	A	L				To beat soundly; flog; thrash. (And other meanings.)
8	W	A	L				To roll about, as in mire; to move lazily or heavily in any medium.
9	W	A	L				A valuable timber-tree, its wood, or its edible nut.
10	W	A	L				A very large marine mammal of the Arctic Ocean, often weighing over a ton.
11	W	A	L				Scottish variant of valise.
12	W	A	L				(Anglo-Indian) Agent; a master or owner; a servant or worker.
13	W	A	L				(Scottish) A valet.
14	W	A	L				(Scottish and Dial. Eng.) To roll or toss about; stagger; stumble.

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded.

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in last week's Collier's

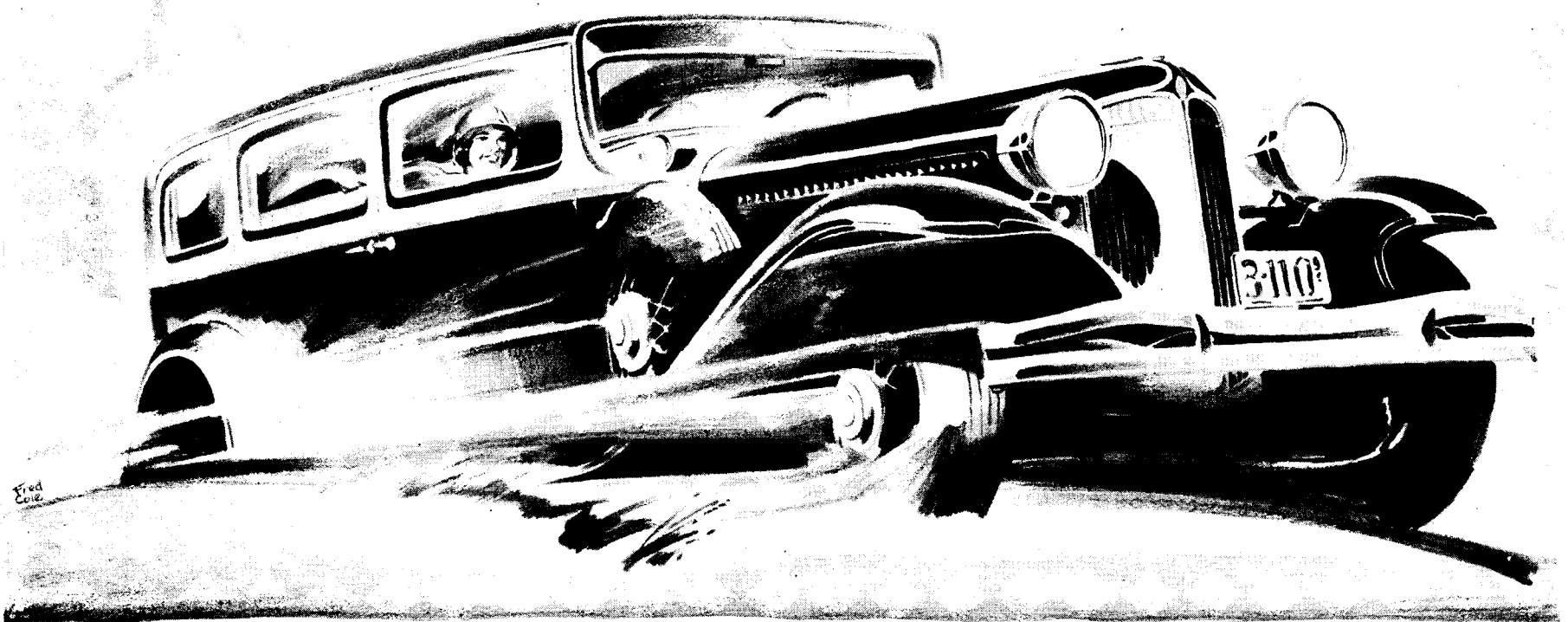
- | | | | |
|-----------|-----------|-----------|-----------|
| 1. Wading | 3. Waddin | 5. Waddle | 7. Wadmal |
| 2. Waddie | 4. Wadded | 6. Wadmol | 8. Wadset |

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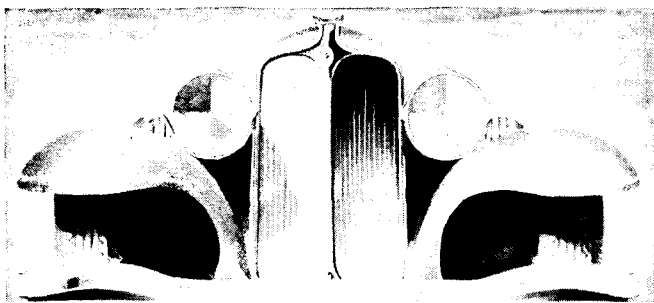
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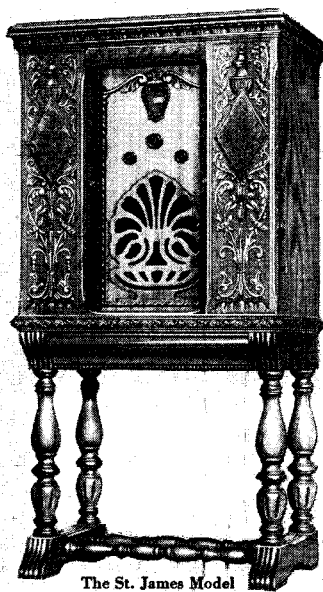
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Any radio set can bring this entertainment into the home. But if you would hear it brought *in* just as sent *out* . . . crisp, clear, with nothing added to it, nothing taken away . . . then hear it over a *Stewart-Warner*!

No violinist ever played his way to fame with a broomstick. Just as it takes the *bow* to bring beauty and richness of tone from the violin, so does it take the properly equipped *Stewart-Warner* Radio to reproduce the wealth of tone now put on the air.

When the great Violinist plays, you hear the music over the *Stewart-Warner* exactly as he plays it. With all the original quality of tone retained even to the last fine shade of feeling. Brilliant, clear, utterly *real*.



The St. James Model

A rich reproduction of Elizabethan furniture design. Top and sides are of American ply walnut, the front being of solid walnut embellished with real wood carving. Non-vibrating, silent, sliding doors. Dull satin finish. One of four exquisite new Period models priced from \$99.75 to \$197.50 (less tubes).

For here is radio that takes "broomstick" crudities out of reproduction—that brings in all programs with "bowlike" realism and finish. It incorporates every modern, proved, worthwhile feature essential to the enjoyment of radio at its best—assures Championship Performance not in just one spot but *clear across the dial*.

Behind it is more than a quarter of a century's experience in the manufacture of electrical precision instruments famous for quality all over the world.

Housed in four exquisitely beautiful cabinets of authentic Period design, and now shown by authorized *Stewart-Warner* dealers everywhere, at extremely moderate prices. Easy terms for those desiring them.

By all means see and hear these splendid sets. Remember—the music is *there*. But as it takes the *bow* to bring it from the *violin*, so does it take the *Stewart-Warner* to bring it from the *air*—*realistically*—just as you like to hear it! Go to your dealer at once—without obligation, let a demonstration *prove* it. *Stewart-Warner* Corporation, Chicago, Illinois.

STEWART-WARNER Radio

A Great Radio Backed By A Great Name

Lovers' Lane

Continued from page 52

herself for the talk she must have with Mont. Sometimes tears, tears of hurt love and pride, had come into her eyes, and she had put up her square, roughened young hand, and wiped them away.

"I can't go on—I can't go on like this," she had said once, aloud.

"I know I'm dumb, Mont," her thoughts had said. "I know they're all crazy about you and they don't want me. But what am I to do? It isn't my fault that you married me."

"Do you want me to go away from you, Mont? Would you be happier if I went away?"

"But where shall I go? I can't think of anything but you—all roads lead to you—"

And then, in the midst of her imaginary arraignment, her face would go down in her hands, and the tears would run over her fingers.

"Oh, he doesn't love me—he never has—except that he sorter liked me—those first days we were here, before Sonia came home, before they found out how wonderful he was."

THE violence of these recurring moods had exhausted her; she was sitting very silent in the dusk when he came in. He called to her:

"Dina!"

"Over here, Mont."

"Bud Sheldon's with me!" Mont said, groping for lights. The room flashed into view. Dina saw a friendly-looking elderly man; she had seen him many times before, one of the newspaper artists.

"Oh, hello, Mr. Sheldon." No chance to talk now.

"Hello, Mrs. Brett. How's the world?"

"Fine." She began coldly; suddenly her resolution weakened. Her name, that was Mont's name too, always rang so deliciously in her ears.

"You're dressed? Luck," Mont said. "We're to go up to Sonia's to dinner—Elliot's there. They want you to make salad, or something. Afterward the Wop is going to play."

Well, what could she do? Despising herself, Dina went upstairs, to fall into her usual quiet rôle in the Hickson studio; coming in and out of the kitchen, murmuring to the Chinese boy.

Elliot was there, in a big chair close to the piano, with his crutch leaning against it; there were other men there, loafing, smoking on the couches; there was a wood fire blazing lazily, with little Cora and her new man standing near it; Cora talking in that tense, vigorous way she had when she was trying to make an impression.

"Oh, come, the man never wrote a word in his life that'll live!" Cora was saying.

"He's got something," Cora's new young man said. Dina could not possibly have joined in the conversation, but she knew that neither one of them knew what he or she was talking about, either.

Elliot waved at her, some of the other men spoke. The winter night was dark now, outside the windows; wind was playing about the chimney top, whining and sighing. Dry leaves danced audibly on the wooden roof, and the smell of the wood fire was delicious in the warm room. Only a few of the lamps were lighted; but the table stood in a soft flood of tempered red light, so that Dina and the Chinese boy could see where the bread and the cups must go. The young musician, the boy they called "the Wop," was at the piano; he and Elliot talked while he played.

Dina found herself trembling again when Sonia came out, found herself feel-

ing suddenly weak and helpless. She had always been almost as susceptible to Sonia's charm as Mont was. Tonight Sonia's words still seemed sounding in her ears; she felt those sorrowful, theatrical words, and that final, false "Will you kiss me?"

"Why *should* I kiss her?" Dina had asked herself fiercely a few hours ago. But it was night now, a dark, starless night, with an autumn wind blowing and the dry leaves slithering and dancing on Perry Hickson's roof. The city under the windows seemed a big, unfriendly place, and Dina Brett once more the awkward, shy, strange girl who had sat on the boarding-house steps in summer darkness with the boy they called Mont.

She had felt very bold that night, but it was different now. . . .

Sonia was in soft black lace, a thin wispy garment she often wore; its shadowy darkness set off her dazzling skin and shimmering hair to perfection.

She walked about the studio, queen of them all. Men caught at her frail white hands as she passed, and she stood talking, smiling, managing her cigarette. Sonia would lower her strange long eyes, nod. There was no visible recognition on her part of that moment when Mont came upstairs. But Dina knew it, knew it in every fiber of her being, and she knew that Sonia knew it too.

Mont! Did he really bring freshness and enthusiasm and vigor to this group of men and women who were so much older than he, who were in so many cases failures, half-successes, derelicts? Dina thought he did. He seemed young, glowing and confident, among them all.

He and Sonia were presently near each other in the shadows. Mont smiled his youthful smile, that flash of white in a dark face, as he leaned over her. Sonia looked up with all her soul in her eyes.

Dina saw more than this, as the endless evening, the tedious, heartbreaking evening, wore on. She saw that all the group was indulgently, amusedly aware of Sonia's new affair. Mab and Cora and all the men were Sonia's audience for her quiet display of her feeling for Mont. Sonia was being brave, gentle, resigned. But every time Sonia spoke to Mont, every time she raised her beautiful strange eyes to his, there was a revelation in her voice, in her expression.

DINA felt herself only a big, clumsy creature, a washer of dishes, a maker of beds, obscure here in the shadow of the chair beside the piano. Sonia was everything she longed to be, everything that any woman could want to be. Sonia was slim, perfumed, clever; Sonia was going to Hollywood next month, to have a part in a picture, to be given a trial.

And Mont. They were all talking about the sketches Mont had done at the hockey games last week; the Sunday sporting pages had actually used them. Tonight he was going down with old Bud Sheldon to see some practice wrestling; he would try to sketch the wrestlers next week. Mont was happy, excited, absorbed. What use had he for Dina any more, what interest in her moods or feelings?

She had thought all these men and women gods and goddesses once. She had listened in awed admiration to their talk, watched them almost fearfully.

Now they were only Bud and Spike and Fritz and the Wop, and their girls. Now they were only a lot of idling,

charming failures and dreamers, mousing their unimportant opinions—

Anyone who really wanted to work, to succeed, always went away from them after a few meetings. The Wop was going to New York next week; Campbell Gruss rarely came up from Carmel; Sonia was going to Hollywood. And Mont would go too; the greater world was waiting for him; he knew it, and they knew it.

As for poor old Perry Hickson, who had been a sort of Jove, a protecting paternal genius, in Dina's eyes a few months ago, he was only a rather vain old amateur now, a man with a private income big enough to allow him to feed these lymphatic friends, to pour wine for them, to furnish a warm comfortable room in which they might loaf and smoke and argue eternally. Perry's money could buy Bohemia for him; it had bought Mont's enthusiasm and charm.

As for poor Elliot, his injured back chained him here, as well here as anywhere, where he had his books and his piano, his view, and these neighbors to study.

Tonight Mont and Bud went away early; Mont came over to say a shaky good-by to Dina.

"He'll be all right once he gets out in the fresh air!" Bud reassured her.

"I'm all right now!" Mont laughed. "Sure you are!"

"Don't let him go up to Jordon's afterwards and play cards," Dina said anxiously to Bud.

"Don't let him—what? Oh, he's all right," Bud said.

THEY went away. Sonia was deep in a murmured conversation with Louis Whitlock, on a wide, dim couch; the Wop was still playing soft chords and runs; the air was blue with smoke.

"Turning in?" Elliot said, when she stood up.

"I think so," she said soberly.

The wind whined, high up in the chimney. Window casings rattled.

"Want me to play something for you tonight?" Elliot asked.

Her heavy brown eyes brightened.

"Oh, if you will—!"

"Blue Danube?"

"Always the 'Blue Danube.'"

"Got something to read?"

"Lots."

She went downstairs, pondering, pondering as she undressed, as she washed her face and brushed her heavy hair, pondering even when she was in bed, with her book opened under the droplight.

Elliot was always glad to lend her books; she read them voraciously. Novels mostly; a novel a night was not too much for her. She frankly liked them best, although she had wept over The Doll's House, and glowed when he read her Lindsay's stirring poems, Frost's homely New England vignettes.

"You don't get much from novels," Elliot commented.

"I get what I need!" she answered, with her unconscious acuteness.

But tonight she could not read. The noise upstairs grew gradually less; Elliot's piano began on the waltz she loved, drifted on to other music.

Then silence—silence. And late in the night Mont came back to her, and she half-awakened to hear him cautiously, clumsily moving about the room, to feel him creep into her arms, to pillow the beloved waves of his dark hair where she loved to have them, against her shoulder, and to lie awake in sheer con-

(Continued on page 56)



Easy Diggin'

YOU don't have to look for trade marks to spot a "Moly" shoveler. Just watch for his broad "Moly" smile that says "Easy Diggin'". Wood's "Moly" Shovels have an even "hang" and balance . . . a wide, roomy grip that's easy on fists . . . a patented turned-over step that saves feet and shoes. No amount of prying, diggin', scrapin' and shovelin' can dent the tough, hard "Moly" blade or the smile on the face of its user.

★ "Moly" is the standard of shovel perfection; "Big Fist", champion of the medium price class; "Piqua", foremost low priced shovel.

THE WOOD SHOVEL AND TOOL CO.
PIQUA, OHIO

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Shovels - Spades - Scoops



JIM HENRY'S PULLMAN PORTER POLL.....

Before I climb into Lower 7, I always ask the porter: "What shaving cream do you see most?" Believe me, "George" knows.

"It's Mennen—with the men who give the good tips" ... "The big striped tube, boss" ... "That's easy—Mennen every mornin'" —those are the answers I get and get again. Men who use the best trains—men who know comfort and the importance of clean, healthy skin—they are the Mennen boosters.

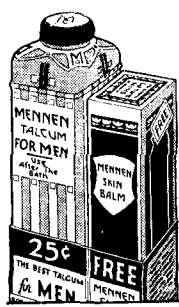
Mennen lather is a cleansing treatment for the skin as well as a softening treatment for the beard. It penetrates deeply into pores, floats out the dirt, and thus prevents pimples and blackheads. And it so thoroughly softens the hair that I can guarantee at least 2 more good shaves per blade with Mennen. And when I say "good," I mean "GOOD." Money back if you think I'm wrong.

The guarantee covers both Mennen shaving creams. (1) Original—noted for the quick, creamy lather it gives with any water. (2) Menthol-iced—which has all the virtues of the Original, with the tingling, icy coolness of menthol. ... Take me up on my guarantee. Get a tube. At any drug store.

Jim Henry
Mennen Salesman

MENNEN SHAVING CREAMS

2 Kinds: Original — Menthol-iced



HERE'S a real bargain: A full size can of Mennen Talcum for Men (the original man's powder) plus a generous tube of Mennen Skin Balm (the refreshing, non-greasy after-shaving preparation)—both for the price of Talcum. At all druggists.

**DOUBLE
COMFORT**
in this bargain offer

tent—brooding, puzzled, planning, but content, while he slept.

In the morning she let him sleep on, while she went about the familiar duties of the day. It was a quiet, dreamy winter Sunday, with gray skies over a gray bay, gulls white against the heavy clouds, church bells ringing down in the Latin quarter.

She had her coffee alone at eleven; Mont slept on. After the breakfast dishes and the crumbs had been all put away, and when the darkened room was in perfect order, Dina chanced to go upstairs to borrow some cinnamon from Chong, and discovered with a great rush of peace into her heart that Perry and Sonia had gone away for the whole day and would not be back until late at night. It made her heart sing; hers was the respite of the prisoner who sees the torturer leaving even for an hour.

She was quietly shifting the sheets of the newspaper in the window at four o'clock when Mont awakened, rested and sane, and rolled over and yawned, wanting to talk. Last night was forgotten, she remembered it no more than he. He was hers, whatever else he was, and they were alone together.

It was heaven to sit on the edge of the big bed and smile at him, and tell him the news.

Sonia and Perry had gone away for the day, it was late afternoon, and a delicious dinner would shortly be ready.

One of her golden hours, while she fussed with pots and pans, and he shaved and dressed, wandering idly about, talking, one of the hours she called "married times," in her heart, intimate, comfortable, alone.

She cooked him eggs for his breakfast-dinner, and brown muffins and bacon, and there were two oranges, and Elliot's jar of Chinese ginger in thick syrup, and the last of the cream cheese, and the hot end of the French loaf. And at the end of the meal Mont said, almost surprisedly, "Gosh, Dina, nobody can cook like you!"

It was ecstasy, it was swimming, trembling, breath-taking delight. While she was clearing up, carrying cups and plates to the washroom, Dina hardly dared breathe for fear any instant might bring his sudden departure. But he took his chair at the black window and sat smoking, dreaming, looking out into the night.

A cold, black, star-bound night, with the lights on the bay winking in a low fog and the Gate hidden. There were no flowers on the terraces now, only fallen leaves upon which the white frost stayed all day.

But the big room was deliciously warm; the lamp burned steadily. The winter city lay beneath their windows, and Dina and Mont were all alone.

Dina established herself at the table, with her books; now and then she looked up to smile at Mont in the lamplight. She had a pencil, she was busy making notes, frowning at entries, rubbing vigorously with her eraser. Presently she looked up to see Mont regarding her seriously.

"WHAT have you done to yourself tonight?"

"I? Nothing," she said, glowing. Her hair burned like copper in the circle of radiance, her brown eyes welled with a mysterious light, her cheeks wore an unusual little stain of apricot color, and where the neck of her blue apron was cut away the swell of her breast showed daisy-white.

"You look fine, somehow," Mont said, puzzled.

Lovers' Lane

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"That's good!" Dina said, composedly. And after a while she said, "Mont, do you think we ought to move?"

"From here?" he asked, roused.

"Well, unless we get some money somewhere, Mont, we can't pay another month's rent here."

"Or anywhere!" he agreed indifferently, smoking.

Dina deliberately chose to regard this as funny, and laughed.

"But what shall we do?" she persisted, cheerfully. "I suppose," pursued Dina, trying to be very businesslike, "I suppose Perry would let us go on here for a long while."

Mont shifted in his chair; his brown face clouded.

"I think Perry's off me, a little."

"Oh, Mont!" She was all sympathy and alarm. "What for?"

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe I just imagine it." His old despair was in his voice. "Sometimes I get sort of sick of the whole bunch of them!" he said darkly.

Dina, her hands arrested, her eyes on his, dared not speak.

"What do they do for me that I can't do for myself?" Mont demanded, moodily. "They're a lot of four-flushers!"

She left the table and came to kneel beside him, and he laid one arm about her shoulders and looked at her with troubled eyes, under his shock of heavy black hair.

"I drink too much," he said. "I run around too much. I've no right to gamble with that gang."

"I hate to see you worried, Mont. I hate you to be—blue," Dina said.

"Sometimes I wish we could get out of here, Dina."

HER heart rose, beat hard and happily. She looked at him in silence.

"I mean, go somewhere, start over," he said, pushing back her hair from her temple. "I mean, I wish we had gotten a little place somewhere else, out in the Mission, maybe; a cottage, or something, and I'd gotten a job, and we'd—"

He stopped, his eyes clouded, staring far away between narrowed lids. When he brought his expectant gaze back to hers, it was like the look of a puzzled little boy.

"We had so much fun, just—just taking a chance," he said, "Member the Swede's old car, and stopping on top of the hill here, and watching the sun rise on San Francisco? Gosh, wasn't it beautiful?"

"Oh, wasn't it!" she whispered, tears suddenly on her cheeks.

"The bay"—he said, scowling, speaking in a thick voice, as if his throat hurt him—"and the lights on all the boats and the masts. And 'member breakfast in that little joint on Kearny Street, and the Mhoon House."

"That awful place!" she supplied, with a laugh and a shudder, as he paused. "Oh, Mont," she added, with an ache in her plaintive, sweet, hoarse voice, "why couldn't it always have been like that?"

"Because I'm such a damn' fool," he answered, somberly.

Again Dina tried to laugh, with small mirth.

"Ah, no, you're not, Mont!"

"Oh, yes, I am," he persisted. And for a long minute his restless fingers went on pushing back her hair, his arm gripping her shoulders, his eyes on space. The beautiful blue eyes Dina loved, in the brown face—

"WE COULD go to New York, just take a chance," he muttered.

"It wouldn't be taking a chance at all!" Dina assured him stoutly. "We'd get away with it. We'd not have any trouble."

"I don't believe we would, I don't believe you would," Mont agreed, looking into her eyes.

"Oh, Mont," she whispered, trembling, "could we? I'd love so to feel that you needed me, that I was in it again, that they weren't trying always to take you away from me, to shove me out of it."

A look of determination had been gathering in Mont's eyes. Now he said deliberately, if with a little visible effort:

"It's Sonia that I have to get away from, Dina. It's Sonia that makes it hard for me."

Again Dina trembled, and again she dared not speak.

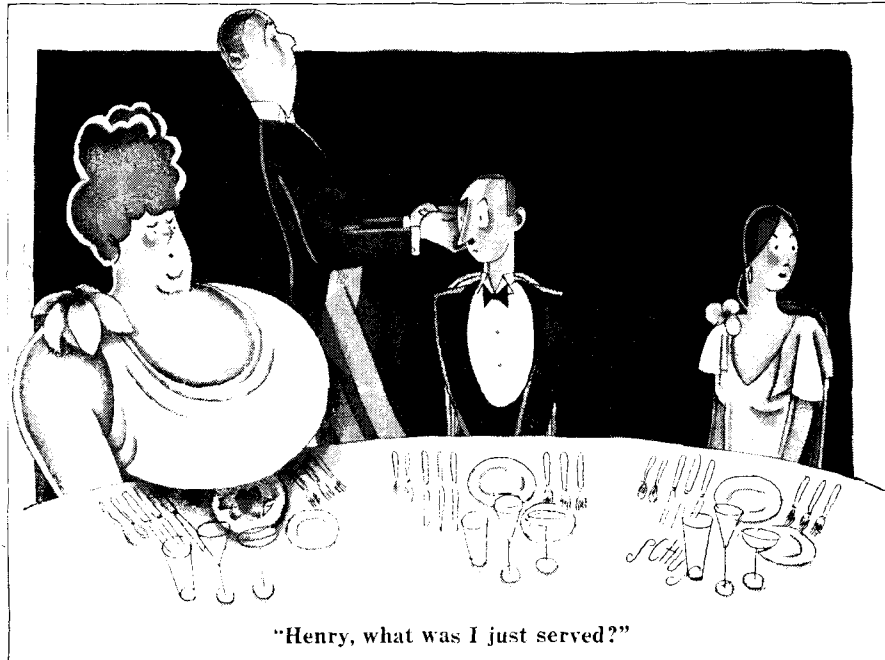
"She makes you feel as if nothing else counted," Mont began, and stopped short.

"Than what?" Dina asked.

"Than her," he said. "She makes you wonder, always, you know, no matter where you are, or what you're doing, wonder about her. I'm always—" He passed his hand feverishly over his forehead. "I'm always wondering about her!" he muttered, youthfully.

"You mean you're in love with her, Mont?" Dina asked, steadily.

(To be continued next week)



"Henry, what was I just served?"

Why 40 per cent of our regular passengers are WOMEN



YEARS AGO we realized that our railroad could never succeed without the good-will of women travelers. Women are the most loyal friends any business can have.

We thought over all the little things that we might do to win their patronage. We knew that women, for instance, dislike jolts and jars. So our engineers were coached to start their trains without shake or jerk, to run at an even, steady pace, and to come to a stop *smoothly*.

We asked our engine crews to avoid the screechy "blowing off" of steam while a train was standing in a station. No woman likes to be startled over her meal or her book.

We particularly urged the 70,000 men and women who make up the B & O to be alert in rendering to women traveling with children the little courtesies that make the difference between a fatiguing journey and a restful trip.

Our feeling was—and still *is*—that any woman would rather travel in an air of peace and relaxation than be hustled along with cold efficiency.

Apparently they do! Forty per cent of our regular passengers are women. Won't you, Madam, travel with us on your next trip East or West and see why?



WE have a woman on our staff who makes hundreds of trips a year on our trains. She tries to find ways of making women more comfortable on the B & O. She has helped us furnish our dining cars attractively, and she sees to it that our menus include the sort of food that women like.

BALTIMORE & OHIO

70,000 OF US INVITE YOU TO RIDE ON OUR RAILROAD

"AS I WUZ SAYIN'"

by ABE MARTIN



"Lem Peters fell in the hoss pond last evenin' waitin' fer somethin' ter turn up.

"Lucky fer him his cigars were wrapped in this cellophane stuff.

"Lem used ter be in the cigar business hisself. But he retired so as ter git a chance ter smoke.

"Spends most of his time now, when there ain't no fires, smokin' rocky fords and wonderin' how they kin sell 'em fer a nickel.

"He'd jest about figgered it out when 'long comes this high class wrap and now he's back where he started at."

ROCKY FORD is long-filler, Sumatra wrapped. Made in a sunlit factory, the pride and show-factory of Richmond, Virginia . . . a factory as clean as a modern bakery . . . a factory that is automatic machine-equipped throughout . . . If your dealer cannot supply you, send 25¢ for a trial package of 5 cigars to P. Lorillard Company, 119 West 40th St., New York.



Reply Paid

Continued from page 19

"I already told you the rock-bottom special price to you only!" he replied. "Well, I may be back for it!" said Wesley. "Good night, you old robber! Don't sleep with both eyes, you might miss something!"

A quarter of an hour later Anna, immersed in the last burning question in Miss Colfax's column, heard a voice at her elbow. "Western sandwich and a cup of coffee, please!" it said. She looked up, startled, incredulous with joy, and there was Wesley! Nearly an hour late, but miraculously there, just when she had despaired of seeing him.

"OH, Wes, how you scared me!" she gasped, dropping the newspaper and dimpling into smiles. He grabbed the paper as it fell from her hand, and glanced at it to see what she had been reading.

"Lapping up that bunk again?" he laughed. "What on earth do you read that silly slush for, baby?"

"It's not slush!" cried Anna indignantly, busy with his coffee. "She's just grand! I think Miss Colfax is the loveliest, most sensible person in the world. I'd do anything she said!" Wesley Strong threw back his head and roared with laughter.

"You would, eh?" he cried. "That's a hot one! Say, that column is all just a lot of hokum made up to kid sentimental boobs along! Why not talk about something real instead, eh, baby?"

"What, for instance?"

"Us!" said he. "You and me. Say, Anna, do you like me pretty well?"

"You know I do, Wes."

"You wouldn't fool me?"

"Never, Wes," said Anna solemnly, her eyes like stars. He gazed at her speculatively. "I suppose, just the same," said he, "that if I was to go away for a while, you'd be out with some other fellow before my back was altogether turned."

Go away! What did he mean? A wave of sick alarm swept over her. She wanted to throw herself upon his breast, to hold him fast, to make him somehow feel how utterly she could be trusted. But she caught herself up in time, remembering Lillie's advice. You didn't hold a feller by letting him think he was the only one; you had to keep him nervous, make him worry over you.

"Oh, well," she said, laughing with a difficult carelessness, "of course if you walk out on me, what can you expect?" His face grew suddenly serious.

"Walk out on you!" he exclaimed. "No, not that! I guess I'd better walk out with you, instead!" Now it was coming, the words she had dreaded with quick intuition. Her breath hurt her as she asked her question:

"You mean you actually are going?"

"Yeah, to New York for a week," said he. Then, on an impulse he had intended to keep in check he leaned over the counter and spoke in a low, tense voice.

"Anna, come with me!" he begged. "I can't let you stay behind. I'm crazy over you, and I'll take good care of you. Come with me, because I love you, dear!"

At last he had said it! Anna stood gazing at the edge of the counter, as if it was the only object in the world at which she could bear to look. A hot wave swept over her, causing her face to tingle, every nerve in her body singing. He loved her, and now she knew the exact value of that love! Shame and glory and fear swayed her as she stood there, looking only at the bright brass binding on the counter's edge, unable to

lift her eyes to his. She couldn't speak, because to speak would be to send him away alone, and she couldn't let him go. Then he laid his hand over hers.

"I'll meet you at the depot tomorrow night," he was saying. "Pack your suitcase, and be at the news-stand at nine-forty. We'll get the ten-o'clock to New York, hon, and, believe me, you'll never regret it. I'll make sure of that. Don't say a word to anybody in advance. You can post a note saying you're sick and won't be back here for a week. Don't worry, everything will be all right."

"Oh, Wes, I can't!" she gasped. "What's the matter, don't you love me?"

"You know I do!"

"Then you'll be there!" he said confidently. "Atter girl! Don't forget, nine-forty!"

And then Mrs. Thomas, the proprietress, came in from the kitchen, yawning and settled herself behind the cashier's desk with a movie magazine, and further private conversation was impossible.

That night Anna wrote her first letter to Miss Constance Colfax. It shifted the burden of responsibility which was crushing Anna, and once it was written she could sleep.

"Dear Miss Colfax," it ran. "I am a young girl of twenty and I am in love with a young man who returns my affections. He is very loving, but he has said nothing about marriage. What am I to do? Oh, Miss Colfax, please understand I am a good girl. I have never gone out with any boy but him although I have let him think there were others, but he is the only one and if I have sometimes let him be a little fresh it is because I am afraid of him staying away if I act too cold."

"I have no father or mother and I have been alone in this city three months and would die if I lost him now. He is going to New York for a week and he has asked me to go with him, and I have not said yes or no, but who would I hurt by going except myself, and all I really want is for him to be happy. There is nobody I can ask advice from except you, Miss Colfax, so please let me hear from you at your earliest convenience because I have packed my suitcase and I shall take it to work and leave it under the counter."

"If you think I really should not go, please send me a telegram to the Snack to that effect, as there is not time for a letter to reach me, and I am enclosing twenty-five cents in stamps to pay for the telegram. The train leaves at ten o'clock P. M., so if I do not hear from you by nine o'clock I shall know that you understand how much I love him, and that you privately think it is all right for me to go. But if you wire me not to, I will do whatever you say, because I am your devoted constant reader,

"ANNA JOHNSON."

ANNA posted the letter on her way to work next day. At eight o'clock she was in the post office, licking on a special delivery stamp, asking at what hour the letter was likely to be delivered to the offices of the Star. The man behind the stamp window calculated it ought to be received shortly after noon, and Anna trudged away relieved, lugging her suitcase. At the Snack she stowed it under the counter, unresponsive to Lillie's comments.

"Wow, what a night I had!" said Lillie, yawning. "Goin' home for Sunday, eh? Gee, then I'll have to work! Say, Anna, you don't know what life is, kid! Instead of heading home you ought

to be stepping out before you dry up and blow away. But I suppose it's no use me giving you good advice, you never listen anyways!"

Today Anna most certainly was listening, but not to Lillie. She was listening for the voice of a telegraph messenger boy inquiring for her by name. In the cold light of day Anna had begun to realize how slim were the chances of Miss Colfax's condoning her contemplated act. The restraining wire, sent out by that motherly hand, would undoubtedly arrive, and when it came she could cling to it as a sort of reprieve. Without it she felt helpless, drifting irresistibly on the current of her love for Wes.

The hours pushed each other heavily around the face of the clock, and still no telegram appeared. The supper crowd came and thinned out, and, apprehensively, exultantly, Anna changed into her street clothes, slipping into the frivolous wisp of chiffon, and trembling so violently that she could scarcely find the fastenings. At five minutes to nine someone banged the door of the Snack and Anna's heart almost leaped out through her mouth, but it was only Billy, the night boy, coming on duty.

Nine-fifteen, and no wire! There was only one conclusion to be reached: Miss Colfax had understood and consented to Anna's going! There was now barely time to keep the appointment at the railroad station. Anna picked up her suitcase and left the Snack Bar, the night air rushing to meet her like a caress as she emerged.

AT THAT very moment Wesley Strong, suitcase in hand, was leaving his office. Time was pressing, but, being a conscientious worker, Wesley took a last look around. Wilson, at the next desk, shifted the eyeshade on his forehead and, before Wesley Strong could make an exit, had called him to a halt.

"Hey there, Miss Colfax!" Wilson shouted. "Here's a special delivery that came for you this noon, and I forgot to give it to you. Better stick it in your portfolio so you can have your regular dish of mush on the train!"

"I thought you were going to take care of my column while I was away!" grumbled Wesley sulkily.

"Well, you're not gone yet!" retorted Wilson with a grin. "And I'm not wearing your petticoats until I have to!"

"Oh, all right!" muttered Strong. "Chuck it here!" He caught the letter and glanced casually at the envelope. Something in the frantic scrawl of "important, please read at once!" struck him as curious, and he tore it open and looked at the contents. Then he stood rigid, reading to the end.

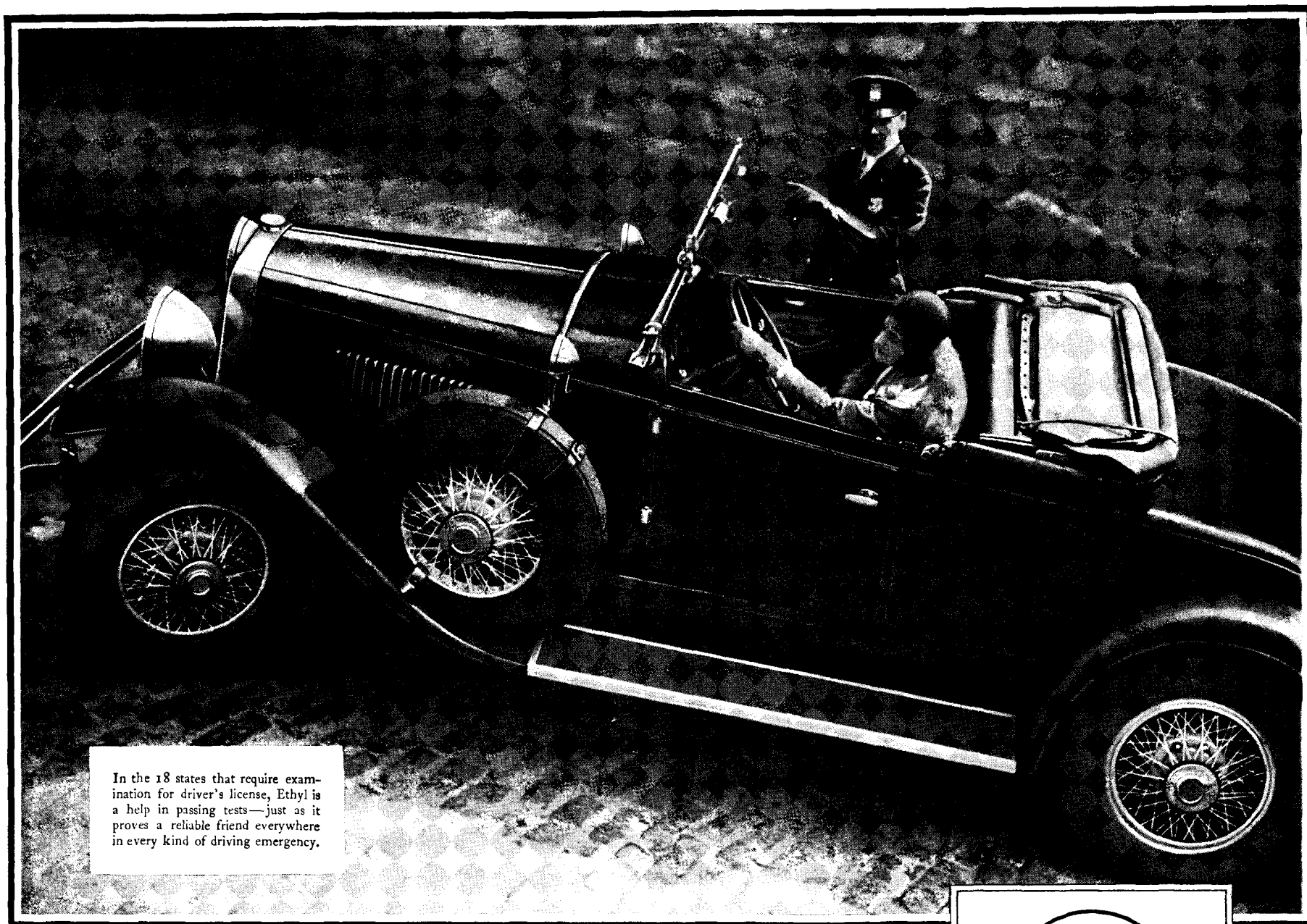
"Say, preserve it, or you'll miss your train!" warned Wilson, over his cigar.

"I will not miss it!" yelled Wesley Strong. "Not a chance, boy, not a chance!"

Seizing his suitcase he flung out through the door, past the erstwhile sleepy office boy, down the stairs and along the block, coming to a breathless pause in front of Pop Issacson's dingy counter.

"Where's the fire?" ejaculated the astonished pawnbroker. "Don't get excited, my boy, I got the topaz ring all done up and ready, waiting for you!"

"Topaz hell!" shouted Wesley Strong. "Gimme one of those others, one of the plain gold wedding rings, and give it to me quick. I got to catch the train for my honeymoon!"



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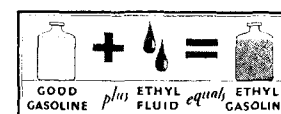
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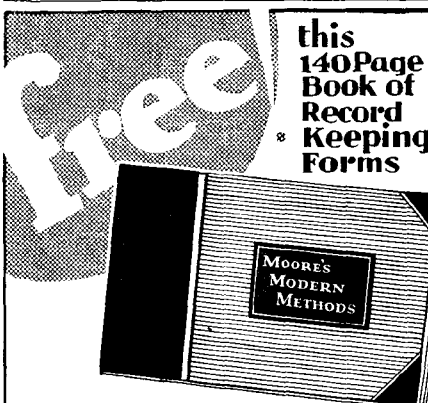
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Jumping Jack

Continued from page 13

"It was a good racket while it lasted," says he. "We sold tons of this medicine all through the mill towns."

"And as a first introduction to all kinds of audiences it was great stuff for me. We had to work fast and change spots quickly."

But Master Donahue was hauled back to school by an irate father. Four other youngsters—two boys, two girls—were disciplined, why not Jack?

Resourceful, Jack found an outlet for talent nearer home. At the Pythian Rink in Chelsea, Massachusetts, boxing bouts were given weekly. Jack made a deal to clog-dance at two dollars the performance between semi-final and main bouts.

An Early Partnership

Jack's mother exacted a promise that he wouldn't leave home until after he was fifteen and had acquired something of an education. He kept the promise, and at sixteen was quite well established as a tab-showman. There were the industrious if uninspired fellows who gave "tabloid" piracies of burlesques then in vogue. They played dime theaters and "store shows" and wondered why the fates ruled them out when the movies came in.

"I went into a show as a partner," Mr. Donahue recalls. "We played our way into Canada, eventually hitting the Nova Scotia mining country, where rewards were supposed to be rich. They were, but I never got them."

"Left alone in a strange land was my fate. I was broke and owed a board bill of twelve dollars for two weeks."

"I went out to get a job, figuring half a day with the miners would be enough for me to learn what entertainment rackets they patronized so that I might break in and make some money, enough to pay the board bill and get food while riding the rods back to Boston. The miners were disappointed because a boxing bout between their local champion and an outsider from New Brunswick had been called off."

"Hunting out the promoter of the fight, I lied handsomely. My name, said I, was Kid Donahue of Chelsea. The promoter asked me whom I'd fought. I named some of the birds I'd seen in Chelsea while doing my dancing act before theirs. Then, impressed, he asked what I wanted for the fight."

"Fifty bucks," I said.

"You're on," he said.

"We shook hands. I spent the next few hours practicing tricks I'd seen the stumblebumps use in the Chelsea ring. At the hall that evening a mob was waiting for the doors to open. Outside was a board with a notice on it: 'One-Round Kid Donahue of Chelsea, Mass., surprise opponent for Battling Barney of Glace Bay—Ten Rounds to a decision.'

"I'd like to tell you more about that fight. The truth is, I don't remember. I only recall asking for and getting that fifty bucks before starting. Then I rushed Battling Barney and actually dropped him with a smack to the jaw—and he outweighed me about eighty pounds. The mob of miners roared. Almost immediately after birds twittered from everywhere. They told me I was out for thirty-five minutes."

Then Jack went into show business seriously, as a clown in the old Howard burlesque house, the advertisements of which are among the uncensored erotica of Boston's overcensored literary life.

"I worked around the native diocese for years without dreaming of New

York. And I made a fair living—in burlesque with a new show and a new stage name each week, and in vaudeville with the same prescription for variety. Then, on a fateful day, I read a want advertisement in the paper. I thought it was a josh. It said that a vaudeville actress wanted a young man to team up with her: he must be a hooper with a good appearance.

"I sent the lady a postcard and got a reply. She was very pretty. She talked well, produced evidence of bookings and offered me a fifty-fifty proposition. We became partners. I think the way her curls wagged as she argued had a lot to do with it."

A voice interrupted. It was mildly authoritative:

"You know I never argued with you then, or now. I told you the terms then—as now."

"Mrs. Donahue speaking," said Mr. Donahue. "Fancy getting a wife for the price of a postcard."

Mrs. Donahue frowned and retired, leaving the biography to its fate.

"We didn't marry for a couple of years," said Jack. "Not until we got into the big time. We got out of it—as a team—because the next generation of Donahues was beginning to arrive."

He bid for another partner, got one, and years of trouping on big and little time brought him his big chance—a booking at the New York Palace, cradle and tomb of stage reputations.

"Something went wrong after a dance routine," he recounts. "Either I or the girl forgot a cue. Anyhow, she struck a pose as if to fight me, and I put up my fists in mock self-defense."

"Would you lay hands on a defenseless woman?" she said.

"On any kind of woman," I flashed back.

"Right away, I saw I was in Dutch. The audience sensed I'd made a break. That kind of semi-rough gagging wasn't permitted at the Palace. I started dancing to cover up my confusion. I tried to think of some excuse for my break when I got off-stage and had to face the two bosses of the circuit. The audience howled. I kept on dancing. Finally, the orchestra leader dimmed the music and called over the footlights: 'Going to keep this up all night?' He shut down on me. I took all the bows the audience called for—six."

"Where do you think you're playing?" the managers demanded when I finally slid off. "Back to burlesque!"

"The house was still applauding. I dashed out for another bow, did a jumping-jack whirl and slid off again to even greater applause. Nothing more was said by the managers."

Stepping Out Alone

Raymond Hitchcock, the late and really great comedian, saw Donahue in vaudeville and hired him for the first of the celebrated series of Hitchy-Koo revues. This was Donahue's debut in the Grade-A division of musical entertainment.

He frankly believes his rise to stardom had much to do with Hitchy's selection of him as hoofing comic. From Rosalie and Sonny, in which he co-starred with Marilyn Miller, highest-paid of all musical comedy stars, Donahue hit out as a single star. When Bobby Connolly and certain ambitious associates hung up a "nut," or investment, of \$250,000 to put on Sons o' Guns, they bagged Donahue as star. He practically rewrote the show during rehearsals.

Donahue, tall, ranging, with the build and muscles of a fighter and a large, aggressive Irish nose, exhales the driving energy of a man who can jump about a stage for six hours on two-show days without tiring.

"When they give me a part I can feel—like this of a rough-and-ready infantryman in France, it's real and I can work at it without being bored."

Sons o' Guns has broken all financial records by starting out to make profits after sixteen weeks—unprecedented for a big musical production, all the more surprising when you consider the not-inconsiderable sum that Mr. Donahue requires for his services. At thirty-four he makes in a week what it took him a year to make at twenty-four.

"And when I was in the army up at Camp Devens," he muses, "a South Boston lad who was sergeant told me I had flat feet and wouldn't be any good for anything but night-watching."

"At that," he cried, after a moment's reflection, "I am a night watchman. I've got so many rackets—acting, producing, running my family. Right—I work a night watchman's hours during the day. The lad was right."

A Hint to the Ladies

Donahue rubbed a soaped memorandum from his large dressing mirror. Scores of these were painted on the glass in queer, untranslatable contractions. As he glanced over telegrams others were rubbed out, fresh memos written. He donned army drab and rushed out to a strenuous matinée. Returning in a lather of sweat from two hours' steady jumping, jousting, singing and swaggering, he hopped into street clothes. The clerical valet reappeared to report the presence of ladies. Charming they were—and young. Obviously smitten by the boisterously handsome Donahue, who, even in his doggiest clothes, looks as though he'd trade wise-cracks and wallops with an irritated traffic cop.

All of us piled into a huge car, that might have been a bus on a diet. The girls were gleams of sirenish eyes and teeth. Donahue stopped the car outside one of those cloistral piles in Manhattan's fifties that might have been the residence of an archbishop or the latest bon-ton speakeasy. It was neither. Merely a Russian school of dancing.

"I'm going to show these girls something," he said in an aside to this reporter.

We were all shown something. Three girls were in a room, ranging in years from five to fourteen. They were all Miss Donahues. On a large mirror were painted in soap memos of things that had to be done. The tiniest Miss Donahue was tumbling about happily while the other two rehearsed toe dancing.

"These flappers," said Donahue to me, "wanted to know whether or not I had many girl friends."

"Now they know," was all that could be said under the circumstances.

The flappers were smart. Murmuring they had no idea, and how pleased they were to meet the charming daughters, they remembered dates for dinner and departed.

"Well," Donahue explained when challenged about this rather drastic method of demonstrating to female fans that he was safely and conclusively a family man, "I always do that with especially attractive young women. It protects me as much as it protects them."

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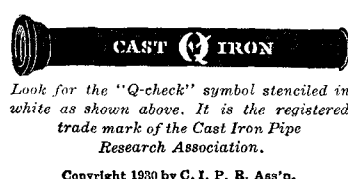
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Captain Africa

Continued from page 15

"But why," he asked, "did you wish to see me?"

"Because," Doña Rosa replied quickly, "there is a conspiracy against Dom João. His lieutenant, Dom Manoel de Paiva, has spread the story and the crew of the Nostra Signora have supported the plot. They have said that it was Dom João's fault that his ship was taken; that he lacked courage. It is a lie—I am sure of it—but he is one against many, and here in San Fernando his name is under a cloud. Being proud he is going away. He plans to leave tomorrow on an expedition into the interior jungles from which he may never return. I wished to see you—it was one of those impossible wishes that could never be fulfilled—so that I might learn the truth."

"You are much interested in this Dom João," Captain Africa remarked. "He is your lover?"

Her reply was immediate:

"He is the lover of a dear friend of mine. She loves him, but she does not wholly understand him. She is unable to put out of her mind the ugly story that Manoel and the others have told. It is for her sake that I wished, fantastically, to have from Captain Africa himself the truth of what happened when the Nostra Signora was taken."

Some subtle instinct, compounded perhaps of craftiness and a queer twisted chivalry, prompted Africa to lie.

"Dom João," he said, "played the part of a brave man. It was not his fault that his ship was captured. It was his lieutenant, this Manoel of whom you have spoken, who first cried out for quarter."

Doña Rosa clapped her hands like a schoolgirl.

"I knew it," she cried. She was silent for some moments.

"You have placed me in your debt, Captain Africa," she continued. "My friend will no longer doubt her lover. I can, perhaps, prevent João's expedition into the jungles. I wish that I could repay you—"

SHE paused abruptly. Africa, watching her face, saw that her eyes were narrowed. Suddenly she smiled.

"Perhaps I can repay you," she said. "It does not need a very acute intelligence to guess why you are here. You have designs on the Lisbon gold fleet, and you have come into the roads in your cockboat to spy upon the fleet and perhaps obtain information regarding it. I am returning to Madrid with the fleet and I have been occupying for three days my quarters on one of the vessels because the ships would have sailed before this but for an unforeseen delay. The jingadah from which you snatched me was one that I hired to take me from my ship to the governor's ball."

Again she paused. Captain Africa waited in silence. He was at the moment more concerned with the symmetry of her throat, the curve of her dark eyebrows, than he was with her words.

"Prepare yourself for a surprise," Doña Rosa continued in a somewhat lower tone. "I am, as you see, Spanish, and, except for my friend and her lover Dom João, I care nothing for these Portuguese of San Fernando in this lamentable country of Brazil. I have a score to settle with them and perhaps the time has come. To the governor, who has persecuted me with his attentions, I owe least of all. In return for what you have done for me—or, rather,

for my friend—I will give you the information that you need."

Africa had been listening with growing amazement. "Then we are well met, lady," he exclaimed.

"But," she went on quickly, "I cannot do this now. Changes have been made in the plans for the convoy, and I do not know what these changes are. I must see the governor; I can learn everything from him. He is my ardent worshiper and has no suspicion that I hate him. I am going to test that marvelous courage of yours of which we have heard so much. If you will come with me into the palace garden and will wait for me there among the shrubbery, where you should be fairly safe, I shall return to you as soon as I have spoken with the governor and I shall bring you the latest news of the Lisbon fleet."

Once more her eyes were lifted to meet his.

"I think you already know," she said quietly but with a slight tremor in her voice, "that I shall not betray you."

Captain Africa for some moments made no reply. He was studying Doña Rosa's face. She was, he realized suddenly, the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. There was one brief moment—some fleeting shadow in her eyes gave him just then a faint impression of depths as yet unplumbed—when he was not quite sure of her. But that moment passed and, with it, the doubt that it had brought.

He was sure, entirely sure. He would stake his life upon his judgment of her.

"It is agreed, Doña Rosa," he said. "I shall go with you into the palace garden."

Old Job Kennerworth, Captain Af-

rica's sailing master and trusted lieutenant, was not a student of women's eyes. He growled a surly remonstrance when Africa, still handling the tiller, swung the longboat's bow toward the shadowy shore, where the lights of the palace sparkled amid the orange trees and tall mucuja palms of the water-side garden. Africa curtly bade him hold his tongue. The longboat, running free-sheet before the fresh breeze, was close inshore within a few minutes, and Doña Rosa whispered in Africa's ear.

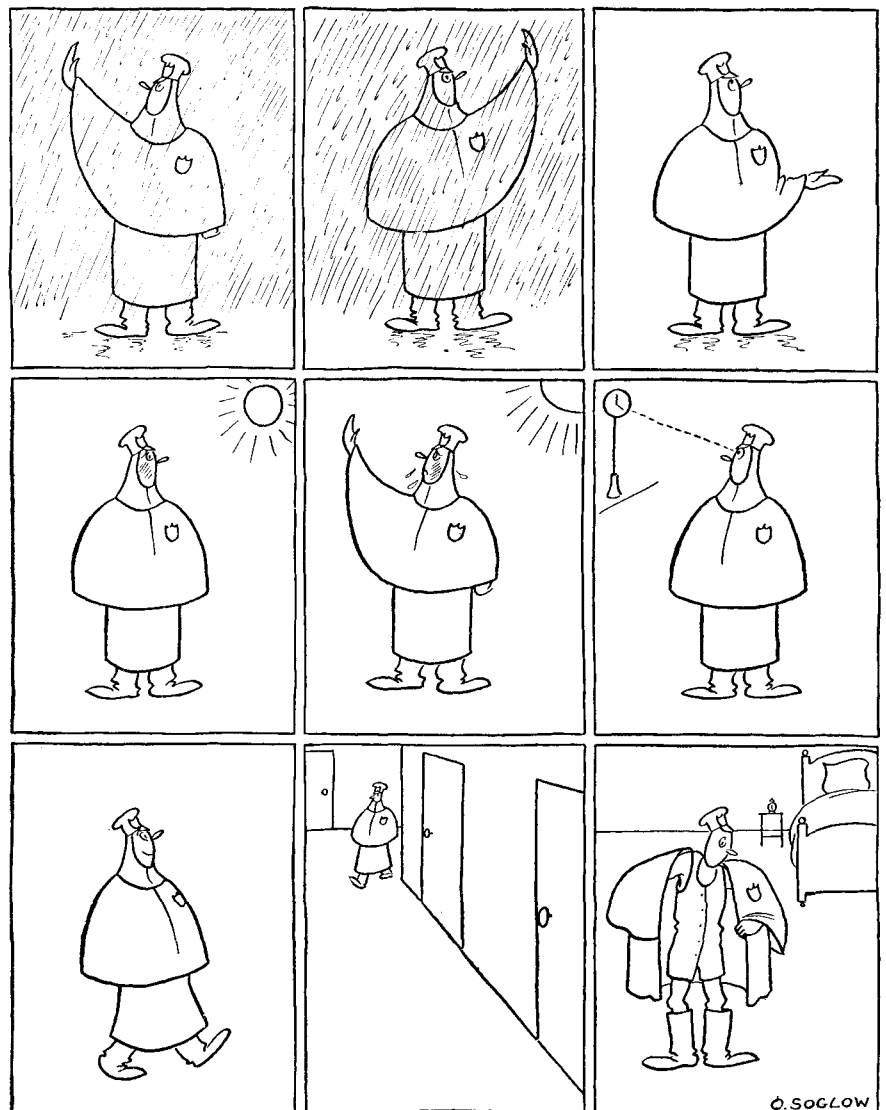
"You must bear to the left, Captain," she said, "toward that low wooded promontory. You cannot land directly in front of the palace. The water there is shallow."

AGAIN a momentary doubt flashed across Africa's mind. This would mean that he must leave the longboat at some little distance from the garden; his men could not reach him quickly if danger threatened. Nevertheless, he swung the boat's bow to port, and a few moments later it grounded in the dark shadows on the promontory's shore. He was in the act of rising when Kennerworth plucked his arm.

"Wait here with us," the sailing master whispered earnestly. "If you go with her into that garden—" he spread his hands in an eloquent gesture.

Doña Rosa had already risen. If she overheard Kennerworth's words, she gave no sign. Africa turned toward her.

"Come, lady," he said. He lifted her ashore. His orders to Kennerworth were short: "Have the boat ready for a quick escape. Wait here till I return unless you hear shots. In that case,



come quickly, all of you." He took his two pistols from his silk sash and examined them briefly, adjusted the hook of his sword. A moment later he disappeared with Doña Rosa in the darkness.

They proceeded carefully until beside a thicket of tall canes, near the palace, Doña Rosa halted.

"Wait for me here," she said softly. "I shall come back to you as quickly as I can."

Captain Africa nodded and without a word watched her go, slipping like a slim shadow in the direction of the palace. A half-hour passed. Africa, standing well within the shadow of the cane thicket, was not impatient. He had no doubt that she would return. He had never been surer of any woman than he was of Doña Rosa de Barahona.

HE WATCHED the path, but its edges were in shadow; he could not see what moved there close against the dense growth. He was not aware of her until she was within ten paces of him and, startled by the sudden apparition, he half drew his sword. She was beside him in an instant.

"I have it all," she whispered. "I have talked with the governor. The Lisbon fleet will sail four days from now. It will be convoyed by five frigates of fifty guns, but these have not yet arrived from Bahia. You must strike before the frigates come."

"A thousand plagues!" Captain Africa exclaimed. Striking before the war vessels arrived, would mean a raid on the fleet while it lay at anchor in the roads, a dangerous undertaking. Yet the escort of five powerful warships rendered an attack on the high seas impossible.

"You must strike," Doña Rosa repeated, "before the frigates come. It will be easy. Tomorrow night there will be a grand festival in the town. The governor himself is giving it for the crews of the Lisbon fleet. Only a few men will be left on each ship; nearly all will be on shore. Your presence on the coast is not suspected. The governor has certain information that, after capturing the Nostra Signiora, you sailed for Surinam."

Africa's deep-set eyes sparkled.

"Which ship of the fleet is the richest?" he demanded.

"The Victoria Leonora has 60,000 moidores in gold," Doña Rosa answered, "but she lies close inshore under the guns of the fort and you could not take her. The Santissima Trinidad has 50,000 moidores, besides chains and jewels. She is anchored farther out because of her depth, and no other ship lies very near her. You may know her because she is the only Spanish-built vessel in the fleet, a great galleon of three decks. She is the richest prize within your grasp and—"

Doña Rosa paused. Her eyes, which had been gazing into Africa's, were now lowered. When she spoke again her voice shook a little.

"The Santissima Trinidad is the ship in which I am quartered," she said slowly, almost inaudibly.

Captain Africa smiled. If there was eagerness in his dark eyes, there was also a veiled contempt.

"I thank you," he said, "for the help you have given me. It has been very great. I shall board the Santissima Trinidad tomorrow night to find there a richer treasure than her gold and jewels. Until then, good-by."

He raised her hand, the hand with the great emerald, to his lips. Her eyes, lifted to meet his, grew suddenly wide. Those eyes, bright now with terror, looked past him at something behind him. Her lips opened. "Dom Manoel!" she gasped.

Africa whirled like lightning, draw-

ing his dagger even as he spun on his heel. Ten paces from him a man was standing with drawn sword. Africa knew him instantly—Manoel de Paiva, the lieutenant of the Nostra Signiora, whom he had held, together with Dom João de Andrades, as a prisoner on his ship for three days. Dom Manoel spoke in a voice thick with passion.

"So this is why you left the palace so secretly and so hurriedly, Doña Rosa of Spain," he said. "By the blood, it is well that I followed you!"

"No, friend," said Captain Africa calmly, "on the contrary, it is very ill."

The movement of his arm was incredibly quick. Something flew from his hand—the ivory-hilted dagger which he had drawn even as he wheeled to face the danger.

The weapon flashed through the air; the heavy carved butt of it struck Manoel squarely on the forehead. He spun halfway round and dropped. Africa stooped for a moment beside the prostrate figure.

He rose when he had made sure that the man was stunned beyond speech or movement and turned to speak again with Doña Rosa, only to find that she had vanished.

After a moment he saw her; she was some thirty paces from him in the path leading toward the palace, her figure vague in the uncertain moonlight. He saw her throw him a kiss and her words came clearly to him: "Until tomorrow night." Then she moved on toward the palace steps.

Captain Africa stooped, lifted Dom Manoel and, with a sudden exertion of strength, slung the senseless form across his shoulder. A quarter of an hour later he was seated once more in the stern sheets of his longboat, where presently Manoel revived to find himself gazing into the fierce faces of Kennerworth and his companions.

Captain Africa planned his attack with the sagacious care which he always devoted to such matters. All the next day the Fancy beat back and forth well out at sea beyond sight of land. As soon as night had fallen he brought her in—the breeze held steady and fresh—and carried her well into the roads, slipping unseen and unheard through the outermost fringe of the flock of anchored merchantmen.

KENNERWORTH and ten men, not counting the prisoner, Manoel, remained aboard the Fancy. Nineteen others, stripped and armed to the teeth, with Africa and his first lieutenant, Baldrack, at their head, crowded the two boats which crept noiselessly through the night toward the great galleon Santissima Trinidad.

No lookout hailed them; the ship was as silent as a vessel of the dead. To climb the sloping flanks of one of those huge wooden sea monsters was no great trick for Africa's cat-footed seamen; the rope grapples, which he had utilized before on somewhat similar occasions, made the task still easier. Captain Africa was the first to leap over the Santissima Trinidad's bulwarks, and close behind him came his ten men. Within a half minute, Baldrack and his nine, who had boarded the vessel on her starboard side, joined them.

In the dim light of the galleon's swinging horn lanterns the deck lay empty before them. Too empty, Africa thought; he would have been better pleased if the thing had looked less easy.

For a moment he was strangely hesitant, strangely reluctant to give the order which would divide his little force. In the end the thing was thrust upon him. From the darkness aft came a startled shout, an oath in Portu-

(Continued on page 64)

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(Continued from page 63)

guese; it was answered immediately from the darkness forward. In both directions there was a sound of running feet, a gabble of excited voices.

Africa and his ten raced aft toward the high citadel of the galleon's poop; Baldrack and his nine ran toward the forecabin. What happened forward Africa never knew; aft, the ambush had been planned with rare skill. Suddenly, under the feet of Africa and his men, the solid deck gave way.

A section three yards square had been sawed out to make a great trap-door, and under their weight this trap-door opened and fell inward. Captain Africa and eight others plunged downward to fall in a huddle on the lower deck, and instantly some thirty Portuguese leaped upon them.

HE GOT clear somehow. For one thing, he landed on his feet; for another thing, the first face that he saw in the blaze of light that flooded the lower deck was the pale, fox-like face of Dom João de Andrades. It all came to him in a flash, in an instant. A trap had been set; the ship had been crammed with hidden men.

A great rage took him, but he knew that to fight was hopeless. A blue-coated soldier rushed at him; he left his dagger sticking in the man's throat and ran like a deer.

An exultant shout told him that he had been seen. He darted into a blind cross-passage and crouched in utter blackness while his pursuers dashed past within a dozen feet of him; then he rose and ran in the opposite direction.

He knew that he had less than one chance in a hundred.

But, even so, he could smile sardonically as the thought came to him that this was a woman's doing—a woman whose revealing eyes had seemed to lay bare her soul, a woman of whom he had been very sure!

He raced onward and emerged in a moment into an open space brightly lighted by four hanging lanterns. He was far aft now, under the poop deck. Before him, beyond the open space, he saw a bulkhead pierced by two doors, both of them closed. Sudden hope flared in him. These were the doors of the poop cabins. If he could open one of them, he could reach the water through one of the windows in the stern.

He tried the doors desperately. They were immovable; their heavy planking gave not an inch before his weight and strength. He became suddenly very calm. It was as good a place as any other for the last struggle: he had room for swordplay, and his pistol would account for the first man who appeared.

He put his back against one of the doors and waited, his sword in his right hand, his cocked pistol in the other.

He heard a slight sound just behind him—the slow, cautious sliding of a bolt or bar. Someone was about to open the door at his back. He leaped aside, his muscles taut to deal with this new enemy. The heavy door swung slowly. Africa saw, with a dull, numb amazement, Doña Rosa standing just within the threshold.

A frenzy of rage surged in him. So she had come to see the fruits of her treachery; she had come to see him die! She was pale as a ghost; her bosom rose and fell. Even in his fury he was conscious of her beauty, aware that he had never before seen such beauty as hers. Suddenly—and yet it seemed to him that he had always known it—he knew that he loved her; that no matter what she had done to him, he loved her as no other woman had ever been loved. He saw her, framed in the half-open doorway, only for an instant. The next

moment his enemies were upon him.

They had come while he stared at Doña Rosa—two Portuguese seamen and Dom João de Andrades. They closed in on him in a half-circle, the two seamen armed with cutlasses, Dom João wielding a long rapier. Africa's pistol snapped. He hurled the useless weapon at João and plucked his remaining dagger from his sash. The dagger in his left hand, his sword in his right, he fought skillfully, warily, waiting for his chance.

A deadly coolness had replaced the rage which a moment before had possessed him. There was room for footwork and Africa was a master of defense. He circled the open space, moving slowly backward before the rain of cutlass blows, his sword point flickering in front of him like the tongue of a snake, threatening first one foe, then another. Already he had measured his enemies. Dom João was the least formidable: a squat, long-armed, black-bearded seaman, who handled his heavy weapon with some skill, was the most dangerous.

But for this man, the odds of three to one might not have been too much for Africa's swordcraft. As it was, he knew that a waiting game would be fatal, that he must stake everything upon a desperate throw. He gave way suddenly, as though in full retreat; then, quick as lightning, he charged.

In an instant he was within the sweep of the cutlasses. He drove his dagger into the breast of the taller seaman and, leaving it there, sprang clear. The man fell with a choking cry. Dom João had given way before Africa's onset. Africa rushed at him, but he did not meet the attack. Deathly white, he reeled backward into a corner and stood panting, leaning against the bulkhead.

All this was the work of an instant. Africa whirled to face his other enemy—the squat, bearded seaman whose long ape-like arms, corded and bulging with muscle, told of prodigious strength. He was just in time: the man's cutlass was raised for the fatal blow. Almost miraculously and by a fraction of an inch, Africa dodged the down-flashing weapon; then with the fury of a tiger he attacked, driving the Portuguese before him.

With two others to help him, the man had been formidable; alone, he had no chance against Africa's skill. Beyond the seaman, Africa saw Doña Rosa framed in the half-open doorway. He laughed exultantly and with a long, sure lunge drove his sword point through his opponent's throat. The Portuguese slumped downward without a sound.

AFRICA stood panting, gazing at the man at his feet. A sudden cry startled him. It came from Doña Rosa—her eyes were wide and staring and her arm was lifted, pointing at something behind him. He turned quickly and saw Dom João in the corner against the bulkhead about to shoot him in the back.

He wheeled; in the same instant flame spurted from João's pistol; the bullet ripped through the sleeve of Africa's sword arm, barely grazing the skin. He rushed at João to run him through, but the man squirmed snake-like and the thrust missed.

With a despairing shriek, João grappled with him. The two men swayed toward the doorway where Doña Rosa stood. Suddenly Africa, with a sweep of his arm, hurled his antagonist from him. João staggered backward and fell heavily over the body of one of the seamen. The back of his head struck the hard floor of the deck and he lay still.

A hand clutched Africa's arm. It was Doña Rosa's. It drew him toward

her, drew him through the doorway and into the cabin beyond. Immediately she swung the door shut and slid its heavy wooden bar into place.

Africa stood staring at her, his sword gripped in his right hand. Doña Rosa faced him, her back against the closed door. She was breathing rapidly, her face was white, but she met his eyes steadily.

A hand tried the barred door. A hoarse voice cried, "He could not have escaped this way. He must have doubled back." Africa heard them go running along the narrow passage.

It was Doña Rosa who spoke first. "I tricked you," she said quickly. "I planned it all. You can kill me now if you choose."

He took a step toward her, but she did not flinch. Something in her eyes halted him.

"It was easy"—the words were pouring from her in a torrent. "I am an actress. I am the actress Barahona, the prima donna of the Theater San Fernando. It is my business to pretend—to enact lies. I lied to you and deceived you. It was very easy. You were so sure of me, so confident—"

Her breath failed her. She paused but only for an instant.

"I did it for João," she continued rapidly. "He was my lover, not my friend's. I thought that I loved him. I did it so that by capturing you here tonight he might remove the disgrace that rests on him because of the ship he lost."

"And now"—Africa's voice was cracked and harsh—"you have saved my life."

She drew her hand across her forehead as though bewildered.

"A STRANGE thing happened," she said slowly. "Tonight, while we were waiting for you to board the galleon, I knew suddenly that I did not love João. I knew suddenly that I could never love him. It was too late then. I could not warn you. I could not undo what I had done. I could only kneel here in this cabin and pray that you would not come into the trap I had set. And then . . . you came . . . And fate brought you to my cabin door . . . and I saw you fight."

Her breath came faster. Her eyes gazed into his where he stood close in front of her.

"Go," she whispered, and pointed to the open window of the cabin. "There is a skiff under the stern. You can get back to your ship."

Captain Africa's eyes were shining. He said nothing, but he bent and placed his arms about her shoulders. She did not draw back from him; she did not move. She was like a statue standing there. When he had kissed her, he smiled down at her.

"Love sometimes comes strangely," he said. "It has come strangely to you and it has come late, but it has come in time."

Suddenly her arms were around him, her eyes glorious as stars.

Captain Africa walked to the window of the cabin. He drew off his boots and dropped them overboard. When he had climbed through the opening and had found a perch for his feet on one of the gilt carvings ornamenting the galleon's stern, he beckoned to her and she came to him. At the same moment a loud knock sounded on the door of the cabin, the door shook under a storm of blows.

Africa lifted her through the window and they stood for a moment side by side, poised above the water. His right arm was around her; he spoke a brief word of courage. Then together they dropped into the darkness below where the skiff trailed in the tide.

Bedside Manner

Continued from page 28

future. Many a mother has said to me, "Poor Bobby, he doesn't know how to be sick," which is not so much a tribute to Bobby's previous health as a comment upon her own management of his illnesses.

In these days of numerous and well-equipped bathrooms it is not surprising that most houses lack the seemingly primitive equipment useful when someone in the house should not get out of bed and go to the bathroom. Somewhere on a little-used shelf the necessary utensils for sickness should be tucked away for an emergency. These are an enameled basin, an enameled pitcher, an old-fashioned chamber, an ice bag, a hot-water bottle, a bedpan, an enema bag and nozzles of graded sizes, an electric pad, a package of paper handkerchiefs or cleansing towels and two clinical thermometers, one oral and one rectal.

Making Illness Easier

Of these simple supplies the hot-water bag and one thermometer are all the average house boasts. Of course trips to the drug store or hardware store can be made and the lacks supplied, but fairly often such trips are inconvenient and the family worries along somehow without the things which are needed—to the discomfort of the patient.

If the child must be washed in bed his bath is a nightmare to him because there is nothing in which hot water can be brought from the bathroom. There is no chamber to put beside his bed, so he is carried to the bathroom instead. If his fever is high and he should have ice on his head, a towel is wrapped around some ice and the water drips uncomfortably around his face and neck. If he must be given an enema the lack of bedpan or chamber is gotten around somehow, but the child dreads the already unpleasant performance more than he need. While a hot-water bottle can be used instead of an electric pad, both are useful—the bottle when the child should sleep and not be disturbed, and the pad for places where the bottle is too heavy for comfort.

Other things which make illness easier for all concerned are plenty of pillows, large and small, with a sufficient supply of simple pillow cases, and adjustable bed jackets, cut off at the waist, preferably made of old flannel.

The rudiments of nursing which are needed by any mother are not hard to learn. She should learn how to fill a hot-water bottle—not very full, and with the air squeezed out through the half-closed stopper so that the water will not cool quickly and the bottle will be less likely to leak. She should know how to give an enema easily and without much fuss. The bag should be hung about a foot above the head of the bed; the water should be tepid, and generally a pint of water is sufficient; if soap is used it should be in thin suds, if salt is used there should be one teaspoonful to the pint of water. The nozzle should be small and well soaped or greased, and the water should be run down to the end of the nozzle before the enema is started.

The bath in bed is easily given if well-managed. Only one small part of the body is uncovered and washed at a time, and the basin of warm water is set on the bedside table or on the floor at the side of the bed, with a pitcher of hot water beside it with which to regulate the temperature of the water as it cools. A heavy Turkish towel should be

placed under the part of the body receiving attention, and a soft huck towel should be used for drying. Very little soap need be used in a bed bath, as the patient is never really dirty after the first bath.

If the child has been in bed long, the water bath should be followed with a light alcohol sponge and the skin then sparingly powdered.

Filling an ice bag properly makes all the difference in the world to the person who must have one sitting on his head. If it is improperly filled he feels that someone has given him a load of rocks to comfort an already aching head. If properly filled an ice bag is a cool hand on the forehead, but not so annoying. The ice should be finely and evenly cracked, and the bag only sparingly filled. It can be pinned in a small towel so that the free ends of the towel can be tucked under the head to keep the bag from slipping.

Of course it is elementary that a mother should know how to take a temperature either by mouth or by rectum, and to read the thermometer when the temperature is registered.

Given the necessary equipment for sickness and the necessary ability on the part of the mother or the home nurse, the management of the sickroom has still to be attended to. Whether the child is bothered by a mess in his room or not, all superfluous things should be removed so that the room can be cleaned quickly. A small table at the bedside for water and paper handkerchiefs is indispensable, and a tray on a near-by bureau for medicine, thermometers and other small necessities is desirable.

There should be a paper bag of generous proportions near the bed, preferably fastened to the side of the bedside table, in which the child can drop his used paper handkerchiefs. The bag can be replaced frequently and burned. If the illness is an infection of the nose or throat or lungs it is also a good idea to use paper cups for the drinking water and for medications. These can be crushed and dropped in the bag used for handkerchiefs.

Sick-Room Psychology

As for the treatment of the child when he is not actually receiving necessary care, it must be remembered that the reason for going to bed when we are sick is to give the body a rest and a chance to fight the infection. If the child is to be constantly talked to or read to or played with, or if the other children are allowed to come into the room and sit on his bed and excite him, he might just as well not go to bed at all. He would probably have more peace by crawling off in a corner and going to sleep on the floor.

We can safely say the more rest, the more quiet, the more peace a child gets when he is in bed the more quickly he will recover. The fewer people he sees the better, the less he is asked how he feels the better, the less his symptoms are discussed before him the better. If the mother happens to be really worried or distressed about him, she should not reveal that fact by word or deed. There is little danger that he will think she is unfeeling if she gives him perfect care and consideration. While it is often important that the doctor's orders should be given in front of him, or directly to him, so that the mother's authority can be reinforced, the discussion of his progress should be carried on out of his hearing.

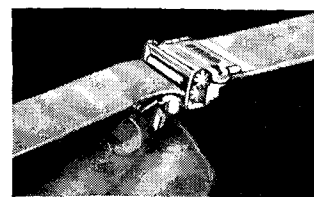
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Sweep Out the Rubbish

AFTER the Civil War came an era of unprecedented crime and corruption. The "Molly Maguires" of Pennsylvania made murder a wholesale business. In New York, William Tweed and his gang of grafters plumbed the very depths of public thievery. At Washington appointees of President Grant accepted bribes until the entire nation was aghast.

A similar moral breakdown had followed the end of the Napoleonic wars in Europe. The prodigious efforts and sacrifices of long years of fighting seemed to shake civilization to its very roots.

In this country history is repeating itself. A recent survey made by the Travelers Insurance Company throws a new and startling light upon the whole tragic story.

Police reports from cities having a total population of more than 25,000,000—nearly a quarter of the country—were collected. The results were amazing.

Within ten years crime has increased 150 per cent while the population has grown only 20 per cent.

The police records of eighty-eight cities, having more than a third of the urban population of the country, showed that last year on the average one out of every 10.6 persons was arrested.

From actual records the insurance men estimate that more than 6,300,000 arrests were made in American cities last year. Upwards of 200,000 involved robbery, burglary and similar crimes. There were about 3,000,000 traffic-law violations.

The failure of the noble experiment of prohibition is reflected in 1,170,000 arrests in American cities last year.

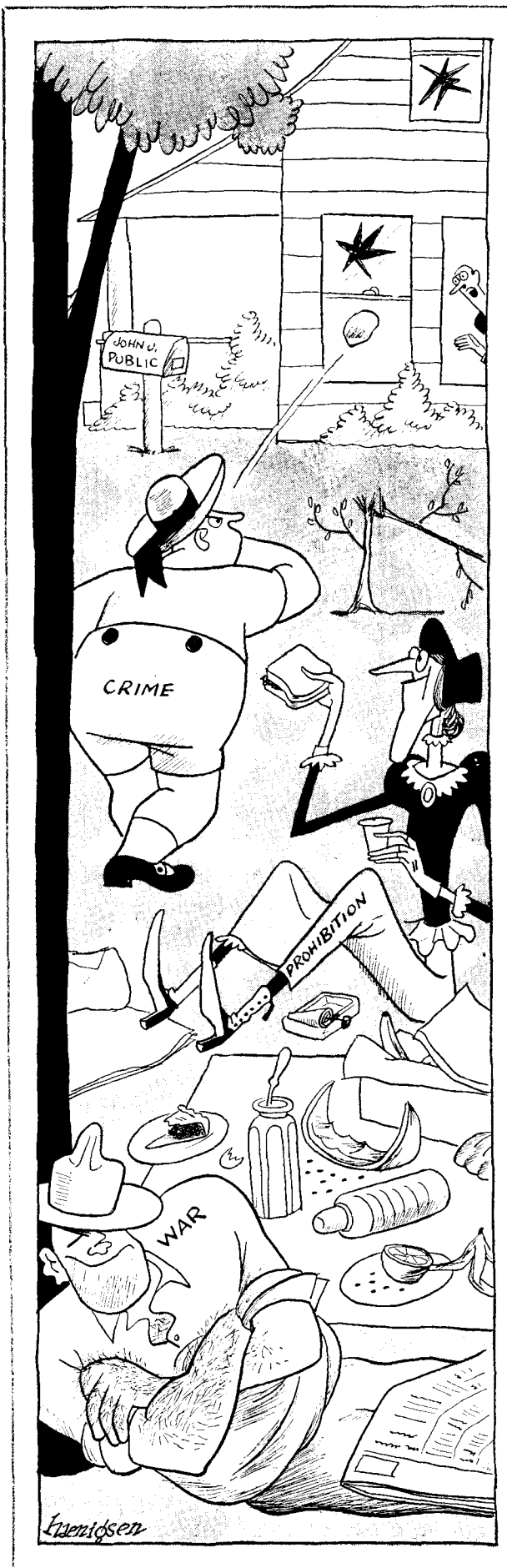
Within the cities for which comparable reports are available, arrests for intoxication and liquor-law violations increased 161 per cent in ten years.

Quite obviously prohibition has not brought about the sobriety it was designed to accomplish. Within the same decade England, Canada and the Scandinavian countries have made great progress in combating intoxication.

The adoption of laws more in harmony with the customs of the American people will reduce vastly the arrests now attributable to liquor.

Forty-six cities which have reports for both years, showing 16,905 arrests for robbery, burglary and theft in 1920, reported 52,751, an increase of 212 per cent, last year. Serious crime gained in percentage ten times as much as the population.

Much of this may fairly be attributed to prohibition, since bootlegging is a school in which lawlessness, corruption, violence and murder are taught. The man who kills



a rival in the bootleg trade very easily extends his murderous activity to other fields.

Prohibition alone does not, however, explain the disquieting prevalence of serious crime. In one group of cities less than fifteen per cent of robberies, burglaries and thefts were followed by arrests. One city which reported more than 1,000 burglaries showed only thirty arrests. In that community burglary was a comparatively safe vocation.

This means police failure, and police failure results from public apathy. On the whole, we have the kind of government we deserve. If we vote for city officials known to be friendly to the criminal element, we need not be surprised to find tolerance of crime.

The point is, however, that this indifference on the part of the voters won't last. We will endure a certain amount of punishment but, even in the aftermath of a great war, our patience has its limits.

Tweed's exposure ushered in a long period of political reform. After Tweed, the ill-famed Tammany leader, came Tilden, Cleveland and Roosevelt, who first won fame as a police commissioner.

Each of these men was a national leader and two of them became Presidents because they showed courage and vigor in combating political dishonesty and crime.

Nearly twenty years elapsed between the end of the Civil War and the election of Grover Cleveland as President. During those decades criminals were insolent and unpunished and the police apathetic and conniving. Racketeering was widespread although the word was not commonly used. Then came new moral energy and reform.

We may expect another swing of the pendulum when the rapacity of our present criminal population—in office and out—is thoroughly understood. President Hoover's Commission on Law Enforcement has a grand opportunity to present the facts.

Once existing conditions are thoroughly understood, there will be no more tolerance for present-day thieves and corruptionists than there was for bandits who flourished when General Grant was President and Tweed was boss of the largest American city.

Public opinion is ripening rapidly under the burden of the present toll exacted by criminals and extortionists. The years immediately ahead will produce a new group of leaders who can appeal to the conscience of the nation. We shall be fortunate if they possess the vigor and the intelligence of the men who swept out the criminal debris which our grandfathers allowed to accumulate at the end of their great war.